

The double sorow of Troylus to telle  
Kynge Pryamus sone of Troy  
In buyng / how hys auentures telle  
From woo to wele / and after out of Joye  
My purpos is / or that I parte from  
Therfore ne thold helpe me for to endyte  
These woful verses / that wepyng as I wyte



To the clepe I goddesse of turment/  
Thou cruel fury / sorowpyng euer in payne  
Held me that am the sorowful instrument  
That helpe hurt / as I can to playne  
For wel sitte / the sooth for to sayne  
A woful wyght / to write a dreary fere  
And to a sorowful tale / a sory chere

For I that god / of buyng seruauantis serue  
He dar not loue / for myn vniuersallnesse  
Pray for speed / al shuld I therefore serue  
So fer am I / from hys helpe in derlinesse  
Wit natheles / yif thys may do gladnesse  
To ony hurt / and hys lady auayle  
Haue he the thank / and myn be the trauayle

But ye knowe that liven in gladnesse  
If ony droppe of payne in yow be  
Remember yow in passyng heynnesse  
That ye han felt / and in the aduersite  
Of other folk / and thynk how that ye  
Haue felt howe dure yow dysplease  
Or haue donne hem wyth to grete ease

And pray for hem that lye in the cas  
Of Troylus as ye may after lere  
That haue hym buyng / in heuene to solace  
And eke for me prayeth / to god so deere  
That I haue myght / to stonde in some manere  
Such payne & woo / as buyng seruauantis endure  
As in Troylus vnsely aduenture





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The double sorow of Troylus to telle  
 Kyngz Pryamus sone of Troy  
 In buyngz / holb hys auentures telle  
 From woo to wele / and after out of Joye  
 My purpos is / or that I parte from  
 The siphone thow help me for to endyte  
 These woeful verses / that wepyng as I wyte



To the clepe I goddesse of turment /  
 Thou cruel fury / sorowbyngz euer in payne  
 Help me that am the sorowful instrument  
 That helpe louers / as I can to playne  
 For wel sitte / the sooth for to sayne  
 A woeful wyght / to haue a dreery fete  
 And to a sorowful tale / a sorow chere

For I that god of lours seruauantis serue  
 He dar not loue / for myn vnlyklynesse  
 Pray for speede / al shuld I therefore sterue  
 So fer am I / from hys helpe in derknesse  
 But natheles / yif thys may do gladnesse  
 To ony luer / and hys lady auayle  
 Haue he the thank / and myn be the trauayle

But ye lones that lathen in gladnesse  
 Yf ony droppe of pyte in yow be  
 Remembre yow in passyd buynesse  
 That ye han felt / and in the aduersite  
 Of other folk / and thynk holb that ye  
 Haue felt holb lue durst yow dysplease  
 Or ye haue wonne hem wyth to grete ease

And pray for hem that ben in the mas  
 Of Troylus as ye may after here  
 That lue hym buyngz / in heuene to solace  
 And eke for me prayeth / to god so dere  
 That I haue myght / to helpe in some manere  
 Such payne & woo / as lours seruauantis endure  
 As in Troylus vnself aduenture



And byddyth eke for hem that ben dyspayred  
In loue / that neuer wyl recouered be  
And eke for them that falsly ben aseyred  
Thurgh wylked tungen / be yt he or she  
Thus prayeth god / for hys kempnyte  
So graunt hym soone / out of this world to part  
That is dyspayred out of louys grace

And byddyth eke for hem / that ben at ease  
That god graunt hem ay / goodys perseueraunce  
And send hem myght / their ladyes for to please  
That is to loue by worschyp and plesaunce  
For so hope I my self best auuaunce  
To pray for hem that lues seruantis be  
And wyte theyr woo / and lyue in charyte

And for to haue on them compassioun  
As though they were theyr olde brethern dere  
Nolb herkenyth wyth good entencioun  
For nolb I wil go streyght to my matere  
By whiche ye may the double sorow here  
Of Troilus in lounge of Criseyde  
And hold she forsooke hym or he deyde

i           It is wel byst / hold y Grekis stronge  
In armes with a thousand shippes bet  
To trope lard / and the cite longe  
Assygid wel ten yere or they stent  
And in dyuerse wyse / and oon entent  
The rauyschyng to breke / of Heleyn  
By Paris don they brought alle theyr payne

Nolb fyl it soo that in the towne ther was  
Dwellynge a lord of grete auctorite  
A grete deuyneur / that clepyd was Calcas  
That in science so expert was he  
Knewe wel that Troye shuld destroyed be  
By answeere of hys god / that hyght thus  
Dagones or Apollo Delphicus

So when calcas knewe by calculyng  
And eke by answer of thys Apollo  
That grekis shuld such a peple bringe  
Thurgh whiche that Troye must be fordo  
He cast anon out of the town to go  
For wch he wyte by sort that Troye shold  
Dystroyed be wch so wold or nolde

For whiche he thought to depart softly  
Toke purpos thus in ful unknowen wyse  
And to the grekis went ful pryvely  
He stole anon and they in curteis wyse  
Hym dyden both worschyp and scrupse  
In trust that he had connyng hem to rede  
In every perle / whiche that stood in drede

Moyse he was when it was first espyed  
In alle the town / and openly was spoken  
That calcas traytour fled / was and alped  
To hem of grece / and cast was to be broken  
On hym that falsly hath his fapth so broken  
And sayd he and alle his kynne attones  
Were worthy to be brennt bothe fel and bones

Now had Calcas left in thys myschaunce  
Unwyt of thys fals and wykked dede  
A daughter whiche that was in grete penaunce  
And of her lyf she was ful sore in drede  
And wyte neuer what best was to rede  
And as a wydelbe was she al alone  
And wte to whom / she durst make her mone

Eriseide was thys ladyes name a ryght  
As to my dome in al Troyes cite  
Most fayrest lady for passyng every wyght  
So Aungelyk shone her natyf beaute  
That thyng none mortal semyd she  
And ther wyth was she so perfyte a creature  
As she had be made in scornynge of nature



• This lady that alday / lerd at er  
Hys fader shame / falschyd and treason  
Ful nygh out of hys lyf / for sorow & fere  
In wydelwes habyte large of famp & browne  
Byfore Hector on knees she fyl adoun  
Hys mercy had / hys self excusynge  
Wyth pytous voyce / and tenderly wepyng

Molo was this Hector pytous of nature  
And false that she was sorowful bygon  
And that she was so fayr a creature  
Of hys goodnes / he gladyd her anon  
And sayd / late your faders treason gon  
Furth wyth myschaunce & ye your selfen joye  
Dwellith with vs while your good lyste in troye

And al þe honour that men may do polly haue  
As ferforth as though your fader dwellid here  
Ye shul haue / and your body shul men saue  
As fer as I may ought enquire and here  
And she hym thanked with ful humble chere  
And ofter wold / and it shyd her hys lyf  
Toke her leue went home / and held hys seyl

And in her hous abode wyth such meyne  
As to hys honour nede was to hold  
And whyle that she was dwellynge in þe cite  
Kept hys estate / and both of yonge and olde  
Ful wel besuyd and men of hys tolde  
But whether she child had or nen  
I wete it not / Therfor I lete it gon

The thynges fyl as they don of Iweru  
Wellbyr hem of Troye and Grekis of  
For some day fought they of Troye dert  
And eft the Grekis founde nothyng soft  
The folk of Troye / and thus fortune alos  
And vnder eft gan hem to repente both  
After theyr cours when they were brot

But hold this to be com to destruction  
He falslyth not to purpos me to telle  
For it were here a longe dyscreffion  
fro my matyer / and yow ful longe to deiblle  
But the Troian geseis as they telle  
In Omere in Dares / or in Dyce  
Who so that can may rede hem as they wyte

And though þe grekis theym of Troie sheten  
Had and they: aye busyged al aboute -  
Yet for alle they: blage holden they not leiten  
To worship & honour they goddis ful deuoute  
Wyth most reuerence in honour out of doute  
They worshypped a reliquy callid Palladion  
On whom was alle they: trust aboue ecce

And so byfel when comen was the tyme  
Of Apyll when clothed is the mede  
Wyth newe grene of lusey beer the pyne  
And swete smellynge fflowres whete and rede  
In hundreth wyse shewyd as I rede  
The folke of Troie theyr obseruaunce of  
Palladion feste wente for to holde

Wnto the temple in alther beste wyse  
Generally they: wente many a wyght  
To serkene of Palladion scrupce  
And namely many a lusey knyght  
And many a lady fresch and mayden bryght  
Ful wel armed both mese and lese  
Both for the season and the hye feste

Amonge thise other folk was Criseyde  
In wydelwee habyte black / but natheles  
Kyght as our first letter is now an A  
In healte first / so stode she makeles  
Her goodly lookynge / gladdyd alle the pres  
Has neuer seen thynge to be preyed derte  
Nor vnder clothed black so bryght a sterre



As was Criseyde / as folke sayd; echone  
That hit beheld; in hit black weede  
And; yet she stood; ful solwe and; seyl alone  
Besynde; other folk in lytel brede  
And; nyr the dore Under shames drede  
Symple of atyre / and; desonayr of chyre  
Wyth ful assurdy; bokyngg and; manyre

Thys Troilus as he was wont to gypde  
Hys ponge knyghtes lady hem by and; down  
In thyllk large temple / on euery syde  
Beholdyngg ay the ladies of the towne  
Nolde hit nolde there / for no deuocoun  
Had; he to none to tene hym hys reste  
But gan to prayse and; laud whan hym leste

And; in hys walk ful fast he gan to wapen  
Yf knyght or squyer / of hys companye  
Can for to figh / or lye hys eyen lypen  
On ony woman that he coude espye  
He wolde; symple and; hald; it a folye  
And; said he thus god wote she slepyth ful softe  
For loue of polly / whan ye to me fute oft

I haue herd; tel pardieu of pollys lypynge  
Ye swere and; eke your selwe obseruaunce  
And; whiche a labour / folk haue in lypynge  
Of loue and; in the keepynge whiche doutlesse  
And; whan your pray is lost wo a penaunce  
O verry foolis / blynde and; nyte he y  
There is not one my wate by other he

And; with þ; word he wolde; cast by the brode  
A staunce is thys not wete y spoken  
At whiche the god; of loue gan loken wolde  
Knyght for despyte / and; swope to be broken  
He lypde anon / hys solwe was not broken  
For sodayntly he hyt hym at the ful  
And; yet as proude a peock my he pul

O blynd? world? / O blynd? entencioun  
Holt oft falsyth alle theffes contraye  
Of surquydrye and? foul presumptioun  
For caught is proude? & caught is deconayre  
Thys Troylus is chynbyn on the steyre  
And? lytel wendyth that he shall descenden  
But alday saylith thyng? / that foolis wenden

As proude? lypard? begynnith for to skyr  
Out of the way / so wykyth hym hys corn  
Tyl he a lastt haue of the longe-wypp  
Than thynkith he though I prauyn al byforn  
First in the trays / ful fat and? neibe y shorn  
Yet am I but an hors / and? horses calbe  
I must endure / and? wyth my feetis dralbe

So fierdy it by this fyres and? proude? kyngght  
Though he a worthy kynges sones were  
And? wend? nothyng? had? had? such myght  
Agens hys wyll that shuld? hys hert stee  
Yet wyth a booke hys hert way a fure  
That he that nobl was most in pryde aboue  
Way sodaynly most subget vnto loue

For thy ensample take of thys man  
Ye wyse proude? and? worthy folkes alle  
To scorne loue / wyche that so soone can  
The freedom of poltre hertis to hym thralle  
For euer it was and? euer he shall  
That loue is he / that all thyng? may bynde  
For noman may fordo the calbe of kynde

That this is sooth is proude? and? doth yit  
For thys trolde I ye knowen alle and? some  
Men wden not that folk haue gretter wyll  
Than they y han ten most wyth loue y none  
And? strengest folk he therwyth ouercome  
The worthiest and? grettest of degre  
Thys was and? is / and? yet men shul it fee



And treibly it fallyth wel to be so  
For alther wysest han ther wyth ben pleasid  
And they that han ben althermost in woo  
Wyth loue haue ben confortid most and easid  
And oft it hath the cruel hert apasid  
And worthy folk made worthy of name  
And causith most to drede byt and shame

Nob sith it may not goodely be wythstonde  
And is a thyng so vertuous in kynde  
Refusith not in loue to be bounde  
Sith as hym self lyst he may wol bynde  
The yerd is better that solven wyll and wynde  
Than that that bresith / and therfor I wol rede  
To folowe loue / that wol so wel can lede

But forth to telle / in especial  
As of this kyngs sone of wyche I told  
And lette other thynges collateral  
Of hym thynk I my tale forth to hold  
Both of hys joye and of hys cares cold  
And all hys werkis to bechynge this matere  
For ther as I gan I wyll ther to refere

Within the temple he wote hym forth pleyenge  
This twylus of euery wight aboute  
On this lady and nob on that lokyng  
Whether so she were of towne or of wythoute  
And vpon mas byfel that thurgh a folwe  
Hys eye perad and so depe it went  
Al on Eriscide it smet and there it stent

And sodaynly he way ther wyth astomd  
And gan hyr bet behold in thyrsty wyse  
O mercy god thought he / wher hast þe woned  
That art so fayre and goodly to deuyse  
Ther wyth hys herte began to sprede and ryse  
And soft signd / lest men myght hym here  
And caught agayn hys fyrst pleyenge there

She was nat wyth the leste / of hyr stature  
But alle her tymmes / so wel answeryng  
Weren to wommanhode / that creature  
Was neuer lasse mannyssh in semyng  
Ande eke the pure wyse of her meynyng  
Shelvyd; wele that men myght in her gesse  
Honour estate / ande wommanly noblesse

Tho Twilnes ryght wonderly wel withal  
Gan for to lyke her meynyng ande hyr chere  
Whych sumdel deynous was for she leete fal  
Hyre looke a lyte asyde in such manere  
Askaunce what may I nat stond; here  
Ande after that her lookyng; gan she lyght  
Hym neuer thought haue seen so good; a sight

Ande of hyr looke in hym ther gan quyen  
So grette desire / ande such affectioun  
That hys hert bottum it gan styken  
Of hyr fygure wyth depe oppressioun  
Ande though he erst had polvred; by & down  
He was tho glady / hys hornes in to shrynke  
Wyneth wist he how to looke or wynte

To he that leete hym self so connyng  
Ande scorned; them that louys paynes dryen  
Was ful vnware / that loue hath his dwellyng  
Within the subtyl streames / of hyr eyen  
That sodaynly hym thought he shuld; dyen  
Ryght wyth hyr looke the spyrat in hys hert  
Blissed; he loue / that can thus folk conuert

She thus in black / spykyng to Troylus  
ouer al thyng; / he stode to beholde  
He hys desyre / ne wylfor; he stode thus  
He neuer chere made / ne word; told;  
But from afer / hys maner to beholde  
On other thyng; somtyme hys looke he caste  
Ande eft on hyr whyle the scruple laste



And after thys not fully al abaypde  
Out of the temple / al easly he went  
Repentyng hym that he had ever Jappde  
Of louis folk / lest fully the descent  
Of scorn shol on hym self / But what he ment  
Lest it were lost in ony maner spde  
Hys woos he gan dyssimulen / and to hyde

Whan he was fro the temple thus departed  
He streyght anon / Into hys palays turnyth  
Right with hir look thurh shot & thurh dar to  
So feyneth he in luse / ther he sojournyth  
And al his chere & speche / also he tournyth  
And ap of hys seruauantis / euery whyle  
Hym self to wreke at hem he gan to smyle

And sayd lord so ye tpeue alle in lest  
Ye buere for the connyngest of polb  
That scrupth most ententysly and lest  
Hym til therof as often harme as prold  
Your hypr is quyt agayn / ye godd woos shol  
Nat wele for wele / but scorn for goodd seruys  
In feyth youre ordir is / mshd in gooddys wyse

In no certayne ben al your obseruaunces  
But it a sely fayne wynter be  
Ne nothyng askyth so grete atendaunces  
As doeth your lay / and that knollen al ye  
But that is not the worst so moche I the  
But told I polb the worst wynt I leue  
All sayd I soth / ye wold at me graue

But take thys that ye buere oft eschpylde  
Or ellis don of goodd entenaoun  
Jut oft your lady / whyl it mys conserte be  
And deme it harme / in her oppynoun  
And put yf she for other encreason  
We broth thene shalt I haue a groyne anon  
Lord wele is hym / that may be of polb son

But for al thys / whan that he salbe hys tyme  
He held his was none other boote hym gayned  
For loue bygan hys fethys for to lyme  
That wel bnneth vnto hys folk he feyned  
That other besy nedis / hym dyscrayned  
For wo was hym that what to do he myst  
But had hys folk go wher that hem lyst

And whan that he in chambre was alone  
He down vpon hys beddis feete hym sette  
And first he gan do sigh / and eft to growne  
And thought ay so on hys / wythouten lette  
That as he sat and woke / hys spirit mette  
That he shalbe temple and alle the gypse  
Ryght of her booke / and gan it welbe aduise

Thus gan he make a myrour of hys mynde  
In whiche he salbe al hool hys fygure  
And that he wel coude / in hys sert fynde  
It was to hym a ryght good auenture  
To loue suche one / and yf he dyd hys cure  
To seruen hys pit myght he ful in grace  
Or ellis for one of hys seruauntis pace

Imagynynge that trauayle ne grame  
He myght not for so goodely one be born  
As she ne hym for no desyre ne shame  
Al were it wyse / but in pryce by born  
Of al louers wel more than byforn  
Thus argued he in hys begynnynge  
Ful vnaupsed of hys woos comynge

- Thus tolde he purpos / hows craft to spelbe  
And thought he wolde werke pryuelly  
First to hyde hys desir in melbe  
From euery wyght y born beturly  
Wnt he myght ought recouered he therby  
Remembrynge hym that loue to wyde y sholbe  
Yeldith better fruyt though swete seede be solbe



And? euer al thys moche more he thought  
What for to speke / and? what to hold? pame  
And? to art her to lue he sought  
And? a song? anon rpyght to begynne  
And? gan solld? on hys secolde for to lvyne  
For lvyth good? hope / he gan fully assent  
Cryseyde for to lue / and? not to repente

And? of hys songe not only the sentence  
As lwyrteth myn auctour / callyd? boecius  
But pleyntly saue our tonges difference  
I dar wel say in al that Troylus  
Seyde in hys songe to euery word? rpyght thus  
As I shal seyn / and? who so lyste it her  
So next thys Vers ye may it fynden her

Yf no lue is / O god? what fele I so  
And? yf lue is what thyng and? lwyrteth is he  
Yf lue be good? from lwyne comyth my lye  
Yf it be lwyche / a wondyr thynketh me  
Whan euery torment and? aduersite  
That comyth of hym may to me sauour thynk  
For ay thyrst I the more that I it drynk

And? yf that al myn olde lufe I brene  
Yf lwyne comyth my lwylling & my perynt  
Yf harm angre me / lwyrteth pleyne I thenne  
I not? not lwyh Bulbery that I feynt  
O quyl deth / O swete harme so ouerpat  
Hold may of the in me be such quantyte  
But yf I consent / that it so be

And? yf that I consent througfully  
Compleyne ploye / thus possid? to and? fro  
Al sterles / lwythm a lye am I  
Amydde the see felowp lwyndes lye  
That in contrary stondyn euer mo  
Alas what is thys wondyr maladye  
For hte of cold? / for cold? of hte I dye

And to the god of loue thus sayd he  
Wth piteous voyce / O lord noli poltre is  
My spirit whiche that ought poltre be  
Noli thank I lord / I haue me brought to this  
But whether goddesse or woman yllis  
She be I note whiche that ye do me serue  
But as hyr man I wyl ay lyue and serue

Ye stonden in her eyen / myghtyly  
As in a place / vnto your vertu dygne  
Therefor lord yf my scrupel or I  
May lyke poltre / so be to me benygne  
For myn estate Royal / I here resigne  
In to her hande / and wth ful humble chere  
Wycome hyr man as to my lady dere

In hym ne denyed to spare blood Royal  
The fyre of loue wherfrom god me blesse  
Ne hym forsake in no degre for al  
Hys excellent or vertuous prouesse  
But held hym as hys thral / in loue dyssewse  
And brent hym so in sondry wyse al nelbe  
That sixty tyme a day / he lost hys selbe

Somoch day from day / hys olone thought  
For lust to hyr / gan quyen and encrease  
That euery other charge he sette at nought  
For the ful oft / hys hote fyre to cease  
To see her goodly chere he gan to prece  
For thereby to be eased wel he wende  
And ap the nett he was / the more he brende

- But when he had a space / from hys care  
Thus to hym self / ful oft he gan to pleyne  
He sayd o foole / noli art thou in the snare  
That whychon jappdest / at louses payne  
Noli art þ bent / noli gnaw thy olone cheyne  
Thou wert ap wont / eche better to reprefende  
Of thyng the which thou canst the not defende



What wyl nolt euery louer / say of the  
If thys be wylt / but euer in thy absence  
Laugh in scorn / and say to wher goth he  
That is the man / of so grete sapience  
That held? he lours / lest in reuerence  
Nolt thanked? he god? / he may go in the dale  
Of hym that loue wylt / spekyng to auance

But o thou woful Troylus god? wold?  
Synth thou must loue / thurgh thy destyne  
That thou byset were / on such one that shold?  
Knewe al thy woo / al lakked? her pyte  
But also cold? / in loue towardis the  
Thy lady is / as frost in wynter moone  
And? thou for done as frost in wynter soone

God? wold? I were argued? in the port  
Of deth the whyche / my sorow wyl me lede  
A lord? to me it were a grete comfort  
Than were I quyte of languishynge in drede  
For by myn hnd? sorow y sholden in brede  
I shal y iaped? be / a thousand? tyme  
More than a foole of whos fote men ryme

But nolt help god? / and? ye swete for whom  
I pleyne / y caught ye neuer wyght so fast  
O mercy deth hert / and? help me from  
The deth / for I whyle my lyf may last  
More than my self wyl loue yow to my last  
And with som frendly woke / gladith me swete  
Though neuer nothyng more ye me byhete

These wordis / and? ful many another to  
He spak and? callid? euer in his compleynt  
Hys name for to tellen hys / he is woo  
Tyl nygh that he in salt teris dreynt  
Al was for nought / he herd? not hys pleynt  
And? when that he sethought / on that felye  
A thousand? fold? / hys woo gan multiplye

By wayfynge in hys chymbre / thus alone  
A frend of hys / that callid was Pandare  
Come oones in / and herd hym grone  
And salb hys frend / in such dysstes and care  
Alas quod he / who causith alle thys fare  
O mercy god / what Unhap may thys mene  
Hane nold thus soone / grekis made yow lene

Oz hast thou some remorse / of conscience  
And art nold fallen / in some deuocioun  
And waylest for thy synne & for thy offence  
And hast for fere / aught contricioun  
God saue hem that bysieged haue thys toun  
That so can lye / our Jolte on presse  
And bynge oure lusty folk / to holynesse

These wordis sayd he / for the nones alle  
That with such thing he might him agry make  
And wyth hys angre / do hys sorow falle  
As for the tyme / and hys corage albaen  
And wel wyse he / as fer as tungen spoken  
Ther nas a man of gretter hardynesse  
Than he / ne nomore desired worthyne

What was quod Ewilus tho / or what aduerture  
Hath guded the / to see me languyshe  
That am refuse / of eury creature  
But for the loue of god / at my prayenge  
Go hens alway / for certis my depenge  
Wyl the dysseise / and I mote nedis dre  
Therfor Jo hens / ther is nomore to seye

But yf thou bene / I be thus sike for drede  
It is not so / and therfor scorn me nought  
Ther is another thyng I take of drede  
Wel more tha ought the grekis han yit brought  
Whiche cause is of my deth / sorow & thought  
But though I nold tel it the ne lest  
Be thou not broth I hyde it for the best



Thys pandare that my maist / for I doo e wold  
Ful oft sayd: alas / what may thys be  
Holt frend: quod: he / yf euer loue or troth  
Hath ben or is / byllbene the and: we  
Ne do thou neuer / such a cruelte  
To hyde from me thy frende / such a care  
Wost thou not wel / that I am pandare

I wyl part wyth the al the pyne  
Yf it be so / I do the no confort  
As it is frendis ryght / sooth for to seyne  
To entrepasse I doo / as glady dysport  
I haue and: that for trelb or fals report  
In wrong and: ryght / I bound: the al my tyme  
Hyde not thy I doo from me / but telle it thyne

Than gan thys sorowful Troilus to sike  
And: sayd: hym thus / god: lieue it be my Iste  
To tel it the / for sith it may the lyke  
Put wyl I tel it / though myn hert breste  
And: wel I wote I / thou mayst do no rest  
But lest thou deme / I trust not to the  
Holt hert frend: / for thus it standeth wyth me

Loue agaynst why che / who so defendeth  
Hym self most / it al therluse auergeth  
Wyth dyspeyre / so sorowfully me offendeth  
That streyght vnto the deeth / myn hert sayeth  
Therto desire / so breunnyngly me assayeth  
That to be slayne / it were a greater joye  
To me than to be kynge / of Grece and: Troye

Suffisith thys my ful frend: Pandare  
That I haue sayd: / for nolt wost thou my Iste  
And: for the loue of god: / my cold: care  
Hyde it wel / I wold: it neuer nome  
For harmes myght folowe me than I doo  
Yf it were wyse / but be thou in gladnes  
And: let me sterue / vnknoled of my dyspares

Holt fast thou thus / Unkynpely and longe  
Hpyd thyse fro me / thou foolis quod Pandarus  
Peraventure thou mayst / after suchon longe  
That myn aduys / anon may helpen be  
Thyse lere a bounder thyng / quod Troylus  
Thou coldest neuer in lue / thy self wysse  
Holt deupl mayst thou than / bryng me to blisse

Ye Troylus herken now / quod Pandarus  
Though I be nyce / it happith often so  
That oon that excessse doeth / ful euylfare  
By good counsayl / can kepe hys frend ther fro  
I haue my self seen a blynd man go  
There as he fyl / that colde looke wyse  
A foolis may eke / a wyse man often guyde

A wylkeon / is no keryng instrument  
Out put it makyth / sharp keryng twolis  
And there thou woost / that I haue mysibent  
Eschew thou that / for such thyng to scoole is  
Thus oft wyse men / ben ware by foolis  
If thou do so / thy wyte is wel belband  
By hys contrary / is euery thyng declarid

For holt myght euer / swetnesse be knolwe  
To hym that neuer / tastid bytternesse  
Ne noman may / be myl glad I tolwe  
That neuer was in sorow / or some dysresse  
Eke white by black / by shame eke worthynesse  
Eke set by other / more for othyr sempth  
As men may see / and so the wyse it demyth

Syth thus of two contraries / is oo lere  
I that haue so oft / in lue assayed  
Struauers ought conne / wel the more  
Counsayle the / of that thou art dysmayed  
And eke the not ought / be euyl apayed  
Though I desire / wyth the for to lere  
Thyn luy charge / it shal the lasse dore



I wrote Ibel / it fauith thus by me  
As to thy brother Charis / and a pryneresse  
Whyppe that y cleppd was Denont  
Wrote in a compleynt / of hye cruynesse  
Thou salbe the lettir / that he wrote I gesse  
May neuer yit ylyve / quode Troylus  
Nolb quode Pandare / herken it was thus

Phobus that fyrst founde / art of medicyne  
Quode she that colde / in every wyghte can  
Remedy and rede / by herbis he kneth syne  
Yet to hym self / hys connyng was ful sure  
For loue had hym / bound in a snare  
Al for the daughter of the kyng Amete  
That alle hys craft / ne colde hys sorowes ke

Ryght so fare I / Unhappily for me  
I loue one bestee / and that me smerteth sore  
And yit perauenture can I wden the  
And not my self / repere me nomore  
I haue no cause I wrote Ibel for to fore  
As doeth an halbe / that syteth for to prey  
Wut to thyng help / somwhat can I sey

And of o thyng / ryght slyer mayst thou be  
That arayn for to open in the pyne  
That shal I neuer more / dyscouern the  
Ne by my trolbth / I kepe not restyng  
The from thy loue / though that it were Helene  
That is thy brotheris wyf / yf I it wyse  
We what she be / and loue hye as the best

Therefore as frendfully / in me assure  
And tel me plat nolv / what is thy cheson  
And fynal cause / of woo that ye endure  
For douthteth nothyng / my entencion  
Nys not to you / of reprehension  
To speke as nolv / for no wyght may exreue  
A man to loue / tyl that hym lyst to leue

Ande myn wel / that both the ben! Vices  
Mystake al / or ellis al to leue  
But wel I wote / the meane of it no wyse is  
For to trust some wyght / it is a preue  
Of trewth ande for thy / wold I fayne remeue  
Thy wronge concept / ande do the somwhat tyste  
Thy woo to tel / ande tel me yf the lyse

The wyse seyth / Woo hym that is alone  
For yf he falle / he hath no hely to ryse  
Ande sith thou hast a felowe / telle thy mone  
For thys is not certeyne the next wyse  
To wyppen loue / as trefen be the wyse  
To walewe ande wepe / as Nyoke the quene  
Whos trefis yit in marbyl stone be scene

Eate be thy wepyng / ande thy dierpnesse  
Ande let be liffen woo / wyth our specke  
So may thy woful tyme / seeme lesse  
Delyte not in woo / thy woo to secke  
As don thys foolis / that theyr sorowes ecke  
Wyth sorow / wthan they haue mysauenture  
Ande lyse not to secke hem / othyr cure

Men seyn / to wretchis is consolacioun  
To haue anothis felaw in hys payne  
That ought wel be / our oppynoun  
For both thou ande I / for loue be pleyne  
So ful of sorow am I soth to seyne  
That certaynly nomore hardy grace  
May sitte on me / for why ther is no space

Yf godd wyll thou art not agast of me  
Lest I wold of thy lady the begyle  
Thou wost thy self whom that I loue parde  
As I lest can / goon sith long wyhyle  
Ande sith thou wost / I do it for no wyse  
Ande seyst I am he / thou trustist most  
Tel me somwhat / sith al my wytt thou wost



Yet Troplus for al thys / no worde seyde  
But longe he lay styll / as he deede were  
And after thys / wyth sighyng he abyede  
And to pandarus boye / he leyde hys ere  
And by hys eyen cast he / that in fere  
Was pandarus / lest that in fernesye  
He shulde falle / or ellis soone dye

And cryed awake ful wonderly and sharp  
What stombrest thou / as in a lxtarge  
Or art thou lyke / an Assc vnto the harp  
That herith solune / when men the strynges plye  
But in hys mynde of that no melodye  
May synken in / to gladden for that he  
So dul is of hys bestialyte

And wyth that pandare / of hys wordis stent  
And Troplus put hym / nothyng answerd  
For thy to telken / was not hys entent  
Neuer to noman / for whom he so ferde  
For it is sayde / men make oft a yerde  
Wyth wyche the maker / is hym self y betyn  
In sondry maner as these wyse trefyn

And namely / in hys counsayl tellyng  
That touchyth loue / that ought to be secrete  
For of hym self / it wyll ynough out spryng  
But yf that it / the bet gouerned be  
Eke somtyme it is craft to seme fle  
For thyng wyche in effect / men huntyn fast  
Al thys gan Troplus / in hys herte cast

But neuertheles / when he had herd hym crye  
Awake he gan / and sighed wonder fore  
And sayde frende / though that I styll be  
I am not deaf / nold peas and crye nomore  
I haue herd thy wordis / and thy fore  
But suffer me / my myschync to belaylen  
For thy prouerbis / may me not auaylen

None other cure canst thou for me  
Eke I wyl not be curid / I wyl deye  
What knowe I of the quene Mynde  
Late be thyng old ensamples I the prey  
No quod pandare therfore I seye  
Suche is desyre of foolis to hylpe  
Her wo but seeke boote they ne kepe

Now knowe I that reason in the faylth  
But tel me / yf I wyl what she were  
For whom that the al this mysauenture aylyth  
Durst thou that I told it in her eere  
Thy woo sith thou darst not thy self for ferre  
And hyr besought / on the to haue some reuer  
Why nay quod he / by god and by my trollyth

What not as busily quod pandarus  
As though myn olde lyf lay in thys nede  
No certis brother quod thys Troylus  
And why / for that thou shuldest neuer speke  
Woost thou not wel / ye that is out of drede  
Quod troylus for al that euer ye conne  
She nyl to no suche wretche as I be lounne

Quod pandarus alas what may thys be  
That thou dyspayrid art thus causeles  
What luyth not thy lady benedicte  
Hold woost thou soo / that thou art graceles  
Suche euyl is not allway booteles  
Why put not impossible thus thy cure  
Syth thyng to come is / oft hath aduenture

What shold he therfor fal in dyspayre  
Or be wreaunt / for hys olde trene  
Or sle hym self / al be hys lady feyre  
Nay nay but euer in oon be fressh and grene  
To serue and loue / hys dere sertis quene  
And thynk it is a gylverdon for to serue  
A thousand fold more than he can deserue



And of that word toke heed Troilus  
And thought anon / what folke he was in  
And how that soth hym sayde Pandarus  
That for to sle hym self / myght he not wyne  
But both do Unmanshod / and a synne  
And of hys deth / hys lady not l. wyte  
For of his woo gode woot she knew but lyte

And wyth that thought / he gan ful sore felle  
And sayde alas / what is me best to do  
To whom pandar / answered yf the lyke  
The best is / that thou talle me al thy woo  
And haue my trouth / but thou fynde it so  
I be thy woote / or that it be ful longe  
And ellis to prais / do me dralve and longe

He so seyst thou / quod Troilus tho alas  
But gode wote / it is not the rather so  
Ful hard wote it / to helpe in thys cas  
For wele fynde I / that fortune is my foo  
He alle the men that ryden comen or goo  
May of hyr cruel wille the harm withstonde  
For as she lyst / she pleyth wyth fer and longe

I graunt wel that thou endure woo  
As sharp as doth Taurus in helle  
Whos stomack folde tyen euermore  
That hyght Vulture / as lookes alle  
But I may not endure / that thou dwelle  
In so an Unskilful oppynyon  
That of thy woo is no curacion

But oones nyctold / for thy cowardy hert  
And for thyn ire / and foolish Unskilfulnesse  
For wantruste tel of thy woundis smert  
He to thyn olde help / do besynesse  
As moche as speke a reason / more or lesse  
But lyggest as he that lyst of nothyng wiche  
What woman coude loue such a wretch

What may she deme / other of thy deeth  
If thou thus dye / and she note why it is  
But that for drede is gorden by thy breth  
For Grekis han bysegged vs plvys  
Lord such a thank shalt thou haue of thys  
Thus wyl she say / and alle the tolne atones  
The wretche is ded / the deuyll haue hys bones

Thou mayst aloue here wepe knels and cry  
But loue a woman that she wote itnought  
And she shal quyte it / thou shalt it not espye  
Unknowe vnkysse / and lose that is vnsought  
What many a man hath loue / ful dere y thought  
Twenty wynter / that hys lady ne wyse  
That neuer put hys lady mouth to kysse

Quod pandarus thou blamest fortune  
For thou art brotth / now at erst I see  
Wost thou not wel that fortune is comune  
To euery maner wyght / in some degre  
And yet thou hast thys comfort so parde  
So as hit ioye must ouerгон  
So must hit sorowes passen euerychon

For yf she wyle seynt any thyng to tyme  
Than feareth she anon fortune to be  
Now sith hys wyle by no way may so ourne  
What wost thou / of hys mutabilite  
Ryght as thy self lyste / she wyl do by the  
Or yf she be not seen at thyng helpyng  
Peraventure thou hast cause for to synge

And therfor wost thou what I the lesse  
Late be thy woos / and turnyng to the ground  
For who so lyste haue helpyng of hys lech  
To hym byhought hys / vnkouet hys wound  
To certeis in helles / as he I founde  
Were it for my suster / al thy sorow  
By my wyl she shuld be thyng to morow



Looke vp I say / and? tel me what she is  
Anon that I may goo aboute thy ned  
Enolue I hye not for my loue tel me thy  
Than wold? I hope rather for to spee  
Tho gan the Deynes of troplus to blede  
For he was hit and? was alle tre for shame  
A ha quod? Pandare / here begynneth the game

And? wyth that word? he gan hym to shake  
And? sayd thyf thou shalt hye name telle  
But tho gan self Troplus to quake  
As thought þ men shuld haue led? hym to telle  
And? sayd? alas / of alle my woo the welke  
That is she my swete callid? Enscorde  
And? wyth that word? / for few nygh he orde

And? when pandare herd? hym her name neuene  
Lord? he was glad? / and? sayd? furd? so de  
Nolw fare a ryght / for Jouis name in deuene  
Loue hath he set the bel he of good? chere  
For of good? name / wysdom and? maner  
She hath ynough / and? eke of gentylnesse  
If she be fure / thou woost thy self I gesse

Neuer salþ I none more bound:uous  
Of her estate ne gladder of speche  
A frendlyer / ne more grauous  
For to do wel ne lasse had? neis to seche  
What is for to done / and? al thyng bet to eche  
In honour to as fer as she may stretch  
A kynges lert semeth by hye a wretch

And? also thynk / and? therwyth glad? the  
That wyth thy lady vertuous is al  
So folowyth it / that there is som pye  
Among? alle thysc othe in general  
And? for thy see that in especial  
Require not that is apenset her name  
For vertu stretchyth not hym self to shame

Nolb lette thy brest / ande fere to gode of loue  
Thy grace lorde / for nolb I me repent  
Yf I myspack afore nolb my self I loue  
Thus fere wyth all thyng fere in good entent  
Quod Troylus / a lorde I me consent  
Ande pray to the / my Iapis to foryeue  
Ande I shal neuermore whyle I lyue

Thou sayst wel quode pandar / nolb I hope  
That thou the goddis wrath hast appeased  
Ande syth thou hast lerept many a dore  
Ande said such thing wherewith thy god is pleased  
Nolb wolde neuer gode / but thou wert eased  
Ande thynk wel fere of whom tise al thy woo  
Here a fere / thy confort may be also

For thilk ground / that ferth the beedis wyke  
Werth eke the hollom herbe ful ofte  
Nest the foule nettyl collygh ande thyke  
The rose be with swete / smoth ande softe  
Ande nest the vale / is the hyl abste  
Ande nest the derk nyght / is the glady morow  
Ande also joye is nest thend of sorow

Nolb looke that attrempre be thy bydel  
Ande for the lise / as suffer to the tye  
O ellie all our labour / is al ydel  
He listeth wel / that wysely can abyde  
Be dyligent ande trewe / ande alway hyde  
Be lusey fere / perseure in thy scruple  
Ande al is wel / yf thou werke in thy wyse

The tyme thou maist blis / that euer þe were born  
Ande the goddis thank / that in so good a place  
Haue the bytolbede in loue / I durst haue sworn  
That þe shulde neuer haue had / so fayre a grace  
Ande why for thou wert euer wont to chace  
At loue in scorn / ande for dyspyte hem calle  
Delquere the world / lorde of thys foolis alle



Whan Coylus had herd / Pandare assented  
To be hys help in buyng of Criseyde  
Way of hys woo / as who sayth Vnturmentid  
But hoter way hys loue / and than he seyd  
Wyth sobre chere / as though hys hert had pleyer  
Holv blyssful Venus / help on that I sterue  
Of the Pandare / I may some thank deserue

But dere frend holv shal my woo be lesse  
Eyl thys be don / and good cheyl me thys  
Holv wylt thou sey / of me and my dyscelle  
Leste she be wroth / thys drede I moste pblis  
Or wyl not here / or trolben holv it is  
All thys drede I / and cheyl for the maner  
Of the hys Eme / she wyl no such thyng be

Quod Pandarus / thou hast ful grete care  
Leste that the chorde / ful oute of the moone  
Why lard I haue of the / thy noper fare  
What entremete of that / thou hast to doone  
For goddis loue / I hope the a soone  
So lete me alone / and it shal be thy beste  
What frend quod he nolde / do ryght as the beste

But lark / Pandare / o word for I nold  
That thou in me / wendest so grete folke  
That to my lady / I desire shold  
That touchyth harme / or any dyscom  
For dredeles / me better leuer dy  
Than she of me / ought ellis vnderstode  
But that / that myght folwe in to good

Tho holgh thys pandare / and anon answered  
And I thy wrold / fy no wyght doth but so  
I rought not / though she stood and lard  
Holv that thou seyst / but fare wel I wyl go  
Adieu be glad / god spece vs both tilbo  
Peue me thys labour / and thys besynesse  
And of my speede / be thyng alle the swetnesse

Tho Troilus gan down / on hys knees fall  
And pandare in hys armes / bent fast  
And sayd: noli fe on the grekis all  
Put parde god: shal helpe. So at the laste  
And dredeles yf that my lpf may laste  
And god: to forni / yit some of hem shal smert  
And yit me athynketh thys auant me astert

Noli pandarus / I can nomore seie  
But thou wise / y wote / thou mayst / thou art al  
My lpf my deth / hol in thyn hand: I leie  
Helpe noli quod: he / yis hy my trolbth I shal  
God: yeld: the frend: / and: thys in special  
Quod: Troilus / that thou me recomande  
To he that may me / to the deth comaunde

Thys Pandarus / tho desirous to serue  
Hys ful frend: / tho sayd: in thys manere  
Farewel and: thynk I wyl / thy thank deserue  
Haue heere my trolbth: / that thou shalt wel heere  
And went hys wey / thynkyng: on thys matere  
And: holt he myght: kepe / bysece he of grace  
And: fynd: a tyme herto / and: a place

For euery wyght / that hath an hous to found:  
He triumph not / the werke for to begynne  
With rakil hand: / but he wyl byde a stound:  
And send: hys certis lync / out from wythynne  
Altherfirst hys purpos for to wyne  
At thys Pandare / in hys hert thought  
And: case hys werke ful wysely or he wrought

But Troilus tho / say no lenger down  
But vp anon vpon hys steed: lay  
And: in the feld: he pleyeth the loun  
Wo was the greke / that met with hym that day  
And: in the towne / hys manere he holdyth ay  
So goodely he was / and: gate hym so in grace  
That eke hym loued: / that lokid: in hys face



For he become / the friendlyst knyght  
The gentylest / ande eke the most free  
The thyrstye ande one the best wyght  
That in hys tyme / was or myght be  
Dede were hys iapis / ande hys cruelle  
Hys hys port / ande hys maner straunge  
Ande eke of tho / gan for a vertu chaunge

Nolde he be stynt of Troilus a stounde  
That farith lyke a man / that hurt is sore  
Ande is somdele of aspyng of hys wounde  
Y lyssed? wel / but he lide no del more  
Ande as an esy pacient / the sore  
Abpyrth of hym that goth aboute hys cure  
Ande thus he dryuyth forth hys aduenture

¶ Here endeth the first booke

¶ Ande begynneth the prologe of the  
secunde booke

**O** We of this black walves / for to sayle  
O wynde the wedir / begynneth to cleere  
For in this see / soe hath such trauayle  
Of my conyng / that vneth I it stee  
Thys see clepe I / the tempestuous matere  
Of dyspayre / that Troilus was ynne  
For nolde of hope the kalendis begynne

O lady myn / that callid? art Cleo  
Thou be my spede fro this furth / ande my muse,  
To fyne wel thys booke / tyl I haue do  
Me nedeth here / none other art to vse  
For why to euery souer I me excuse  
That of no sentement / I thys endyte  
But out of latyn / in to my tynge I wyte

Wherfor I wyl haue / neyther thank ne blame  
Of al thys werk / but prey yow mekely  
Dysolameth me / yf ony word be lame  
For as myn auctour sayth / so sey I  
Eke though I speke / of loue vnfelpyngly  
No wonder is / for it of thyng nold neld is  
A blynd man can not wel iuge in helbis

I knold eke that in forme of specke / is chaunge  
Wythyn a thousand yere / of wordis tho  
That hadden pryce / ten nold nyce and straunge  
As thynketh hem / and yit they spack hem so  
And sped as wel in loue / as men nold do  
Eke for to bypne loue / in sondry ages  
In sondry bondes / in sondry ten blages

And for thy yf it hap / in ony wyse  
That ther be ony louer / in thys place  
That herknyth as the story can deuyse  
Holt Troylus come / to hys lady grace  
And thynkith so nold I / how purchaseth  
Or wondryth on hys specke / or doyng  
I not but vnto me / it is no wondryng

For euery wyght / wyche that to Rome went  
Holt not oo path / ne alway oo manere  
Eke in some bond / were al the game y sent  
Yf they ferde in loue / as men don here  
As thus in open doyng / and in chere  
In bysityng in forme / or sayd our salues  
For why men seyn / eke contre syn hys salues

Eke scarfly be ther in thys place thre  
That haue in loue seyd lyke / and don al  
For to thy purpos thys may lyke the  
And the ryght nought / yit al is sayd & shal  
Eke som men graue / in the stone wal  
As it ketyd but sith I haue bygonne  
Myn auctor shal I folowe yf that I conne



Here endeth the prologe

And here begynneth the seconde booke

**I**f may that modie is of monethis glade  
That fressh folowis/blest libite & mede  
Ben quenched ageyn/ & libite ded made  
And ful of laume / is fletyng euerp mede  
Whan phobus doth / hys bryght frames spede  
Ryght in the wynter wole / it is bett d;  
As I shal syng / on Mayes day the thyrde

That pandarus / for al hys wyse sace  
Felt eke hys part / of hys shottis trene  
That colde he neuer / so wel of leuyng pite  
It made hys helpe / ful oft a day grene  
Shoore hym that day / ther fyrst hym a trene  
In hys for wyse / to he ded / he wente  
And made or it was day ful many a went

The swabill proigne / wyth a scoldful lay  
Whan morow come / made hys waymentyng  
Why she forsthe was / and al the lay  
Pandarus a led / half in a slomb: yng  
Tyl she so nyth hym / made hir charyng  
Holt Tereus gan forth / hys sustre take  
That wyth the noyse of hys he gan awake

And gan to calle / and dresse hym to ryl  
Remembryng hym / hys stande was to done  
From Troylus / and eke hys grette empyse  
And cast & knelt / in good place was the mone  
To do viage / and take hys wey ful soone  
Wnto hys neas paleys / ther besyde  
Holt Janus god of entre / thold hym gypde

Whan he was come / Into hys neis place  
Where is my lady to her folk quod he  
And they hym told / and he forth in gan pace  
And fond the othyr ladies / sit and sit  
Wythm a paued parbour / and they thre  
Herde hem a mayden / redyng the geste  
Of the sieg of thekes whyle hem lest

Quod Pandarus / madame godd polb see  
Wyth your booke / and al the company  
Eyn uncle nob / welcom ybis quod she  
And so she was / and by the bond in hy  
She toke hym fast / and sayd thus nyght thyn  
To good more it turne / of polb I mette  
And with that word / she down on becke hym sette

Pe newe pr shul fare / wel the set  
Pf godd wyl / al thys yere quod Pandarus  
But I am sorp / that I shul polb let  
To serken on your booke / we praysen thus  
For goddys loue what seyth it / tel it us  
Is it of loue / or some good thynge we me leue  
Uncle quod she your maystres is not here

Wyth that they gonne laugh / and tho she sayd  
Thys woman is of thekes / that we rede  
And we han herd / how that kyng laus deyd  
Thurgh Edipus hys sone and al that dede  
And lere we seynt / at thys litters rede  
Holt the bysshop as the booke can telle  
Amphiotay fyl thurgh the ground to selle

Quod pandarus al thys knolde I my selue  
And al the sieges of thekes / and the care  
For serof ten there / bookes made tibelue  
But let he thys / and tel me how ye fare  
Do way your wymmyn / & selbe your face fare  
Do way your booke / ryls by & lere us daunce  
And let us do to may / some obseruaunce



Er god? forbede quod? s? / he y? mad?  
Is that a lypdelles lyp / so god? yoll? saue  
Wh? god? ye make? me / ryght sore adrad?  
Ye be so lypel? / it semeth as ye tane  
It sit me wel bet / to be in a caue  
To byd? and? t? / on holy sayntes lypes  
Late maydens go daunce / and? yong? lypes

As euer thypue I / quod? thys pandarus  
Put couthe I tel a thynge / to do your hert ples  
Nolde Uncle d?r quod? s? / telle it be  
For goddis loue / is than the syge albey  
I am of the Grekis / so fer? that I d?r  
Nay nay quod? s? / as euer mo? I thypue  
It is a thynge wel bet / than such? t?ue

Ye holy god? quod? s? / what thynge is that  
What bet than such? t?ue / nay pl?ps  
For al thys world? / ne can I t?r what  
It shal be some jape / I trolbe it is  
And? sut your self be tel / what it is  
My lyp? to arde it / is al to leene  
No helpe me god? I not? what ye ment

And? I your word? / ne neuer shal quod? s?  
Thys thynge be told? to yoll? / so mo? I thypue  
And? why so Uncle myn / why so quod? s?  
Wh? god? quod? s? / that lyp? I tel as t?ue  
For prold?r w?man / is there none on t?ue  
And? ye it lyp? / in al the towne of Troye  
I lye not / so euer haue I Joye

Tho gan s? wonder / more than byforn  
A thousand? fold? / a down hys eyen caste  
For neuer sith the tyme / s? was born  
To knolbe a thynge / desired? s? so faste  
And? lypth a sigh / s? sayd? hym at the laste  
Nolde Uncle myn / I lyp? you not dysplease  
Ne aye thynge / that may do you dyscase

So after thys / wryth many wordis glade  
And frendly talis / and wryth mery chere  
Of thys and that / they gonne pley and wade  
In many vncolwys glady and depe matere  
As frendis don / whan they ben met in feere  
Eyl sir gan aske hym / how that Hector ferde  
That was the wal of Troie / and grekis wode

Ful wel I thank it god / quod Pandarus  
Sawe in hys arme / he hath a lytel wounde  
And eke hys fressh brothyr Troilus  
The wyse worthy / Hector the secunde  
In whom that euery vertu / lyf habounde  
As al trewthe / and al gentylnesse  
Wysdom honur / freedom and worthynesse

In good feyth Eme quod sir / that spakith me  
They faren wel / god saue hem both thow  
For trewthe / I hold it grete depnte  
A kynges sone / in armes wel to do  
And be of good condicions thereto  
For grete valour / and moral vertu here  
Do selden fere / in oo persone y feere

In good feyth / that is sooth quod Pandarus  
But by my trouthe / the kyng hath sonys thre  
That is to saye / Hector and Troilus  
That certaynly though that I shuld dre  
Then ben as wyse / of wyse dar I sey  
As any men / that lyuen vnder the soone  
Ther myght is wode knowe / & what they kōne

Of Hector nedpeth no hyng for to telle  
In al thys world / ther nys a bettir knyght  
Than he that is of worthynesse wel  
And he wel more vertu hath / than myght  
Thys knowith many a wyse / & worthy knyght  
The same pryce of Troilus I sey  
God help me soo / I know not such thre



By god? quod? he / of Hector that is sooth  
Of Troilus the same thyng? tolde I  
For dredeles / men tellith that he doeth  
In armes daye by daye / and? that so worthylly  
And? kerith hym here at hom so gentylly  
To euery wyght that ouerall prayr hath he  
Of hym that were me leuest praysed? he

Ye sey ryght soth ywis / quod? Pandarus  
For yesterdage / who hath wyth hym ben  
Myght haue woundred? / Upon Troilus  
For neuer yet so thynk a swarm of been  
As than the Grekis / from hym gan flee  
And? thurgh the feld? in euery wyghtis ere  
Ther nas no ay / but Troilus is there

Nolb here nolb there / he hunted? hem so faste  
Ther nas but Grekis blood? / and? Troilus  
Nolb hym he hurt / and? nolb hym down he caste  
A y where he went it was arrayed? thus  
He was theyr deth / and? sheld? and? lyf for vs  
That as that day / ther durst none wyth stonde  
Whyle he held? / hys bloody swerd? in hond?

Ther to he is the frendlyest man  
Of grete estate / that euer I salbe in my lyne  
And? where hym lyf? / lest felawshyp can  
To such as hym thynketh? able for to thryue  
And? wyth that word? / tho Pandarus as shyue  
Toke of theym leue / & said? he wold? gon hanne  
May blame haue I myn vncle quod? he thenne

Whot cyleth yow to be thus very soone  
And? namely of hymmen wil ye so  
May sittyth down by god? I haue to doone  
Wyth yow to speke / of wysdom or ye go  
And? euery wyght / that was aboute hym the  
That herd? that / gan fer alwey to stonde  
Whyle they also had? / al that hym lest on honds

Whan that hyr tale / brought was to an ende  
Of hyr estate and hyr gouernaunce  
Quod Chandaris / now is tyme I bend  
But now I sey aryse / and lette vs daunce  
And caste your wydelbes shyppe / to myschaunce  
What lyst you thus / your self to dysfigure  
With you is betid / so glad an auenture

A wel thyngt / for loue of god quod she  
Shal I not lyte / what ye meane of thys  
No thys thyng askyth / lesse quod he  
And eke me wold / moche greue yow  
If I it told / and ye toke it amys  
Put there it be / my tynge for to seyle  
Than sey a thyng / that were agayn your like

For next by the goddesse Minerve  
And Iupiter / that makyth the thunder to ryng  
And by the blyssful Venus / that I serue  
Ye be the womman / in thys world cryyng  
Without paramours / to my lytyng  
That I best loue / and bestest am to greue  
And that ye lyte wel / your self I leue

This myn vncle / quod she grant mercy  
Your frendshyp haue I founden euer yet  
I am to noman / holden trewe  
So moche as you / and haue so lytyl quyt  
And with grace of god / with my ful wyte  
As in my gyfte / I shal you neuer offende  
And if I haue or thys / I wyte amende

With not agast / ne quakyth not wether to  
No chynghyth not for fere / so your selve  
For hardy the worst of thys is do  
And though my tale be now / as to you nelve  
Put trust alway / ye shuld fynd me trewe  
And there it thyng / me thought vsittynge  
To you wold I / no such talis bringe



Nolw my good? Eame / for goddis lue I prey  
Quod? she come of / and? telle me what it is  
For both I am agast / what ye wyl say  
And? eke me longyth / to wyte ywis  
For whether it be wel / or be amys  
Say and? late me not / in thys fere dwelle  
So wyl I do nolw herkyne I shal telle

Nolw netw myn / the knyges detyne  
The good? wyse worthy / fressh and? fre  
Whycher allway for to do wel / is hys wone  
The noble Tropluo / so loueth the  
That but ye helpe / it wyl hys luan be  
Lo here is al / what shuld? I more sepe  
Do what ye lyst / make hym lyue or dye

And? yf ye let hym dye / I wyl steruen  
Haue here my trolbth / nyl I not lye  
Al shuld? I wyth thys knyght / my throte steruen  
Wyth that trene / blast out of hys eyen  
And? sayd? / yf that ye do be lath dyen  
What mene ye though we tothe aspre  
Thus gyltes / than haue ye fressh d? saye

Alas be whycher is / my harte so dre  
That trelw man / that noble knyght  
That nought desirith / but poltre frendly chere  
I see hym dre / ther he goeth byrlyght  
And? hasteth hym / wyth al hys ful myght  
For to be slayne / yf hys fortune assent  
Alas that god? such a beaute you sent

Yf it be so / ye so cruel be  
That of hys deth / ye list not to trelche  
That is so trelbe / and? worthy as he see  
Nomore than of a jayr / or of a wretche  
Yf ye be such / poltre healtre may not stretch  
To make amendes / of so cruel a dede  
Aysment is good? / before the neede

Wo worth / the fayre Gemme Vertules  
Wo worth that herke / that doeth no herte  
Wo worth that beaute / that is wolthles  
Wo worth that wyght / that eke tret vnderfoote  
And ye that be / of beaute crop and roote  
Yf that wythal in yow be no wolth  
Than is it harm / ye lyuen by my trouthe

And also thynk wel that thys is no galwe  
For me were leuer / yow and I and he  
Were hanged / than I shuld be hys fullwe  
As he as any man / myght on vs see  
I am thyn Eame / the shame were to me  
As wel as thyn / yf that I shuld assent  
Thurgh my counsayl / that he thy honour sent

Wold vnderstonde / for I not requere  
To bynde yow to hym / by no bynde  
But only that ye make hym better chere  
Than ye haue don or this / & make hym more fere  
So that hys lyf be saued / at the lest  
Thys is al & some / and playnly our entent  
Gods helpe me so / I neuer other ment

So thys request / is not but skyl ppyr  
Ne doute of treason yerde is ther none  
I set the worst / that ye dredde thys  
Man wold bounde / to see hym come and gone  
Tere agens / ansibere I thus anone  
That euery wyght / but he be foole of kynde  
Wyl deme it loue / and frendshyp in hys mynde

What wold wyl deme / though he see a man  
To temple go / that he the ymage etyth  
Thynk eke holo wel / and wylsely that he can  
Gouerne hym self / that he nothyng forgeth  
That wyl be comyth / the pryce & thank he getyth  
And eke thereto / he shal come here so seld  
What fore were it / yf al the wolue be xld



Suche loue of frendis/ wgneth in all this worlde  
And? wry you in that maner / euerme  
And? god? so wysly / be my saluacioun  
As I haue sayd? you / best is to do so  
But good? new allyay to seynt hys lye  
So lette your daunger / sugrid? be alpe  
That of hys deth / ye be not to lyte

Erisepe wryeth that lird? hym / in this wyse  
Thought I shal fele / what ye meane ywis  
Nowt came quod? she / what wyse ye dryse  
What is your wyl / I shuld? do of this  
That is wel sayd? quod? he / ardeyn best is  
That ye hym loue agayn for hys buyng  
As loue for loue / is shylful gyldeconnyng

Thynk eke how celd? / wasteth every hour  
In eke of yow / a party of haue  
And? therfor on that age / yow deuour  
So loue / for old? ther wyse no wyght of the  
Late this prynces / a lye vnto yow be  
To late I wote / quod? haue when it is past  
And? age daintyth / daunger at the last

The knyghtes foole / is wont to crye folow  
When that hym thynketh / a wylman lenth hit hys  
So longe more ye lyue / and? al prodder  
Tyl crolles feete / ben way vnder your eyr  
And? send? yow than / a myrtour in to pyre  
In wyse that ye may / see your face a maye  
I lye? than wyse? you / nomore forow

With this he seynt / and? cast down the lye  
And? he began / to heste to lye anon  
And? sayd? alas / for lye lye net I dre  
For of this world? / the feyth is al gon  
Alas what shuld? / a straunger to me don  
When he that for my lye / frend? I wende?  
Wyl make me loue / and? shuld? me defende

Alas I wolde haue trustid doughtles  
That yf I that / thurgh my dysauenture  
Had buyd hym othyr Achylles  
Dector or ony mannes creature  
Ye wolde haue had / no mercy ne mesure  
On me but allbey / had me in reprene  
Thys fals world; alas / how may it leue

What is thys al / the joye and the feeste  
Is thys your rede / is thys your blyssful case  
Is thys the betay mede / of your bylde  
Is al thys paynted; proce / come to thys alas  
Ryght for thys tyme / O lady myn Pallas  
Thou in thys dreful cas / for me turne  
For so astonied; am I / that I deye

Wyth that she gan sorowfully to speke  
And may it be not let / quod; Pandarus  
O god; I shal nomore / come hre this wyke  
And god; toforn / that am myschaused; thus  
I see wel that ye sette spæl of vs  
Or of our æth / Alas I woful wretche  
Myght be pit lye / of me is not to rete

O cruel god; / o dyspytous mart.  
O furies thre of helles on you I crye  
So let me neuer / out of thys hous depart.  
Yf that I ment harme or bylonre  
But sith I see / my lord; mote nedis dye  
And I wyth hym / hre I me shryue and; sepe  
That wyckedly / ye do vs both deye

But sith it lyklyth yow / that I be ded;  
O Neptune / that god; is on the see  
Fro thys furth / shal I neuer ete brede  
Eyl I myn olone / set blood; may see  
For certayn I wyl dye as soone as he  
And; he be stert / and; on hys bey he raught  
Eyl he ageyn hym / by the lap caught



Crispe wyth that / ful ny start for fere  
So as she was / the ferdest wyght  
That myght be / and herd eke wyth hyr ere  
And salb the sorowful ernest / of the knyght  
And in hyr prayer / eke salbe none bryght  
And for the harm / that myght eke ful more  
She gan to rebe / and dred hyr wonder fore

And thought thus Unhappy fallen thyk  
A day for loue / in such maner was  
As men ben cruel / in hem self and wyk  
And yf thys man she hym self alas  
In my presence / it wyll be no solas  
What men wyll it deme / I can not seyn  
It nedeth me / ful wysely to pley

And wyth a sorowful speke / she sayd thys  
A word what me is tyd / a sorow chaunce  
For myn estate lyeth in Iupartys  
And eke myn Eames lyf / lyth in balauce  
But natheles / wyth goddis gouernaunce  
I shal so do / myn honour shal I kepe  
And eke hyr lyf / and stynt for to bepe

Of harmes Ibo / the lasse is for to chese  
Yit And I leuer / make hym good chere  
In honour than myn olone / eames lyf to lese  
Ye sey ye nothyng / ellis requere  
Nolbis quod he / myn olone nee dre  
Nolb Ibel quod she / and I wyll do my payne  
I shal myn hert / agaynst my lust constrayne

But that I nyl not / holdyn hym in honde  
Ne loue a man / ne can I not ne may  
Agaynst hyr wyll / but ellis wyll I fonde  
Myn honour saue / please hym from day to day  
Therto nold I not oones / saue sayd nay  
But that I dred / as in hyr fantasie  
But wase the cause / wifith the malady

But here I make a protestacion  
That in thys proces / or ye further go  
That certaynly / for no saluacion  
Of yow though that ye sterue both elbo  
And al the world on a day / be my fooo  
Ne shal I neuer of hym / haue other wylth  
I graunt wel quod Pandare / by my trouthe

But may I trust wel to yow / quod he  
That of thys thyng / that ye haile hyght me here  
Ye wyl holden trewly / vnto me  
Ye doute it not quod she my vncle were  
Ne that I shal haue cause in thys matre  
Quod he to pleyne / or ofter yow to preche  
Why no parde what nedyth more speche

Tho fallen they / in other talis glade  
Tyl at the last / o goode Eame quod she tho  
For hys loue / whych he be both made  
Tel me how fyrst / ye lysten of hys wo  
Wote none of it but ye / he sayd no  
Can he wel speke of loue / quod she I yow prey  
Tel me for I the let / shal me pourcey

Tho pandarus / a lytel gan to smyle  
And sayd by my trouthe / I shal yow telle  
Thys othyr day / not go ful longe whyle  
Wythin the gardyn paleys / by a well  
Can he and I / half a day to dwelle  
Ryght for to speke / of an ordynaunce  
How he the Grekis myght dysaunce

Soone after that he gan to lepe  
And cast wyth our dartis / to and fro  
Tyl at the last he sayd he wold slepe  
And on the gras / adoun he leyde hym tho  
And I after / gan come to and fro  
Tyl that I herd / as I walkid alone  
How he bygan / ful wofully to grone



Tho gan I stalk hym / softly besyde  
And slyly / the sooth for to sayne  
As I can clepe agayn to my mynde  
Ryght thus to loue / gan hym for to pleyne  
He sayd lord haue wolth / vpon my payne  
Al haue I be wyl / in myn entent  
Nolw mea culpa / lord I me repent

O god / that thy dysposicion  
Ledest the kyng / by Iust purgacion  
Of euery wyght / my soule confess on  
Accept in gre / and send me such penaunce  
As lyketh the / but from desperaunce  
Late not my ghoost / departe alway from the  
Thou be my sheld / for thy tennynge

For certis lord so sore hath he me bounde  
That stood in black / with lookyng of hye eyn  
That to myn certis botum / it is founde  
Thurgh which I wote / that I must nedis tene  
Thys is the worst / I dar not belyue  
And wel the hotter / ben the gledes tre  
That men hem wyte / with assen pale and dede

Wyth that he smote hye dede / down anone  
And gan to moere / I not what trewlyp  
And I wyth that / gan sepe alway to gone  
And lette therof / as notyng wyse fnde  
And come ager anone / and stode hym by  
And sayd awake / ye slepe al to longe  
It semeth not that loue doeth yow konge

That slepe so that noman may yow wake  
Who salu euer or thys so dul a man  
Ye fende quod he / do ye your frendis ake  
For loue and lette me / syuen as I can  
But though that he for wo / was pale & wan  
Yet made he tho / as fresshe a countenaunce  
As though he shuld haue led the daunce

Thys passid forth / tyl noll thys other day  
It fel that I come to mynng al alone  
In to hys chambere / and founde he lay  
Upon hys bed but man so sore grone  
He lred I neuer / ne what was hys mone  
He lyste I not for as I was comynge  
Al sodaynly he left hys compleynnge

Of whiche I tooke somwhat suspicion  
And nere I come / and founde he wept sore  
And god so lyste / he my saluacion  
Neuer pit of thyng / had I wylth more  
For nother wylth engyne / ne wylth fore  
Wannethis myght I from the deth hym kepe  
That pit feele I for hym / myn lert wepe

And god wote / neuer sith that I was born  
Was I so kesp / noman to preeke  
He neuer was to lpyght / so derre y flborn  
Or he me told / who myght he hys lecke  
Wut noll to wterfen al hys specke  
Or al hys woful wordis / for to sellne  
He byd me not. Cut ye lyl see me swolne

Wut for to saue hys lpf and ellie nought  
And to none harne of polb / thus am I dryuen  
As for the loue of god / that ys sith brought  
Suche chere hym do h / as he and I may loun  
Noll laue I plat to polb / myn lert shryuen  
And sith ye wote / that myn entent is cleene  
Ta he lred therof / for I none cyp meene

And ryght good thyft I pray to god shue ye  
That haue suche one caught wythouten net  
And he ye lyste / as ye he fayre to see  
Wel m th: ryng / than is the Ruby set  
Ther were neuer tibo / so wel y met  
Whan ye be hys al hool / as he is polbre  
Al myghty god graunt vs to see that houre



May therof spack I not / a ha quod she  
As helpe me god / ye stonden euery dele  
A mercy were ree / anon quod she  
What so I spack / I ment but wele  
By Mars the god / that helmed is wyth steel  
Now he not broth / my blood my nee were  
Now wel quod she / forgiven he it were

Wyth this he toke his leue / and home he went  
A lord so he was glad / and wel bygon  
Enseyde awoos / no longer she ne stent  
But steypt into her closet / she went anon  
And set her down as styl as ony ston  
And euery word / gan vp and down to bynde  
As he had sayd / as it come to her mynde

And was somedel astonyd / in his thought  
Ryght for the new cas / but whan that she  
Was ful awysed / than fond she ryght nought  
Of perle / whiche she ought aser to be  
For men may keue / of possibylite  
A woman so his hert may to breste  
And she not loue ageyn / but yf she leste

But as she sat alone / and thought thus  
A cry aros at scarmysch / al wythout  
And men cried in the strete / see Troilus  
Hath now put to flight / the greekis route  
Wyth that gan her merne / for to sholte  
A go we see / cast vp the gatis wyde  
For thurgh this strete / he must to paleys ryde

For othre wey / is fro the pake none  
Of dardanus / ther oppon is the cheyne  
Wyth that come he / and al his folk anone  
An esy paas rydynge / in wolbis tberne  
Ryght as his happy day / was sooth to seyne  
For whiche men seyn / may not dystourbede be  
That shal letyde must be of newffite

Thys Troilus sat / on hys kyng steede  
All armed; saue hys heed; / ful ryghtly  
And; woundyd; was hys hors / & gan to bleede  
In whiche he rode / a paces ful softly  
But such a knyghtly sight truly  
As was on hym / was not withouten fayle  
To looke on Mars / that is god; of batayle

So lyke a man of armes / and; a knyght  
He was to see / fulfylled; of hys prowesse  
For both he hath a body / and; a myght  
To do a thyng; / as wel as hardynesse  
And; to seee hym / in hys gere hym dresse  
So fresch so yong; / so worthy semyd; he  
It was an heuyn / vpon hym to see

Hys helme to helven / was in twenty places  
That by a tassell / hynge hys such behynd;  
Hys shield; / to dished; with silverdis & maces  
In whiche men myght / many an arowbe fynde  
That thrylled; had; / horn nerf and; rynde  
And; as the people cryed; / here comyth our Joye  
Next hys brother holder Sp of Troye

For whiche he way / alle weede for shame  
Whan he the people / crye vpon hym herden  
That to behold; / it was a noble game  
Holt sobyrly he cast down hys eyen  
Erisyd; gan alle hys chere espyen  
And; leete it so soft / in hys hert synke  
That to hys self he sayd; / who gaf me drynke

For of hys olde thought / he way alle rede  
Remembryng; he ryght thus / so thys is he  
Whiche that myn vncle sberith / he mote he dede  
But I on hym haue mercy and; pite  
And; with that thought / assamed; way he  
Can in hys heed; to pulle / and; that as faste  
Whyle he and; all the people forth by paste



And gan to cast / and wolle vp and down  
Wythyn hyr thought / hys excellent prouesse  
And hys hyr estate / and al hys renoun  
Hys wyrt hys shap / and eke hys gentylnesse  
But moste hyr fauour / was for hys dysresse  
Was al for hyr / and thought it was a wylth  
To sle suche one / yf that he ment to lylth

Nolde myght some enuyous jangle thus  
Thys was a sodayn loue / holt myght it be  
That she so hastily / loupd Troylus  
Ryght for the fyrst sight / yf warte  
Nolde who so seyth / more he neuer the  
For euery thyng / agynnyng both it ned  
Or al he brought wythouten ony drede

For I sey not that she / so sodaynly  
Vas hym hyr loue / but that she dyde enclpne  
To lyke hym fyrst / a I haue told yow lylth  
And after that / hys manhode and hys yene  
Made loue / in her lylth for to myne  
For whylke by proce / and by good seruyse  
He gat hyr loue / and not in sodayne lylth

And also blyssful Venus / welde awayd  
Sat in her seuenth hous / of truene tho  
Dysposede wel / and wyth aspectus payd  
To helpe sely Troylus of hys woo  
And sooth to sayne / she nas not al hys foo  
To Troylus in hys natpuyte  
God wote that welc the sonner / sped he

Nolde let he seynt / of Troylus a throlbe  
That rydyth forth / and let he turne faste  
Wnto Criseyde / that hyng hyr lode ful folde  
Eke as she sat alene / and gan to caste  
Whe that she wold apoynt hyr / at the laste  
Yf it so were / hyr Eame nold ceace  
For Troylus vpon hyr / more for to preace

Ande lord so she gan / in her thought argue  
In this matere / of whiche I haue you told  
And what to do best were / and what to eschewe  
That plyted she ful oft / in many a fold  
Nolde was her hert harm / nolde was it cold  
Ande what she thought / somwhat shal I wyte  
As that myn auctor / clypeth to endyte

She thought wel / that Troilus persone  
She knowe by sight / ande eke his gentylnesse  
Ande thus she sayde / al were it not to done  
To graunt hym loue / yit for his worthynesse  
It were honour / wyth pley & wyth gladnesse  
In honeste / wyth such a lord to dele  
For myn estate ande for his hele

Eke wel wote I / a kynges sone is he  
Ande sith he hath to see me / such delyte  
Yf I wolde / vnto / his sight flee  
Peraventure he myght / haue me in dyspyte  
Wher thurgh I myght stande / in his pleyte  
Nolde were I wyse me herte to purchace  
Withouthen neede / ther I may stonde in grace

In euery thyng / I wote ther clyeth mesure  
For though a man forde dronkenesse  
He not fordeyth / that euery creature  
Be drynkles / for alwey as I gesse  
Eke sith I wote / for me is his dyscrese  
I ne aught not / for that thyng hym dyspyse  
Sith if so is / he meaneth in goodely wyse

Ande eke I knowe / of long tyme agone  
His thelpe goode / ande that he is not nyte  
Ne a vantage wryte / may seyn he is none  
To wyse he is to do such a wyte  
Ande eke I nyl not / so hym caryte  
That he may make auaunt / by iuste cause  
He shal me neuer bynde / in such a clause



Nolb sette a mas / the hardest ys pbyss  
Men myght deme / that he souyth me  
What dyshonour / were vnto me thys  
May I let hym of that / why nay parde  
I knolb also and? alday hert and? see  
Men bouen bymmen / al beside hys leue  
And? whyan hym lyse nomore lette hym leue

I thynk folb / he able is to haue  
Of al thys noble tolune / the thyrtpest  
To be hys loue / so sike for honour saue  
For in and? out / he is the worthpest  
Saue onty Hector / whyche that is the best  
And? put hys lyf nolb / lyeth al in my cure  
So such is loue / and? eke myn auenture

Ne me to loue / a wonder is it nought  
For wel wote I my self / so god? me spede  
Al wold? I that noman byst / of thys thought  
I am one the fayrest / wythouten drede  
And? godelpst / who so takith heed  
And? so men seyn / in al the tolune of Troye  
What wonder is / though he of me haue Joye

I am myn olune woman / wele at ease  
I thank it god? / as for myn estate  
Ryght yong? and? stonde? vntyed? in lusty lease  
Wythout iakyls / or suche debate  
Shal no husbond? / sey to me chikmate  
For outhen they ben ful of iakyls  
Or maysterful / or bouen noueltye

What shal I do to what fyne lyue I thus  
Shal I not loue in cas yf that me lest  
What parde I am / nolb no religyous  
And? though that I myn herte / sette in rest  
Wpon thys knyght / that is the worthpest  
And? kepe allbey / myn honour and? my name  
By al ryght / it may do me no shame

But ryght as whan/ the sonne shyneth bryght  
In marche that chaungyth / oft tyme hys face  
And that a clobdy put with wynd to flyght  
Whych ouersprad the sonne / as for a space  
A clobdy thought / gan thurgh her sert pace  
That ouersprad / hys bryght thoughtis alle  
So that for fere / almost she gan to falle

That thought was thys / alas sith I am fre  
Shuld I nolw loue / and put in Jeopardye  
My sikernesse / and thrallen lyfete  
Alas how durst I thynk that folpe  
May I not wele / in other folk espye  
Thei dredeful joy/ thei constreynt & thei payne  
Thei loupeth none / y she ne hath wey to pleyne

For loue is yit/ the most stormy lyf  
Ryght of hym self / that euer was bygonne  
For euer some mistrust / or nyte strif  
Thei is in loue/ some clobdy ouer the sonne  
Wher to be bretchyd bymmen/ nothynge conne  
Whan he is wo/ but sitte wepe and thynk  
Oure bretch is thys/ oure olbne woo to drynk

Also these wyckedy tinges / ben so prest  
To speke vs harme/ eke men ben so vntrelve  
That right anon / as wasid is thei leste  
Deceasith thei loue/ & furth to loue a nelve  
But harm y do is do / who so it telve  
For though thys men/ for loue hem self rende  
Ful sharpe begynnynge/ bretchyth oft at ende

- Hold often tymes / hath it knowen ben  
The treason that to bymmen / hath he done  
To what fyne is such loue/ I can not sen  
Or wher becomyth it whan it is gone  
Thei is no wyght I trolve / that wote sone  
Where it bycomyth / no wyght ther at speynth  
That erst was nothynge/ in to nought turnyth



Holb busy yf I loue / must I be  
To please them / that Jangle of loue & drempn  
And? cop hem / that they sey no harme of me  
For though ther be no cause / yit hem semyn  
Al be for harme / that folk her frendis weny  
Or who may stoppe / every wykked? tunge  
Or solwe of bellis / whyle they ben ronge

And? after that thought gan to clere  
She sayd? that he / nothyng? vnderstandyth  
Nothyng? askyth / he hym booth or dre  
And? wyth another thought her hert quakyth  
Than slepyth hope / and? after drede awakyth  
Nolb hot? nolb cold? / but thus betwixt they  
She ryst hyr vp / and? went her for to pley

Adoun the steyre / anone ryght doun she went  
In to the gardyn / wyth hyr needis thre  
And? vp & doun they made many a went  
Flepyble and? she Tarke and? Antigone  
To pleyen that Joye it was to see  
And? othyr of hyr wymmyn / a grette wote  
Hy? folowyd? in the gardyn / al aboute

Thys yerde was large and rayled al the aleris  
And? shadowed? wele / with blismy folwes grene  
Y fenched? welbe / and? lanted? al the wyces  
In whiche she walkith / arme in arme byt wene  
Tyl at the last / Antigone the shene  
Gan on a Troyan song? / syngen clere  
That it an heuene was / for to here

She sayd? / O loue to whom I haue and? shal  
Ben humble subget / trelb in myn entent  
As I best can / to yow lord? yeue I al  
For euermore myn hertis lust / the rent  
For neuer yet / thy grace no wyght sent  
So blissful cause / as me my lyf to lede  
In al Joy and? seurte / out of drede

The blyssful godd hath me / so wel he set  
In loue yllis / that all that ferith lyf  
Ymagyne ne colde / how to he set  
For lord without / Ieshuys or serf  
I loue one whiche is most ententys  
To seruen wel / vnlbery and vnseyned  
That euer was / and leest with harm dysteyned

As he that is / the well of worthynesse  
Of trolth ground / myrrour of goodlyfnesse  
Of wyrt Apollo / stone of secretnesse  
Of vertu roote / of lust fynder and fedy  
Thurgh whiche is al my sorow from me dede  
Yllis I loue hym best / so doth he me  
Nolde goode thyrft haue he / wherso euer he be

Whom shuld I thank / but godd of loue  
Of al thys blis / in whiche I fathe nold m  
Al thankid he the lord / for that I loue  
Thys is the right lyf / that I am in  
To eschewe al maner / vice and syn  
Thys doth me / so to vertu entende  
That day by day / I in my wyll amende

And who that sayth / that for to loue is vice  
Or thraldom / though he feele in it dystresse  
He outyr is envious / or right nyce  
Or is vnyghty / for hys shrewdnesse  
To loue for such maner folk / as I gesse  
Defamyn loue / as nothyng of it knolde  
They speke / but kent they neuer hys colde

What is the sonne the more of kynd right  
Though that a man / for feblenes of hys own  
May not endure on it / to looke for bright  
Or loue the word / though wretchys on it cryen  
No wele is he worth / that may no sorow dryen  
And for thy who that hath / an heed of vertue  
Fro cast of stones / helpe hym in the vertue



But I wyth al myn hert / and my myght  
As I haue sayd / wyl loue vnto my last  
My deere hert and al myn olde knyght  
In wyche myn hert / graun is so fast  
And hys in myn / that it shal euer last  
Al dred I first / loue hym to begynne  
Glowe bothe I wel / ther is no paine

And of hys song / right at that word she stent  
And ther wyth al / now new quod Criseyde  
Who made this song / wyth so good entent  
Antigone answerd anon and sayd  
Madame ywis the goodeste maye  
Of greet estate / in al the towne of Troye  
And led her lyf / in most honour and Joye

Forsooth so it semeth / by hys song  
Quod the Criseyde / and gan ther wyth to se  
And sayd lord / is ther such shewe among  
This louere / as they saye endyng  
Ywis quod fressh Antigone the wyght  
For al the folk / that haue or ben alpye  
He coude not wel the blys of loue descryue

But wene ye that every wyrtich wote  
The partyr blisse of loue / nay ywis  
They wene al loue / yf one lyste  
Do they do they they wote nothing of this  
Men must aske at scyntis / yf it is  
Ought fyre in heuene / for they conne telle  
And aske spendis yf it be foule in helle

Criseyde vnto that purpos / nought answerd  
But sayd ywis / it wyl be nyght as fast  
But every word / wyche that she of herde  
She gan to pryncit it / in her hert fast  
And ay gan loue / it lessyd more to agast  
Than it dyd erst / and spakyn in her hert  
That she way somwhat / able to conuert

The dayes honour / and the felienes eye  
The nyghtie foo / al thys clepe I the sonne  
San Iwesteren fast / and dounward for to idry  
As he that had hys dayes cours y wonne  
And whyte thynges / lokede dymme & donne  
For lack of sight / and sterres to appere  
That he and al hys folk/home went in feere

So when it lyketh her / to go to resce  
And voycede betwix / that voyden ought  
She sayde that to sleepe / wel hys leste  
Hys wymmen soone / in to her bede hys brought  
When all was hushd/tho lay she seyl & thought  
Of alle thysc thynges / the maner and the guyse  
To resce it nedyth not / for ye sen wyse

A nyghtyngale / vpon a Cedre grene  
Wondyr the chamber wal / ther as she lay  
Ful blode song / ageyn the mone siren  
Parauenture in hys byddis / wyse alay  
Of loue that made / hys hert fresh and gay  
That herkenoth she / so longe in goode entent  
That at the last / the dede sleepe hys hent

And as she sleepe / anon ryght hys mette  
Holt that an Eagle / fettherd whyte as bone  
Wondyr her brest / hys longe clees sette  
And out her hert went / and that anone  
And dode hys hert / in to hys brest gone  
Of whyche she nought agnos/ne nothing smert  
And forth he fly / wyth hert left for hert

Now let her sleepe / and we our talis hold  
Of Troilus that is to paleys riden  
For the scarmpsh / of whyche I told  
And in hys chambre sitte / and satth abyden  
Tyl ilbo or thre / of hys messazers riden  
For Pandarus / and sought hym so faste  
Tyl they hym fond / & brought hym at the last



Thys Pandarus / am lepyng in attones  
And sayd thus / who hath ben wel I kete  
To day wpyth swerdie / wpyth stynge & stones  
But Troylus that hath caught hym an kete  
And gan to jape / and sayd lord ye swete  
But ryse and lette be soure / and go to wete  
And he answerd / go be where the leste

Wpyth al the hase goodely / that they myght  
They sped hym from the souper and to bedde  
And every wyght / out at the dore hym dyght  
And wher hym leste / vpon hys bey hym spedde  
But Troylus / that thought hys hert bledde  
For woo / tyl he herd some tpyng  
He sayd frend / shal I noli wepe or synge

Quod Pandarus / be styl and lette me sleepe  
And do on thy hode / thy nedie spedde be  
And chese yf thou wylt / synge daunce or lepe  
At short wordie / thou shalt trust in me  
And my newe wyl be wel by the  
And loue the best by god and by my trolleth  
But lack of pouer / make it in thy sholde

For thus ferforth haue I / thy werke bygonne  
From day to day / to thys day by the morowe  
Hys loue and frendshyp / haue I to the bonne  
And thereto hath she leyde / hys feyth to sorowe  
Algate one foot / is liffed of thy sorowe  
What shal I lenger / sermon of it holde  
As ye haue herd byfore / he al hym tolde

But right as floures / thurgh the cold of nyght  
Peked stoupen on hys stalkis colde  
Redressen ageyn / the sonne bryght  
And spreden out theyr coloure / kyndly by tolde  
Nyght so gan he tho / hys eyen by throlde  
Thys Troylus and sayd / O Venus de  
Thy myght thy grace / I herde be it kete

And to Pandare/ held? By both hys handis  
And sayd? lord? al thyn be it that I haue  
For I am hool / al brostyn be my bondis  
A thousand? Troys / who so that me pauce  
Eke after other/ god? so me bysse and? saue  
He myght me so gladdyn / so my hert  
It spredyth so for Joy / it wold? out stert

But lord? how shal I do / how shal I lyuen  
Whan shal I next / my dett hert see  
How shal thys longe tyme/ alway be dryuen  
Tyl thou be ageyn / at hyr from me  
Thou mayst answere / abyde abyde but be  
That hangyth by the neck / sooth to seyne  
In grete dyscase / abydyth for the payne

Al Esily nolv / for houe and? charyte  
Quod? Pandarus for all thyng? hath tyme  
So longe abyde tyl that the nyght departed? be  
For siker as thou lyest here byme  
And? god? toforn I lye be there at pryne  
And? for thy werk? somwhat shal I seyn  
Or on some other wyght thys charge lye

For god? woot that I haue euer yit  
We redy to serue / in to thys nyght  
Haue I not feyned? / but enforced? my myght  
Do nolv as I shal sey / and? fare a right  
For I haue do thy luse / wyth al my myght  
And? yf thou nylt / wyte thy self thy care  
On me is not a longe / thyng coul fare

I wote wel that thou wyser art than I  
A thousand? fold? / but and? I were as thou  
God? help me so I wold? stertly  
Ryght of myn olbne hand? / wyte to ser nolv  
A letter in wyte / I wold? take ser how  
I ferde amys / and? ser lesse of wylth  
How help thy self / and? let for no skouth



And? I my self shal ther wyth to hyr gon  
And? whan thou wost that I am there  
Worth vpon a courser and? that anon  
Ye hardely / ryght in thy best gete  
And right forth by þ place as nought ne lere  
And? thou shalt synde be / yf I may sittynge  
At some wyndolbe / in to the stete lokynge

And? yf the lyfe / thou mayst be salewe  
And? vpon me make thy contraunse  
But by thy lyf be ware / and? fast eschewe  
To tarpen ought / god? skold? be from myschaunce  
Kyd forth thy wey / and? hold? thy gouernaunce  
And? we shuln speke of the somwhat I trolde  
Whan thou art gon / to make thy eyn gloude

Touchynge thy letter / thou art wyse ynolde  
I wote wel thou myst / it clerly endyte  
As make it wyth these / argumentis tolde  
Ne seruauely / ne craftely it wyte  
Whate it eke / wyth thy trewe asyte  
And though thou wyte / a goodly word & soft  
Though it be good? / reherse it not to oft

For though the best harper / vpon lyue  
Wold? on the best solbened? / wyl harpe  
That euer was / wyth al hys fyngers fyue  
Touchyng one stryng? / or ay one warbly harpe  
Wyth hys nayles / wynted? neuer so sharpe  
It shuld? make euery wyght to dulle  
To hert hys glee / and? of hys strokes fulle

Ne jompre not / no dyscordaunt in feere  
As vlen these termes of physik  
In lues termes / hold? on thy matter  
The fourme allwey / and? do that it be lyke  
For yf a pyntour / wold? pynt a pyke  
Wyth asses feet? / and? heed? as an ape  
It wold? not / so ner it but a jape

Thys consayl lyked? Ibel Troylus  
But as a dredeful man he sayd? thys  
Alas my deere brother pandarus  
I am affamed? / for to wryten ylys  
Lest of myn innocence / I sayd? amys  
Or that she nold? / for despyte it receyue  
Than were I ded? / ther myght nothyng it lyeue

To that Pandare answered? / yf the lest  
Do as I sey / and? let me therlwyth gon  
For by that word? / that formed? Este and? best  
I hope of it / to bringe answer anon  
Ryght of hyr bond? / and? yf thou wylt none  
Late be / and? sorow more be to hyr lyue  
Agaynst thy lust / that helpyth the to thyue

Quod? Troylus depardicuy yche assent  
Syth that the lyst I wyl aryse and? wryte  
And? blyssful god? pray I / wryth good? entent  
The byage and? the letter / I shal endyte  
So spece / and? thow Mimerua the wryte  
Gyue thow me wylt / my lettir to deuyse  
And? sat hym down / and? wrote in thys wyse

First he gan her / hyr ryght lady calle  
Hys hertis lyf / hyr lust / hyr sorowes lech  
Hys blys and? eke these other termes alle  
That in suche cas / ye louers alle seeke  
And? in ful humble wyse as in hyr speche  
He gan hym recomaund? vnto hyr grace  
To tel al thow / it askyth moche space

And? after thys / ful bolde he hyr preyde  
To be not wroth / though he of hyr folp  
So hardy was he to wryte or seyde  
But loue it made / or ellis must he dye  
And? ytwylly gan mercy for to crye  
And? after he sayd? / and? lyed? bolde  
Hym self was lytel worth / e lesse good? colde



And prayd her haile requysid hys Unkonnyng  
That lytel was / and eke hym self also  
Was wele ny dred / in hys wrytynge  
And after that / than gan he tel hys woo  
But that was endles / wythouten hoo  
And sayd he wold / in trolth alwey hym hold  
And read it ouer / and gan the letter fold

And wyth hys salt tere / gan he bathe  
The Ruby in hys signet / and it he set  
Upon the weye / delyuerly and rathe  
Therwyth a thousand tymes / or he let  
He kyst the lettre / and after that it set  
And sayd lettre / a blyssful destyne  
The shyp is / my lady shal the see

Thys Pandare toke the letter ryght by tyme  
On morow e to hys neis palays he hym stert  
And fast he sbore / that it was passed pryde  
And gan to jape / and sayd ylys myn hert  
So fressh it is / al though it sore smert  
I may not sleepe / neuer a mayes morow  
I haue a joly woo / e a lusty sorowe

Cryseyde wshyn she / her Uncle herte  
Wyth dredful herte / and desirous to herte  
The cause of hys comynge / thus answered  
Nolb by your feyth myn Uncle quod she de  
What maner bynd / gwydth yow nolb herte  
Telle vs your joly woo / and your penaunce  
Wolb ferforth ken ye / put in, souys daunce

By god quod he / I hope allway behynde  
And she to laugh / hys thought her hert brest  
Quod Pandarus / like alwey that ye fynde  
Same in my hood / but herkenyth yf a lest  
Ther is right nolb come to tolne a gest  
A greke aspre / and tellyth new thynges  
Wherfor I come / to tel yow tydynges

In to the gardyn golde / and ye shul here  
A l pryncyp of thys / a longe sermon  
Wyth that they went / arme in arme yfere  
In to the gardyn / from the chamber down  
And when he was so fer / that the solyn  
Of that he spak / noman here myght  
He sayd her thus / and out the letter plyght

To he that is / al holly yours free  
Hym recomaundyth / holly to yolbre grace  
And sent yob thys letter / here by me  
A upse you on it / when ye haue space  
And of some goodely answeere / yob purchace  
Or so helpe me god / pleyndly for to seyne  
He may not longe lyue / in thys payne

Ful dredefully tho / gan she stonde seulle  
And toke it not / but alle here humble chere  
Gan for to chaunge / and sayd script ne bylle  
For loue of god / that touchyth such matere  
He byng me none / and also vncle dere  
To myn estate haue more rewarde / I prey  
Than to hys lust / what shuld I more sey

And lokyth nold yf thys be resonable  
And lettyth not / for fauour ne for skold  
To sey a sooth / nold were it couenable  
To myn estate by god / and by yolbre trolth  
To take it / to haue of hym trolth  
In harmyng of my self / or repreue  
Were it ageyn / for hym that ye on leue

Thys Pandarus / gan on hyr for to starr  
And seyd nold / thys is the most wondyr  
That euer I salbe / late be thys nyte fare  
To deeth mote I smyte be / wyth thondyr  
Yf for the cite / wyshe that stondyth yondyr  
And I a letter to yob / byng or take  
To harm of yob / what lust ye thys to make



But thus ye fare wele ny / all and some  
He that moste desirith / yow to serue  
Of hym ye wete leste / where he become  
Or whether that he lyue / or ellis sterue  
But for al that / I may deserue  
Refuse it not quod he / and sent hyr fast  
And in hyr bosum / down the lettre thrafast

And sayd hyr / cast it fast alway anon  
That folk may / see and galter on vs illy  
Quod she I can abyde / tyl they be gon  
And gan to smyle / and sayd Eame I prey  
Such asber as yow lyst / such pour self powey  
For trewly / I nyl no lettre wyte  
No than wyl I / so that ye endyte

I herlyth she laugh / and sayd go we dyne  
And he gan at hym self / jape faste  
And sayd nece I / haue so gret a pyne  
For loue that euery othyr day I faste  
And gan hye jape / best forth to caste  
And make her so to laugh / of hye folys  
That she for laughur / wend for to dye

And when she was comen / in to the halle  
Holt Eame quod she / we wyl go dyne anone  
And gan some of hyr bymmen / to aske  
And streyght vnto hyr chambry / gan she gone  
But of hyr besynesse / thys was one  
Amonge other thynges / out of drede  
Ful pryuelly / thys lettre gan she rede

Ayfed word by word in euery lyne  
And fond no lack / she thought he wold be good  
And by it put and went hyr in to dyne  
But Pandarus / that in studye stode  
Or he was ware / she toke hym by the hood  
And sayd ye were caught / or that ye wylste  
I vouchsaf quod he / do what ye lyst

Tho wysshen they / and set hym down to ete  
And aftyr anon / ful slyly Pandarus  
Can dralbe hym to the wyndolb / next the strete  
And sayd nece / who hath arrayed thus  
That pondyr hous / that stont / aforwysse be  
Whycher hous quod she / and come for to behold  
And knelbe it wele / & whos it was hym told

And fylten forth / in specke of thynges smale  
And satyn in the wyndolb / sothe they  
Whan Pandarus salde tyme / into hys tale  
And salde wel / hys folk were a lye  
Holv nece myn tel on / quod he I sey  
Holv slykth polb thys letter / that ye wrote  
Can he ther on / for by my trolbth I note

Therwith al rose helbed / tho lya y she  
And gan to hymme / ye so I trolbe  
And writ to hym wele for goddis sake quod she  
My self to medes / wyl the letter solbe  
And helde hys handis by / and fel on knolve  
Holv goode nece he it neuer so lye  
Gyue me the labour / it to solbe and plyte

Ye for I can so wryte quod she tho  
And eke I note / what I shul to hym sey  
May nece quod Pandare / sey not so  
Put at the lest / thank hym I polb prey  
Of hys good wyl / o do hym not to dey  
Holv for the love of me / my nece de  
Refuse not at thys tyme / my prayte

God graunt quod she / al thyng be wele  
God helpe me so thys is the fyrst lettyr  
That euer I wrote / ye or ony de  
And in to a chert / for to auyse hys lettyr  
She went anon / and gan hys lert Unfettyr  
Out of dysceygnous pryson lette a lye  
She sette hys down / and gan a lettyr wryte



Of whyche to tel / in short is myn entent  
Effect as fer / as I can vnderstande  
She thankid hym of al / that he wele ment  
Towardis her / but holden hym in honde  
She wolde not / n̄ make hyr self bonde  
In loue but as hys suster / hym to please  
She wolde ay fayne / do hys hert ease

She shyt it / and to Chandace gan gon  
There as he sat / and lookid in to the strete  
And down she set hyr / by hym on a ston  
Of Jasper vpon a qubesshon / of gold I tete  
And sayd as wysly / help me god the grette  
I neuer dyd a thyng / wyth more payne  
Than wyte this / to whyche ye me constrayne

And toke it hym / he thanked here and seyde  
God wote of thyng / ful oft both bygonne  
Comyth end goode / and nece myn Excuse  
That ye to hym / of hardy noll he wonne  
Ought he be glady / by god and by yond sonne  
For why men seyn / impressions light  
Ful lyghtly ben al / redy to the flyght

But ye haue pleyde / the tyrant nye to longe  
And hardy was it / yollre hert for to graue  
Noll seynt that ye / no lenger on it longe  
Al wolde the fourme / of daungyr it saue  
But hastyth yoll / to do hym joy to haue  
For trustyth wel / to longe ye do hardnesse  
Causith dyspayr ful oft / for dyscesse

And right as they declarid this matere  
So Troilus ryght / at the streteis end  
Come rydynge / wyth hys people in fere  
Al softly / and thyderward gan bende  
There as they sat / as they hys wey to wende  
To paleys ward / and Chandace hym aspyed  
And sayd nece / to who comyth here noll ryde

O flee not in / he seeth vs as I suppose  
Lest he may thynke / that we hym eschelle  
May nay quod she / and way as red as rose  
Wyth that he gan / hyr humbly salem  
Wyth dredeful chere / and oft his self was nelb  
And by hys hede / debonayrly he cast  
And lokened on Pandare / and forth he past

God wote yf he sat / on hys hors a ryght  
Or goodely was beseyn / that yllk day  
God wote whether he was like a maly knyght  
What shuld I drete / or telle of hys aray  
Erisyde lhyche that / all thys thynge say  
To tel in short / hyr lyked alle in fere  
Hys persone hys aray / hys looke hys chere

Hys goodely maner / and hys gentyle  
So wel that neuer / sith she was born  
He had she suche trolbth / of hys dysresse  
And though she had be hard / there toforn  
To good hope / she hath noli caught a thorn  
She shal not pul it out / thys next lhyche  
God sende her mo suche / thornes on to pryke

Pandare lhyche that stood hyr fast by  
Felt the yren hote / and bygan to smyte  
And sayde new / I pray you lertly  
Tel me that I shal aske you alre  
A woman that shal be doth to lhyche  
Wythout hys trolbth / of trolbth  
Were it idel / say by my trolbth

God helpe me / I sey me sooth  
Yf ye feeke your / not he  
Lo yond he ryt / quod she so he doth  
Wele quod Pandare / as I haue told you thys  
Late be your nyte shame / and folys  
And speke wyth hym / in casynge of hys lert  
Late nyte not do / you soth to smert



But theron was / to leue and to done  
Considered at thyng / it may not so be  
And why for speche / and eke it were to soone  
To graunt hym yit / so grette a lyferte  
For playnly he entent / as sayd she  
Was for to leue hym / Enlyste yf she myght  
And gylverdon hym with nothyng / but with gyfte

But pandar thought / it shuld not be so  
Yf that I may thys nyte oppynyon  
Shal not be hold / fully peris (who  
What shuld I make of thys / a long sermon  
She must assent / on that conclusion  
As for the tyme / and when that it was eue  
And al was wele / he was and toke hys leue

And on hys way homeward / ful fast hym sped  
And ryght for joye / he felt hys hert daunce  
And Troylus he fond / alow a bed  
That lay as don / thysse lours in a traunce  
Welbyre hope / and derk desperaunce  
But Pandar ryght / al hys in compynge  
He sang as who sayth / somwhat I syng

And sayd who is in hys bed so soone  
Y buried thus / it am I fand quod he  
Who Troylus nay / help me so the moone  
Quod Pandarus / thou shalt be wylle and see  
A charme that was ryght / to make the  
The whyche can kepe the / from the  
So that thou do forthlyge

Ye thurgh the myght of god  
And Pandarus / gan hym  
And sayd pardieu / god be with you  
Haue fere a lyght / & looke ouer al the glasse  
But oft gan hys hert / glady and gladly  
Of Troylus whyche he gan it rede  
So as the wordis / paue hym hope and drede

But fynally / he toke alle for the best  
That she hym wrote / for somwhat he byscolde  
On whiche he thought / he myght his lert rest  
All couered she the word / And stelde  
Thus to the more worther / part he stelde  
That what for hope / and Pandarus bysset  
His grete booe forpede / at the lest

But as he may alday / our seluen see  
The more boode and cool / the more fyre  
Myght soo encreas of hope / what so it be  
Therbyth ful oft / encreasith his desyre  
Or as an Oke / cometh of a lytel spyr  
So thurgh this letter / which that she hym sent  
Encreas gan desyre / byth whiche he brent

Wherfor I sey allwey / that day and nyght  
This Troilus / gan to desyre more  
Than he dyd erst / thurgh hope & did his myght  
To preuen on / as by Pandarus bore  
And wrote vnto hyr / of his sorowles fore  
Fro day to day / he let it not restrepe  
That by pandare somwhat he wrote or seide

And dyd all his other obseruaunces  
That to a loue / longyth in this cas  
And after that his dyer / turned on chaunces  
So he was outhere glad / or sayd alas  
And stode after his gyftes / as his pas  
As after such answers as he had  
So were his dayes / for other glad

But to pandare allwey / was his recoure  
And pryncypally gan / vnto hym pleyne  
And hym besought / of rede or some socoure  
And Pandarus salve his woodely payne  
Way wele ny deed / for to lath sooth to seyne  
And kely byth al his lert he cast  
Some of his booe to flee / and that as fast



And sayd lord / and frend / and brother dere  
God wote that thy deafe / doeth me woo  
But wylt thou stynt / al thyse woful chere  
And by my trowth / or it be dayes tibo  
And god to for / yit shal I shape it so  
That thou shalt come / in to a certeyn place  
Eke as thou mayst thy self / prey hyr of grace

And certaynly I note / yf thou it wost  
But tho that ben expert / in loue I sey  
It is one of the thynges / that furtherrith most  
A man to haue a leysur / for to prey  
And siker place hye woo for to helbre  
For in good hert / ther must wolth impress  
To hyr that seeth / the gyltes in dysresse

Peraventure thynkest thou / though it be soo  
That kynd wold done / for to begynne  
To haue a maner wolth / vpon my woo  
Seyth daunger nay thou shalt me neuer wynn  
In that maner for no maner gynn  
Though that she kende yit / she stant on foot  
What in effect is thys / vnto my boot

Than ther ageynst / whan that the sturdy oke  
On whych men hacke / oft for the nones  
Requed hath / the happy fallynge stroke  
The grete swyght / doth it falle at ones  
As don thys wolkes / to the mylstones  
For swyfter cours / comyth thyng of weyght  
Whan it descendyth / than don thynges wyght

But Feede that wolth down / wyth euery blast  
Ful lyghly wyth the wynd / it wyl arys  
But so nyl not an oke / whan it is cast  
It nedyth me not / the longe to deuyse  
Men shuld reioyse / of grete emprise  
Ackuyth wele / and stondyth oute of doute  
Al haue men ben / the longer ther about

But Troylus nolde tel me yf the lest  
A thyng the whyche / I shal aske the  
Whyche is the brother / that thou bucest last  
As in thy veray hertis pryuyte  
Plyps my dere brother / Depphebe  
Nolde quod? Pandare / or howis thyngs thyelue  
He shal the ease / Enloyse of hym selue

Nolde let me alone / and? berke as I may  
Quod? he / and? to depphebus wente he tho  
Whyche had? hys lord? / and? grete frend ben ay  
Saue Troylus noman he boued? so  
To tel in short / wythout wordis mo  
Quod? Pandarus / I pray yow that ye be  
Frend? to a cause / whyche that touchyth me

His parde quod? Depphebus / wel thou hast  
In alle that euer I may / and? god? to fore  
Al neere it but for oo man / that I loue most  
My brother Troylus / but sey me wherfore  
It is for sith the day / that I was bore  
I nas nor neuermore / to be I thynk  
Agernst a thyng? / that myght the forthynk

Pandarus gan hym thank? and? thus he seyde  
To see I haue a lady in thys towne  
That is my nece / and? callyd? is Criseyde  
Whyche some men wolde do oppression  
And? wrongfully haue her possession  
Wherfor yowre lordshyp? / I yow beseeche  
To be oure frend? wythout more speche

Deiphebus answered? / is it thys  
That thou to me spakst of / so straungely  
Criseyde my frend? / he sayd? she is  
Than nedyth quod? Deiphebus / hardily  
Nomore of thys for trusteth wel that I  
Wyl be hys champion / wyth speere and? sward?  
I wought not / though all hys foes it herd?



But tel me / for thou dost thys matre  
I myght hyr best auayle / nold late see  
Quod Pandarus / yf ye my lord so dote  
Wold as nold do / thys honour vnto me  
To prayen hyr thys / to morow that she  
Come vnto yow / hyr playntes to deuyse  
Hyр aduersaryes / wold therof agrese

Lord yf that more / I durst yow prey as nold  
And charge yow to haue so grette trauayle  
To haue some of yowre brethern/here with yow  
Than myght hyr cause / the better auayle  
Than wote I wel / she myght neuer fayle  
For to be help / what at your instaunce  
What wyth hyr othyr frendes / sustenaunce

Deiphobus whych that was / come of kynde  
To al honour / and bounte to consent  
Answerd it shal be don / and I can fynde  
Yit grette help to thys / in myn entent  
That wyllt thou sey / yf for Hecyue I sent  
To speke of thys / I trow it be best  
For she may see Paris / as hyr lest

For Hector whych that is my lord my brother  
It nedyth not to pray hym frend to be  
For I haue herd hym / bothe one tyme and other  
Speke of Criseyde such honour that he  
May sey no let / such hap to hym hath she  
So nedyth not hys help / nold for to craue  
He shal be such / ryght as he wyll hym haue

Speke thou thy self also to Troylus  
On my behalve / and pray hym wyth be dyne  
Hyр al thys shal be do / quod Pandarus  
And toke hys leue / and neuer gan to fyne  
But to hys neeces hous / as streyght as a lyne  
He come and fond hyр / from the mete aryse  
And set hym down / a space right in thys wyse

He sayd / O betray god so haue I wonne  
To neete myn / see ye not how I sibe  
I note whether the more / ye me thank conne  
Be ye not late / how fals Polyxene  
Is now aboute / eftsoones to plete  
To bringe on pols / aduocatis nelbe  
I no quod she / and chaungyd all her selbe

What is she more aboute / me to dretche  
And do me wronge / what shal I do alas  
Pit of hym self / nothyng wold I wete  
Ner it for Antenor and Eneas  
That ben his frendes / in such maner cas  
But for the loue of god / myn vncledere  
No fore of it / lette hym haue al pfecte

Wythout that I haue ynolough for vs  
May quod Pandare / it shal nothyng be soo  
For I haue be right now / wyth Deiphobus  
At Hector / and myn other lordis moo  
And shortly made eche of theym / his foo  
That by my thyrft / he shal it neuer wyne  
For aught he can / when so that he begynne

And as they cast / what was best to done  
Deiphobus / of his olde curtesye  
Came hyr to prey / in his olde propre persone  
To hold hym / on the morow companye  
At dyner wyche she wold / hym not denye  
But goodely gan / to his prayer oreye  
He thankyth hyr / and went vpon his lere

- When this was done this pandare vp anone  
To tel in short / forth he gan to wende  
To Troilus as styl as ony stone  
Of al this thyng he told hym word and ende  
And how he Deiphobus gan to blende  
And sayd now is tyme / yf that thou conne  
Were the wele to morow / and al is wonne



1  
Nolb speke nolb prey / nolb pryously compleyne  
Leue not for nyȝt shayne / or drede or sholth  
Somtyme a man mote / tel hys olbne payne  
Gyue it and? she wyll haue / on the wolth  
Thou shalt be sauȝd? / by thy feyth in trolth  
But wele wote I thou art in a drede  
And? what it is / so I can it rede

Thou thynkest nolb / how shal I do al thyng  
For by my chere / must folke espye  
That for loue is / that I fare amys  
Yet had? I leuer ylys / for sorow dys  
Nolb thynk not so / thou doest grete folye  
For I ryght nolb / haue found? a manere  
Of slepyght / for to couere al thy chere

Thou shalt goo ouer nyght / and? that as gyue  
Vnto Deiphobus hous / the to pley  
Thy malady the bet / alwey to dryue  
For why thou sempst speke / the sooth to sey  
Soone after that / down in thy bed? the ley  
And? sey thou mayst / no lenger by endure  
And? be right there / and? byde thy auenture

Sey that the feuer / is wont the to take  
The same tyme / and? last tyl a morow  
And? let se how? how wel thou kanst it make  
For parde sike is he that is in sorow  
Go nolb fare wele / and? Venus here to sorow  
I hope and? thou / thy purpos hold? ferme  
In grace she shal / the fully conferme

Quod? Troilus ylys / thou needes  
Counselest me / sickerly to feyne  
For I am sike / in earnest doubtles  
So wel ny that / I sterue for the payne  
Quod? Pandarus / thou shalt the better pleyne  
And? hast the lasse nede / to countrefete  
For hym men deme how? that men see sike

To holdy the at thy Triste clos / and? I  
Shal wele the dere / vnto thy solwe dryue  
Therbyth he toke hys leue / al softly  
And Troylus to paleys went blyue  
So glady he nas / neuer in all hys lyue  
And? to Pandarus we? / gan al assent  
And? to Deiphobus hous / at nyght he went

What nedyth yow / to tellen of the chere  
That Deiphobus gan hys brothyr make  
Or hys accesse / or hys sikely manere  
Holb men hym gan / byth clothys lade  
Whan he was leyde / e holb men did hym glade  
But alle for nought / he held? forth hys gyps  
As ye haue herd? / Pandarus hym deys

But certeyne is / or Troylus hym leyde  
Deiphobus preyed? hym / ouer nyght  
To be a frend? and? helppynge to Criseyde  
God? wote that he / it graunted? anon right  
To be hys ful frend? / byth al hys myght  
But such a nede it was / to praye hym thence  
As for to lydde / a boode man to renne

The morowe come / and? nyghten gan the tyme  
Of mele tyde / that the fayre quene slepyne  
Shoope hys to be / an hour after the pryme  
With deiphobus / to whom she wold? not feyne  
But as hys suster / homely soth to seyne  
She come to dyner / in hys playn entent  
But god e Pandarus / byst none what this ment

Come eke Criseyde al innocent of thys  
Antygone hys suster and? Targe also  
But fle we nold? prolixite lest is  
For loue of god? and? lette vs fast goo  
Ryght to theffect / bythout talis moo  
Why al thys folk / assembled? in that place  
And? lette vs of theyr salbynges par



Grette honour vnder hem Deiphobus receyue  
And fed hem wel / with al þe myght he myghte  
But euermore alas / was hys receyue  
My good brother / Troilus the sike  
Leth yet / and therewith al he gan to sike  
And after that / he pyned hym to glade  
Hem as he myght / and good cheere he made

Compleyned eke Heleyn / of hys sikenesse  
So feythfully / that pyte was to heere  
And every myght than / was for that accesse  
A leche anon / and seide in this manere  
Men curen folke / this chaunce I myghte wolde leue  
But ther sat one / al lyste he not to treke  
That thought / yit best colde I he hys leche

After compleynt / than gan they hym to preyse  
As folk don yet / when some kin bygonne  
To preyse a man / and so with hym to reyse  
A thousand fold / yit hyper than the sonne  
He is that can / that felde lordis conne  
And Pandarus of that / they wolde afferme  
He not forgate / hys prayse to conferme

Herd al this / Criseyde wel ynowgh  
And every word / gan to notyfy  
For withyn withyn so bre cheere / he best holdygh  
For who is that / nold hym glorifye  
To mone such a knyght / to lyue or dye  
But al passe I / lest ye to longe dwelle  
For al is / for a fyne that I you telle

The tyme come / from dynner for to ryse  
And as theym ought / they ryse euerychon  
And gan a while / of this and that dryue  
But Pandarus / brake al that speche anon  
And sayd to Deiphobus / whyl he gon  
If yowre whyl be / as I yowd preyde  
To speke here of the needis / of Criseyde

Helene wycke that / by the hande hyr held  
Told fyrst the tale / and sayd golbe wyue  
And goodly on Cuseyde she beheld  
And sayd Iouis late hym neuer thryue  
That doeth yow harm / & bryng hym self of lyue  
And yeue me sorowe / but he shal it reue  
Yf that I may / and alle folkes be trewe

Tel thou thy needis cas / quod Demetrius  
To Pandarus / for thou canst best it telle  
My lordis and my ladyes it stant thus  
What shuld I lenger / do yow dwelle  
He wong hym out a proce lyke a kelle  
Wen hyr foo / that hyght wylpette  
So hapnous that men / myght on it spete

Answerd of this ceste of theym / worse than other  
And wylpette / thus gan they warren  
An hangede be such one / were he my brother  
And so it shal / for it may not batten  
What shuld I lenger / in this proce tarpen  
Plapnly al at ones / they hyr wylpette  
To be hyr frend / in all that ener they myght

Spak than Helene / and herd Pandarus  
Wote ought my lord my brother this matere  
I meane Dector / or wote it Troilus  
He sayd ye / but wyl ye nolle me here  
Me thynketh this / with Troilus is here  
It were good / yf that ye wol assent  
She told hym her self / al this or she went

For he wyl haue the more / hyr grief at hert  
By cause he / that she a lady is  
And by yowre leue / I wyl but in secret  
And do yow wyl / and that anon yllys  
Yf that he sleepe / or wyl ought here of this  
And in he sleepe / and sayd hym in his eere  
God haue thy soule brought I haue thy here



To smylen gan / of thys Troylus  
And Pandarus / wythout restonyng  
Out went anon / to Heleyn and Deiphobus  
And seyde hem so / ther is no taryenge  
Ne more I wyl lye / that ye brynge  
Crispe anon / my lady that is hit  
As he may endure / he wyl yow hit

But lye ye wote / the chamber is hit lye  
And selve folk may lyghtly / make it warme  
Nolw wolth ye / for I wyl haue no lye  
To brynge in pyces / that myght do hym harme  
Or hym dyscase / for my bettyr arme  
Wher it be hit / she abyde tyl eft soone is  
Nolw wolke ye that knowe / what to done is

I say for me hit is / as I can knowe  
That no wyght nolw wende in hit ye lye  
But it were for I can in a throlwe  
Reherse hyr cause / vntylle that she can se  
And after thys / she may hym oone prep  
To be hyr good lord / in shou and take hyr leue  
Thys may not moche / of hys case hym true

And for that she is straunge / he wyl for her  
Hys case whych he dare not for yow  
Eke other thynges / whych touchyth not to her  
He wol yow telle / I wote it lye yow  
That secret is / and for the tolbnes yow  
And she that nothyng knowe / of thys entent  
Wythout more / to Troylus in went

Heleyn in al hyr goodly soft wyse  
Gan hym sakele / and wommanly pley  
And sayde yow / ye moche algate aryse  
Nolw saye brother / he al hole I yow prep  
And gan hyr arme / Upon hys shulder ley  
And hym wyth al hyr lye / she gan dysport  
As she best wolde / of forold hym to comfort

Soone after quod? she / the polv byseke  
My dere brother Deiphobus / and? j  
For loue of god? / and? so doth Pandare eke  
To be good? lord? / and? frend? right kerkly  
Wnto Enseyde whych that certynly  
Recyuyth wronge / as wote wel here Pandare  
That can hyr cas / wel bet than j declare

Thys Pandarus / gan nold hys tunge affyle  
And? al hyr cas rehersid? / and? that anon  
Whan it was seyde / soone after m a whyle  
Quod? Troylus / as soone as j may gon  
I wyl ryght sayn / wpyth al my myght anon  
Hauz god? my trolwth / hyr cause to sustene  
Goode thyft thus ye / quod? Helyne the quene

Quod? Pandarus / and? yit polvre wyl be  
That she may take hyr leue / or that she go  
Nold ellis god? forbede it tho quod? she  
Yf that she vouchesauf / for to do so  
And? wpyth that word? / quod? Troylus ye elbo  
Deiphobe / and? ye my suster dere  
To polv haue j to speke / of a matere

To be aduysed? / by polvre aduys the better  
And? had? as hap was / at hys beddis hede  
The copy of a tretice / and? a lettyr  
That Hector had? hym sent / to askyn rede  
Yf such a man / were worthy to be dede  
Nok j not who / but in a grysely wyse  
He prayed? hym tothe anon / on hys awyse

Deiphobus / gan thys lettyr unfold?  
In ernest gra? / so dyde helyne the alvenc  
And? wpyng outward? / fast gan it behold?  
Dounward? a steyre / and? in to an urther gane  
Thys plike thyng? / they redde? hem betlene  
And? largely / the montenaunce of an houre  
Thy gonne on it / for to rede and? polvre



Nolb let him rede / and? turne he anon  
To Pandarus / that gan ful fast pry  
That as wel in and? out / gan he gon  
Conto the chawmfre a boft / and? that on hy  
And? sayd? god? saue al thys company  
Come nolb my nece / my lady albene Helene  
Abydeth polb / and? ette my lordis llyfne

Ryse take wyth polb / your nece Antigone  
Or whom ye lyst / or nofore hardly  
The lesse prece the bet / come forth wyth me  
And? like that ye thanke humbely  
Hem al thre / and? whan ye may goodly  
Polbre tyme see / takyth of hem polbre leue  
Lest he be so long? / hys wyl hym bytue

All innocent / of Pandarus entent  
Quod? tho Caspys / go he Ende lere  
And arme in arme / mylward with hym se went  
Aysyng? wel hys lordis / and? hys chere  
And? Pandarus / in ernefullest manere  
Seyd? al folk / for goddis lue I prey  
Styntyth ryght lere / and? softely ye pley

Ayse ye what folke / ben lere wythpene  
And? in what plyt one is / god? hym amende  
And? mylward? thus / ful softly begynne  
Neece I conuere / and? hysely defende  
On hys half / wythche that he soule hath sende  
And? in the Vertu / of the corollnes llyfne  
He not this man / that hath for polb this lerne

Ye on the deyl / thynke wythche one he is  
And? in what plyt he lyeth / come of anone  
Thynke al such taryd? tye / lest is  
That wyth ye both sey / whan ye ben one  
And? slykely ther yit / dyspyneth none  
Upon polb llybo / come of nolb yf ye conne  
Whyte folk is blent / so al the tyme is wonne

In tpyrpyng in purfuyte / and delays  
Folke wyl dyuine / at waggyng of a ftre  
That though ye wold / haue after merke dayes  
Than dare ye not for wyl / for he and he  
Spak fuch a word / thus boold / six and fe  
Thus tyme y lofe / I dare not wylth yoll de  
Come of therfor / and byng hym to hys fele

But nold to yoll / ye louers that fen fe  
Was not troplus / in a cankerdort  
That lay e myght / the wylthpyng of fer fe  
And thought o lord / nold rennyth my fort  
Fulky to dre / or haue no comfort  
And was the fyrst tyme he shuld hys prey  
Of loue / o myghty god / what fhall I fey

¶ Here endeth the secunde booke

¶ And here begynneth the prologe of  
the thyrde booke

**O** Blifful light of which the beames clere  
Adourne th / al the hys beuene fayre  
O fonnys lye / O Jouys daughter dre  
plefaunt o loue / o goodely dehonayre  
In gentyl lertis / wdy to repyre  
O beay cause of fele / and of gladneffe  
P lerted he thy myght / and thy goodneffe

In beuene and fele / erthe and fe  
Is fyrst thy myght / yf that I wel dyferne  
As man bydy best / fyfth lertis and gane tre  
The feld in tymes / wylth vapour eterne  
God wylth and to loue / he wyl not worne  
And in thys world / no lyues creature  
Wylthout loue is wylth / or may endure



In Iouis fyrst / to thyllk effectis glade  
Thirgh whych that thynges / lyuen al and? he  
Commendyd? / and? amoutruy hem made  
O mortal thyng? / and? as thou lyst ay see  
Paue hem in loue / ease or aduersite  
And? in a thousand? fourmes / down hem sent  
To loue in erthe / and? whom ye lyst is blent

The fyre Mars / to apesyn of hys jre  
And? as ye lyst me make lertis dygne  
Algatis hem / that ye wyl sette a fyre  
That drede shame / and? byas wit assigne  
Ye to hem curtes / fressh he and? kynge  
And? hem promotith / astry a wyght entendith  
The joye that he hath / pour myght hym sendith

Ye holdyn regne and? houes / in Byrte  
The sothfast cause / and? frendshyp he also  
Ye know all thyllk / couered? qualyte  
Of thynges whiche hat folkes wondren on so  
That they can not conselbe / how it may ge  
She buyth hym / or why buyth he not lre  
Or why this fish / e not that comyth to the bere

The folke a calbe / han sette in Uniuer  
And? thys knowe I / by them that loue he  
That who so scrupth with yoll / hath the wete  
Noll lady byght / for thy keryngre  
At reuerence of hem / that scrue the  
Whos clerk I am / treke me deuse  
Some joye of that / is felt in thy scruse

Ye in my naked? / lertis sentment  
In elde / and? do me selbe of thy wytnesse  
Calope / thy dayes ten noll present  
For noll is nede / seest thou not my dystesse  
Woll I must telle anon / right the gladnesse  
Of Troilus to Venus keryngre  
To which gladnesse who nede hath god hym keryngre

¶ Here endeth the prologe

¶ And here begynneth the thyrd booke

**L**Up al thys mene whyle Troylus  
Recordynge hys lesson / in thys manere  
Masey thought he / thus wil I sey & thus  
Thus wyl I pleyne / vnto my lady dere  
That word is good / & that shal be my matre  
Thys wyl I not for geten / in no wyse  
Gods speue he werke / as he gan deuyse

And lord so hys hert / gan tho to wshype  
Derpynge hys come / and fore for to speke  
And Pandarus / that lady hys by the lappe  
Come nere and gan / in at the curtayn pykke  
And sayde god do hit / on al sike  
See who is here / yow compyn to vysite  
Lo here is she / that is yowre deith to wyte

Therbyth it semed / that he wept almost  
Al ha god / quod Troylus so sorowfully  
Wht me he woo / o myghty god thou wost  
Who is al there / I see not trewly  
Spr quod Criseyde / it is Pandare and I  
Ye swete hert / Alas I may not ryse  
To knele and do yow honour / in some wyse

And dressid hym wylward / and she ryght tho  
Wp gan hys handis soft / wpon hym leye  
O for the loue of god / do ye not so  
To me quod she / what is thys to seye  
Spr come am I to yow / for causes ilke  
First yow to thank / of yowre good forshyp ke  
Contynuaunce therof / I yow byseke



Exoplus that herd thus/hys lady praye  
Of lordshyp hym was nother/quyck ne dede  
He myght one word/ for shame to hyr sepe  
And though men shuld/haue smyle of his dede  
But lord so he was / sodaynly dede  
And hys lesson / that he wend had conne  
To pray hyr / was thurgh hys hert y conne

Eriseyde al thys espyed wel ynowgh  
For she was wyse/ & kowde hym neuer the lasse  
Al though he were not malapt/ & made it tolygh  
Or was to bold / to synge a foole a masse  
But when his shame/bygan somwhat to passe  
Hys wordis as I may / my rymes hold  
I wyl yow tellen / as trewe boke old

In chaungyd boye / right for hys lady dide  
Whiche boye eke quoke / & ther to hys manere  
Goodely abasshyd and nold hys hylbes wde  
Nold pale vnto Eriseyde hys lady dde  
Wyth hoke down cast/ and humble holdy chere  
To alther fyrst word / that hym astert  
Was wythes mercy mercy swete hert

And stynt a while/ & when he myght out bring  
The next word was / god wote for I haue  
As ferforth as I haue had connyng  
Be yowres all / so god my soule saue  
And shal tyl that / I woful wyght be graue  
And though I ne dare/ ne can to yow compleyne  
Y wys I suffre not / the lasse pyne

Thus moche as nold / o womanly wyf  
I may out bringe/ and yf it yow dysplease  
That shal I wresle / vpon myn owne lyf  
Myght soone I trolde/ and do yowre hert an ease  
If wyth my deth / yowre hert may aplease  
For sith ye haue me herd/ somwhat sepe  
Holt trewe I neuer / hold soone that I dye

Therbyth hys manly sorow / to byhold  
It myght hath made an hert / of stone to welbe  
And Pandare kept / as he to water bold  
And seyde wo begon / ten hertis treibe  
And pold euer hys neede / nelbe and nelbe  
For loue of god / make of thys thyng an ende  
Or slee be both at ones / or be hens benede

Ey what quod she / by god and by my trolth  
I wote not what ye wold that I sey  
I what quod he / that ye haue of hym trolth  
For goddis loue / and do hym not to dey  
Nold than quod she thus I wold hym prey  
To telle me the fyne of hys entent  
Yit wyse I neuer / ldel what he ment

What that I meane / o swete hert deie  
Quod Troylus / o goodely fressh fre  
Wyth the streames / of your eyn clere  
Ye wold frendly / somtyme on me see  
And that ye suffre / that I neuer be he  
Wythout brauncix of dyce / in ony wyse  
Yold for to serue / lyke as ye wyl deuyse

As to my lady ryght / and chiefe resort  
And al my wytt / and al my dyligence  
And I to haue ryght as yold lyst comfort  
Wondyr your yerd egal / to myn offence  
As deth / ye ys I do ony offence  
And that ye lyst me / somoch honoure  
Me to commaunde / ought in ony houre

And I to be yoldre / Beray humble treibe  
Secret / and in my paynes pacient  
And euermore desire / fresshly nelbe  
To serue and be / y lyke dyligent  
And wyth good hert / al holy yoldre talent  
Receyue in gree / hold sore that me smert  
So thus meane I / myn olde swete hert



Quod? Chanduris to her / an hard? request  
And? resonably / a lady for to lerne  
Now nece myn / by natal iouis fest  
Went I a god? / ye shuld? serue as perne  
That heren wel thys man / nothyng? perne  
But polbre honour / and? see hym almost serue  
And? be so loth / to suffer hym yow to serue

With that she gan hys eyen / on hym cast  
Ful esly / and? ful resonably  
Aupspynge hys / and? hys? her not to fast  
With neuer a word? / but sayd? hym sobryly  
Myn honour sauf / I wyl wel trewly  
And? in such? fourme / as ye wolle deuyse  
Receyue hym fully / to my seruyse

Deschynge hym / for goddis lous that he  
Wold? in honour trowth / and? gentylnesse  
As I wolle meane / eke meane he wel to me  
And? myn honour / with al besynesse  
As kepe yf I may / & do hym gladnesse  
From hysforth / yllys I wyl not fynde  
Now both al hole / no longer that ye pleyne

But natheles / thys warne I yow quod? she  
A kynges sone / though ye be yllys  
Ye shul nomore / haue soueraynte  
Of me in lous / right but as in that cas is  
He I wyl fortere / yf ye don amys  
To brath yow / and? wylle ye me serue  
Chrysth yow right after yow deserue

And? shortly dwelle her? and? al my knyght  
With glad? and? dialbe yow / to lustynesse  
And? I shal trewly / with al my myght  
Polbre hys?er wyne / al in to swetnesse  
Yf I be fre / that may do you gladnesse  
For euery woo / ye shul recouere a blysse  
And? hym in armys toke / and? gan hym kysse

Jyl Pandare on knees / and by hys eyes  
To heuene he threlde / and held by handis hys  
Immortal god quod he / that mayst not dven  
Cupido I meane / of thys mayst gloryfy  
And Venus thou mayst / make melodye  
Wythouten hand / me semyth that in tolbe  
For thys myracle / I her eke lesse solbe

But so nomore as nolbe / of thys matere  
For why thys folk / wyl come by anone  
That haue the letter red / so I hem her  
But I adourne the / Enseyde anon  
And the Troilus / that when thou mayst gon  
That at myn hous / be at my warnyng  
For I ful wel / shal shap your comyng

And easith there your ferteis / right ynolgh  
And let see whyche of you / shal be the lesse  
To speke of loue / a lytel ther wyth he solgh  
For there haue ye / a leysur for to telle  
Quod Troilus / how longe shal it dwelle  
Or thys be do quod he / when thou mayst ryle  
Thys thyng shal be / right as I deyle

Wyth that Helepe / and eke Deiphobus  
Than comen byward / at the stape ende  
And lord so to gone / tho gan Troilus  
Hys broþer and hys suster / for to blende  
Quod Pandarus tyme is that we bend  
Take heed myn / yowre leue at al thre  
And let hem speke / and come forth wyth me

So toke hys leue / at hem ful honestly  
As he wele colde / and hys reuerence  
Unto the ful / they dyden hardly  
And wonder wel spack / in hys absence  
Of hys in prayyng / of hys excellence  
Hys gouernaunt hys wyf / and hys manere  
Commendyng it / that Joy it was to her



Nolb lete hys wende / to hys olde place  
Ande turne he / to Troilus ageyn  
That gan ful lyghtly / of the letter pace  
That Deiphobus / stode in the gardyn seyn  
Ande of Heleyn ande hym he wold seyn  
Despuerdy he ande sayde that hym lest  
To slepe ande after take to haue rest

Heleyn hym kyssed ande toke / hys leue blyue  
Deiphobus eke / ande home went euery nyght  
Ande pandarus / as faste as he may dryue  
To Troilus come / tho as blyue right  
Ande on a papet / al that glady nyght  
By Troilus he say / wyth blyssful chere  
To talke ande wel was hem / they were in fere

Whan euery nyght was voyde / but they sode  
Ande alle the doores / were fast y set  
To tel in short / wythouten wordis mo  
Thys Pandarus / wythout ony let  
Awake ande vpon hys beddis syde / hym set  
Ande gan to speke / in a softe wyse  
To Troilus / as I shal yow now deuyse

Myght alther best lord / ande brother dere  
God wold ande thou / that it sat me so sore  
Whan I the salde / so languysshynge to peere  
For loue of wyche / the wo way euermore  
That I wyth alle my myght / ande my lere  
Haue euer sith / do my besynesse  
To brynge the to joy / out of dyscesse

Ande haue it brought / to such plyce as þe wost  
So that thurgh me / thou stondest now in wey,  
To fare wele / I sey it for no cost  
Ande wost thou why / for shame it is to sey  
For the haue I begonne / a game to pley  
Wyche that I neuer do shal / eft for other  
Al though he were / a thousand fold my brother

That is to seye / for the am I becomen  
Wellbpy game and? earnest / suche a meane  
As maken bymmen / vnto men comen  
Thou wost thy self / what that I wold? means  
For the haue I / my neex of byers cleene  
So fully made thy gentlesse to trye  
That al shal be / ryght as thy self lyst

But god? that al wote / take I to wytnesse  
That I neuer thys / for couetyse brought  
But only to ake ge / thy dyscesse  
For which wel nygh / I dydest as me thought  
But goode brother / do noly as the onest  
For goddis loue / and? kepe here out of blame  
So as thou art wylse / kepe hyr out of shame

For wel thow wost the name is pit of hyr  
Among? the people / as who sey halowyd? is  
For neuer was pit wyght / I dare wel swere  
That euer wylse / she dyd? amys  
But who is me / that I that cause alle thys  
May thynk / that she is my neex dre  
And? I hyr came / and? traytour both I fere

And? were it wylse / that I thurgh myn engyne  
Had? in my nex / put thys fantasie  
To do thy lust / and? holy to be thyne  
Why alle the people / wold? vpon it cry  
And? sey that I / the worst trechery  
Dyde in thys cas / that euer was bygonne  
And? she fordone / & thou right nought y bonne

Wherfor er I wyl further go a paas  
The I pray est / though thou shuldest dey  
That prync? / go wyth vs in thys cas  
That is to sey / thou neuer so belbrey  
And? be not wroth / though I the oft prey  
To hold? sece / suche an hygh matere  
For skylful is / thou wost wel my prayere



Thynk what woo / there hath bryde as thys  
For makynge of auauntis / as men wde  
And what myschaunce / yit in thys world is  
Fro day to day / ryght for that wykedde dede  
For whych thys wyse clerkis / that ben dede  
Haue wryte on thys / as yit men teche vs yonge  
The fyrst Vertu is / to kepe the tonge

And ner it that / I wold as nolle abredge  
Dyffusion of speche / I colde almost  
A thousand old storges the aledge  
Of wymmyn thurgh fals / and foolish wose  
Prouerbis canst thy self / ynowe and wose  
Ageyn that byer / for to be a labe  
Though men soth se / as often as they gabbe

For tynge alas / so oft her byforn  
Hath made ful many a lady / bryght of helwe  
Sei welalwey the day / that she was born  
And many a mayden / sorowe for to nelwe  
And for the more parte / al is vntrelwe  
That men of yelp / e it be brought to proue  
By trason none auauntour / is to leue

A Bauntour and a lyer / al is one  
As thus I suppose / a womman buyth me  
And sayth certeyn / that other wyl she none  
And I am sworn / to hold it seere  
And after I go / and tel it elbo as thre  
Y wye I am a Bauntour / at the lest  
And a lyer / in brekyng of my best

Suche maner folk / what shal I clype hem what  
And woke that I be right nought to blame  
That hem auaunt of wymmyn / e sey she is that  
That netter yit / in ernest nor in game  
Knelwe hyr nomore / than the deupls dame  
No wonder is / so god me sende he  
Though wymmyn drede / wylth vs men to dede

I sey not thys / for no mystaust of yoll  
He for no wyse man / but for foolish nyce  
And for the harm / that in the world is noll  
As wele for foly bled / as for malysse  
For wele I wote / that wyse folk that wyce  
No womman dredeyth / yf she be wele auyse  
For wyse folk ten / by foolish harmes charyse

But noll to purpos / lyef brother deere  
Haue al thys thyng / that I haue sayd in mynde  
And kepe the cke / and be noll of good chere  
For at thy day / thou shalt me trewe fynde  
I shal thy proesse / sette in such a kynde  
And god tofore / that it shal the suffyse  
For it shal be ryght / as thou wyl it deuyse

For wel I wote / thou meanest wel parde  
Therefore I dare thys fully vndertake  
Thou wost eke / what thy lady grauntid the  
And day is sette / the charters vp to make  
Haue noll good nyght / I may no lenger wake  
And byde for me / sith thou art now in blisse  
That god the sende with / or soone lisse

Who myght tel / half the joye or frest  
Whysse that the solle / of Troilus tho felt  
Heryng theffet / of Pandarus best  
Hys old woo / that made hys hert swelt  
Can tho for joye / to wasten and to melt  
And al the thoughtis / of hys sightes sore  
Attones fled / he felt of them nomore

But ryght as thysse holtis / and these hayes  
That haue ben in wynter / ded and dyen  
Reuesten hem in grene / when that may is  
When euery lusey / lystith for to pleyen  
Ryght in that self wyse / seth for to seyen  
Way sodaynly hys hert / ful of joye  
That gladder was ther neuer man in Troye



And gan hys booke / on pandarus by cast  
Ful soberly / and friendly vnto see  
And sayd: frunde in A pryl the last  
Wel thou wost / yf it remembre the  
Wel nygh the deth / for woo thou fond: me  
And holb thow dyste / all thy besynesse  
To knowe of me / the cause of my dystesse

Thou wost h: ly longe / I forbare to seyn  
To the that art the man / that I best trust  
And perille none was it / to the helbrepe  
That wylt I wel / but telle me yf the lyst  
Eyth I so both was / that thy self it wylt  
Holb durst I mo telle / of thys matre  
That alwaie nold / and: noman may be here

But natheles by that god: / I the swete  
That as hym lyst / may al thys world: gouerne  
And: yf I ly / Achilles wylt a spere  
My hert cleue / al were my lyf eterne  
As I am mortal / yf I late or yerne  
Wold: it helbrepe / it shalbe or conne  
For al the good / that god made vnder the sonne

But rather wold: I dey / and: detrempe  
As thynketh me nold / stoliked: in pryson  
In wretchednesse in fylth / and: vermyne  
Captyf to cruel kynge Agamenon  
And: thys in al the temple / of the tolone  
Upon the goddis al / wylt I the swete  
To morow day / yf it likyth the to lye

And: that thou hast / somoch p do for me  
That I ne may / it neuermore deserue  
Thys knowe I wel / al myght I nold for the  
A thousand tymes / in a morow serue  
I can nomore / but that I wylt the serue  
Nyght as thy slaue / wheder so thow wende  
For euermore vnto my lyues ende

But here wyth al myn hert / I the beseeche  
That neuer in me / thou deme such folie  
As I shal sey / me thought by thy speche  
That thys that thou haste / me for company  
Do / I shuld? deme it a fault  
I am not wood? / al yf I selvd? be  
It is not fault? / that wote I wel parde

But se that goth / for gold? or for rynges  
On such message / calle hem what the lest  
But thys that thou doest / for gentylnesse  
Compassion felawshyp and? trust  
Depart it so / for wyde world is wyte  
Hold that ther is / dyuersite requyred?  
Wetlpy thynges / lyke as I haue leyd?

And? that thou knowe / I thynk not ne beene  
That thys scruple / a shame be or a jape  
I haue my faw? susteyn? / Polyxene  
Cassandre Helene / or ony of the fraye  
We se neuer so fayre / ne so wel y shayn  
Tel me whype? thou wylt / of euerychon  
To haue for thy? / and? let me than alone

But sith thou haste do me thys scruple  
My lyf to saue / and? for no hope of mede  
So for the loue of god? / thys grete emprise  
Perfourme it ou? / for nold is most neede  
For hye or lowe / wythout ony drede  
I wyl alwey / thy lyste al kepe  
Haue nold good? nyght / and? late vs both slepe

Thus held? hem eche of other / wel apayed?  
That al the world? ne myght it amende  
And? on the morow / when they were arrayed?  
Eche to hys owne neede / gan entende  
But Troilus thought / as the fyre se brende  
For sharpe desyre / of hope and? of plesaunce  
He not forgate / hys wyse gouernaunce



But in hym self wyth manhod gan receyve  
Eke riches dede / and eke byddel chere  
That al tho that lyuen / soth to seyne  
He shuld haue wyse / by word ne manere  
What that he ment / as touchyng this matre  
From euery wyght / as fer as the childe  
He was so wyse / and dyspynple he colde

And al this while / whiche I wol dysse  
This was his lyf wyth his ful myght  
By day he was / in Martis hygh scrupse  
That is to say / in armes as a knyght  
And for the most part / the longe nyght  
He lay an thought / how that he myght serue  
His lady best / his thank for to deserue

For whiche she fond hym / so dyscret in al  
So secret / and of such obeyssaunce  
That wel she felt / he was to her a wal  
Of steele a sheld / from euery dyspleasaunce  
That to be / in his good gouernaunce  
So wyse he was / she was nomore aserd  
I meane as fer / as ought to be requyrd

And Pandarus / to abykene alwey the fyre  
Was euer lyke / prest and dyspynple  
To ease his frend / was set alle his desyre  
He shof ay on / he to and fro was sent  
He lettris bere / when Troilus was absent  
That neuer wyght wyse / as in his frendis neede  
He bare hym hit / to do his frend to speede

But nolde perauenture / some men maye hold  
That euery word or booke / send or chere  
Of Troilus / that I reherse shold  
In al this while / vnto his lady dere  
I trow it were / a longe thyng to bere  
Or of any wyght / that stant in such dyspoynt  
His wordis all / or euery booke to poynt

Forsoth I haue not herd / it done or thys  
In story none / ne noman here I bene  
And though I wold / I cold not ylys  
For ther was some eppystyl / sent to bene  
That wold as seyth my auctour / wele contene  
An hundred verse / of which hym lyst not wryte  
How shuld I than / a lyne of it endyte

But to the grete effecte / that I sey thus  
That stondyng in concord / and quyet  
Thyse yllke ilbo / Criseyde and Troilus  
As I haue sayd / in thys tyme slyte  
Sawe only that / oft tyme they myght not mete  
Ne leysir had / her spechis to fulfille  
It fel ryght / as I shal yow telle

That pandarus / which y allway dide his myght  
Ryght for the fyne that I speke of here  
As for to bryng to hys hous some myght  
Hys fayr nece / and Troilus y feere  
Eke as at leysur / al thys hys matere  
Touchyng theyr loue / were at the ful vp bound  
Had as hym thought / a tyme ther to y found

For he wyth grete despyracion  
Had euery thyng / that ther to myght auayle  
Forn cast / and put in exaucion  
And nothyr left for cost / ne for trauayle  
That none of hem shuld in nothyng feyle  
And for to be not espyed there  
He thought wele / an impossible were

And dredles / it clere was in the wynd  
Of euery ppe / and euery let game  
Thus al is wel / and al thys world is blynd  
In thys matere both wyld and tame  
Thys tymber is redy for to put in frame  
We lackyth not / but that we wyten wold  
A certeyn houre / in which she comyn shold



And? Troilus that al hys purpaunder  
Knew at the ful / and? wayted on it ay  
Had? her vpon the made / hys ordynaunce  
And? fond? hys cause / and? eke all the array  
That yf that he were myssed? / myght or day  
The whyle he was about the scrupse  
That he was go / to do hys sacryfice

And? must at such a temple / akyne wake  
And? worshipp Apollo / ther wolde he be  
And? fyste to see / the holy laurer quake  
Or that Apollo / spack out of the tre  
To tel hym whan / the Grekis shuld? fle  
And? for thy let hym noman / god? forbode  
But pray Apollo / that he wolde? hym speke

Holw is there lpyl more / for to done  
But Pandar vp / and? shortly to seyne  
Ryght vpon the charyng? / of the mone  
Whan lightles is the world? / a nyght as theyne  
And? that the welkyn / swoop hym for to wyne  
He streyght a morow / vnder hys noce went  
He hake wel herd? / the syne of hys entent

Whan he was there / he gan anon to pleye  
As he was wont / and? at hym self to jape  
And? synally he swore / and? gan hys syle  
Both thes and? that / she shuld? hym not escape  
He make hym lenger / afty? hys to gape  
But certaynly / she must by hys leue  
Come soure wyth hym / at hys house at eue

At whych? she lough? / and? gan hys self excusen  
And? sayd? it myneth / to holw shuld? I gon  
For he qd? he my fred? ne seond not thus a musen  
Thys more he doon / he shul be there anon  
So at the last / he rof they fyl at on  
And? ellis soft he swore hys in hys eere  
He wolde? neuer come / there as she were

Ande ſhe ageyn / gan hym for to colbne  
Ande askede hym / yf Troplus were there  
He ſwore hyr nay / for he was out of colbne  
Ande ſayde nece / I poſe that he were there  
Ye durſt neuer haue / the more ſere  
For rather than men / ſhulde hym eſpye  
Me were leuer / a thouſande fold to dye

Not lyſt myn Auctour / fully to declaryn  
What that ſhe thought / when he ſayde ſo  
That Troplus was / out of colbne y ſayn  
As yf he ſayde / ſoth therof or no  
But that ſhe graunted / wyth hym for to go  
Wythout naryng / ſith he her beſought  
Ande as hye nece / obeyde as hye ought

But natheles than / gan ſhe hym beſeeke  
Al though wyth hym to go / was no ſtre  
For to be ware / of goſely peoples ſpece  
That dreame thynges / whiche that neuer were  
Ande wele auyſe hym / whom he brought there  
Ande ſayde Eane / ſith I muſt yow beſee  
Looke at be wel / for I do as yow lyſe

He ſwore hye tho / by ſtolkes ande by ſtones  
Ande by the goddis / that in heuene dwelle  
Or ellis were hym leuer / fell ande bones  
Wyth Pluto kyng / as were he in hell  
As Tantalus / what ſhulde I longer dwelle  
When al was wel / he roos ande toke hye leue  
Ande ſhe to ſonnet come / when it was eue

With a certeyn / of hye olde men  
Ande wyth hye fayre nece Antigone  
Ande other of hye wymmen / nyne or ten  
But who was glady / who as trolbe ye  
But Troplus that ſtoode / ande myght it ſee  
Thurgh a lytel wyndow / in a ſtele be  
That he ſet was / ſith mydnyght in a myſte



Wyllyste of euery myght / But of charyte  
But nold to purpos / when that she was come  
Wylth alle joye / and al frendis fre  
Hyr came anone / in armes hath hyr nome  
And after to the solyur / al and some  
When tyme was to solyur they be sette  
God? wote ther was no deyntr / for to sette

And after solyur / gan they to ryse  
At ease wel / wylth lirtis fressh and glade  
And wel was hym / that coldd? loste deuyse  
To lphen hyr / or to lalyghen lrt made  
He song? lrt pleyde / he told? a tale of lrtade  
But at the lost / as euery thyng hath ende  
She toke hyr leue / & nedie wold? home wende

But o fortune / executryce of lrtperdis  
O influencc / of the se lrtuenes hye  
Sooth is that vnder god? / ye lrten ouer lrtperdis  
Though to be / lrten the causes lrtwye  
Thys meane I nold / for she gan homlward? hye  
But executred? was al / lrtspde hyr leue  
The goddis lrtwyl / for lrtwhyche lrt muste beleue

The lrtent moone / wylth lrt lrtornes pale  
Saturne and? Juno in Canaro jopned? lrtwete  
That such a rayne / from lrtuene gan auale  
That euery man and womman that was there  
Had? of the smoky rayne / a very fere  
And? Pandare lrtough tho / and? seyd? thenne  
Nold it lrtwete tyme / a lady go lrtenne

But nold good? nece / yf I myght euer please  
Yold ony thyng? / than pray I yold quod? lrt  
To do myn lrt lrt / as nold so grete an ease  
As for to dlwelle lrtwete / thys myght wylth me  
For nece thys is yoldwete olwne lrtwete pards  
Nold lrt myn I sey / it is nold no game  
To wende nold lrtwete / it lrtwete to me a shame

Criseyde whiche that wolde / as moche goode  
As half a world / toke heed of hys prayer  
And salbe it rayned / and al was on a fode  
She thought as good / chepe may I dwelle here  
And graunt it gladly / wyth a frendly chere  
And haue a thanke / than graunte & than abyde  
For home to gone / it wyl not wel betyde

I wyl quod she myn vncle lye and dre  
Syth that polb lye / it shyl is to be so  
I am ryght glad / wyth polb to dwelle here  
I sayd but a game / that I wold go  
Yllys graunt mercy / nece quod she tho  
Were it a game / or sooth for to telle  
I am now glad / syth that ye lye dwelle

Thus al is wel / but tho began a ryght  
The newe joye / and al the fest ageyn  
But Pandarus / yf goodly had she myght  
He wold haue hedyd hys / to bed ful fayn  
And sayd lord / thys is a huge rayn  
Thys were a weddyng / for to slepen ynn  
And that I wex be / soue to bygyne

And nece boote ye / wher I shal pou ley  
For that be shul not / lygge for a sonder  
And for ye shul neyther / dre I seye  
Here noyse of wyne / ne of thonder  
By god right in my lytel closet ponder  
And I wil in that lytel house alone  
Be wardyn / of your wymmen euerychone

And in thys myddyl chambre that ye see  
Shul al your wymmen / slepen fayre & soft  
And al wythim / shal polbre self be  
And yf ye lygge wel to nyght / come more oft  
And carth not for the weddyng / though it be aloft  
The wyne was brought / & whan so that you lest  
Than is it tyme / for to go to rest



There was nomore / but thereafter soone  
They boode drank / and trauers dralbe anon  
Gan euery byght / that had nought to done  
More in the place / out of the chambre gone  
And all day in thys meane whyle it rone  
And lele therbyth / so wondyrly colde  
That wel ny / noman other here colde

Tho Pandarus / ryght as hym ought  
Wyth hymmen such / as were hyr nygh aboute  
Ful glad into hyr beddis side hyr brought  
And toke theyr leue / and gan ful solbe houte  
And sayde at thys closet doore / wythoute  
Ryght ouerthwert / your hymmen lyggen alle  
That whom ye lyst of hem / ye may soone calle

So whan she was in the closet leyde  
And al hyr hymmen forth by ordynaunce  
A bed were they / as I haue yow seyd  
Thys was nomore / to skipe ne to traunce  
But to go to bed / wyth myschaunce  
Yf ony man was stiryng / ony where  
And let theym sleepe / that a bed were

But Pandarus / that bele colde ethe a dele  
The old daunce / and euery poynt therin  
Whan that he saw / that al thyng was bele  
He thought he wold / vpon hys werk begynne  
And gan the seylwe doore / alsoft vnpyne  
And styl as stone / wythout lenger lette  
By Troilus adoun / he by hym sette

And shortly to the poynt now for to gon  
Of al thys thyng / he told hym word & ende  
And sayd make the redy / ryght anon  
For thou shalt in to trewe hys wende  
Now seynt Venus / thou me grace sende  
Quod Troilus / for neuer yet no neede  
Had I or now / ne halfuendel the drede

Quod? Pandarus / ne drede the neuer a dele  
For it shal be ryght / as thou wylt desyre  
So thryue I thys nyght / I shal make it wele  
Or cast all the growel / in the fyre  
That blyssful Venus / thys nyght me enspyre  
Quod? Troylus as wys / as I the serue  
And? euer let and? let / shal tyl I sterue

Aud? yf I had? o Venus ful of myrth  
Aspectus had? / of Mars or of Saturne  
Or thurgh combust / or let were in my byrth  
Thy fadyr pray / al thyllk harme dystorne  
Of grace / and? that I glady ageyn may twine  
For loue of hym / thow louedyst in the shalbe  
I meane Adon / that wylth the fore was shalbe

O Ioue eke / for the loue of the fayre Europe  
The whych in fourme of a boole / alway the fet  
Nolw help and? Mars wylth thy bloody Cope  
For loue of Cipac / thou me not ne let  
O Prius thynk / when Diane hyr self siet  
Wondyr the lark / and? ran alway for drede  
Vit for hyr loue / nolw help at thys neede

Mercurie for the loue / of hyr eke  
For which Pallas was wylth Aglaunus broth  
Nolw help / Diane and? eke I the beseke  
That thys vpage / be not to the both  
O fatal suster / whych or ony couth  
Me shapen was / my deseyne me sponne  
So help to thys werk that is icht bygonne

Quod? Pandarus / thou wretchyd? mousis icht  
Art thou agast / so that she wyl the byt  
Why do on thys furred? cloke / open thy skirt  
And? folowe me for I wyl haue the byt  
But hye and? late me go / a fore a lyt  
And? wylth that word? / he gan vndo the trape  
And? Troylus he brought in by the lappe



The sterne wynde / so colde gandy to colde  
That no wyght others noyse / myght here  
And they that lay / at the doore wythoute  
Ful slypely they slept / al in feere  
And Pandarus wyth a ful sobre chere  
Goth to the doore anon / wythout let  
Ther as they lay / and softly it set

And as he come ageynward / ful pryncely  
Hys nece a booke / and asked who is there  
My dere nece quod he / it am I  
He wondryth not / ne haue of it no feere  
And nere he come / and sayd hyr in hyr ere  
No word for the loue of god I wol beseeche  
Lete no wyght aryse / and here of our speche

What wythe they ben ye come benedicte  
Quod she and hold / thus Enlyste of am alle  
Here at thys lytel tray doore / quod he  
Quod the Cresse / late me some wyght calle  
O god forke that it shold befall  
Quod Pandarus / that he such folke brought  
They myght deme / that they neuer er thought

It is not good a sleepynge founde to wake  
He geue a wyght / a cause to dyspyne  
Polvre hymmen sleepe / all I vnderstake  
So that for term / the heus men myght myne  
And sleepe wol / that tyl the sonne shyne  
And when my tale brought is to an ende  
Wyllyste right as I come / so wyl I wende

Molte nece myn / ye shul wel vnderstande  
Quod he so as ye hymmen / do men alle  
That for to hold a man / longe in hend  
And hym hyr lyf / and dere hert calle  
And make hym an houe / aboue a calle  
I meane as loue another / in the meane whyle  
He doeth hyr self a shame / and hym a guyle

Now wherby that I telle you / al thys  
Ye wote your self as wel as any wyght  
Holt that youre loue / al fully grauntyd is  
To Troilus the worthiest knyght  
One of thys world / and thereto trowth ye plight  
That but it were on hym a songe / ye nold  
Hym neuer falsen / whyle ye lyue shold

Now stant it thus / sith I fro you went  
Thys Troilus platly / for to seyn  
Is thurgh a gutter by a preuy went  
In to my chambre come / in al thys reyne  
Conspyt of any maner wyght caryn  
Sauf of my self / as wysly haue I joye  
And by the feyth / I olde Priam of Troye

And he is come / in such payne and dystresse  
I trowe he be / al fully wooed by thys  
He sodaynly more falle / in to woodnesse  
But god helpe / and why the cause is thys  
He seyth hym told is / of a frend of hys  
Holt that ye shuld loue / one horast  
For sorow of which / this nyght wil be his last

Crispe / whiche that al thys wonder herd  
Gan therewith / aboute hys hert cold  
And with a sygh / six sodaynly answerd  
Alas I wend / who so take told  
My dert hert / wold me not hold  
So lightly false / alas conynges wronge  
What harm they do / for now I lyue to longe

Homest alas / and falsen Troilus  
I knowe hym ne. / god me helpe so quod she  
Alas what wycked spryte / told hym thus  
Now artis come / to morow and I hym see  
I shal of that as fully excusen me  
As euer dyd womman yf that hym lyke  
And with that word / she gan for to speke



O god? quod? she / so worldly felynesse  
Whych clerkis calle / fals felycite  
Y medlyd? is / wyth many a bytternesse  
Ful anguysshous / that is god? wote quod? she  
Condiaon / of veyne prosperite  
For eyther Joyes / come not ay in feere  
Or ellis no wyght / hath hem alwey here

O brutyl beke / of worldly Joye Unstable  
Wyth what wyght / so that thou be on pleye  
Eyther be wote that / thou art Joye mutable  
Or wote it not / it mote be one of thre  
Nolb yf be wote it not / how may be seyn  
That be hath veyn Joye / and? felynesse  
That is of ignoraunce / ay in derlynesse

Nolb yf be wote / that Joye is transitorye  
No euery Joye / of worldly thyng? mote fle  
Nolb euerybeke / that hath in memorye  
The drede of lesyng? / makyth hym that be  
May in no partit / sikernes be  
And? yf to seeke hys Joye / be sette amys  
Thyn semyth that Joye / is worth but lye

Wherfor I wyl dyspyne / in thys manere  
That treibly for ought / I can espye  
That is no veyn beke / in thys world? here  
But o thou wyched? / serpent Iakylsye  
Thou myshelued? / enuyous folye  
Why hast thou made Troplis / me vntreyst  
That neuer yet agylted? hym / that I wyse

O quod? pandarus / thus fallen is thys cas  
Why vncle myn quod? she / so told? hym thys  
Why doeth myn dert fere / thus alas  
Ye wote ye nece myn / quod? be what is  
I hope al shal be wele / that is amys  
For ye may albenche al thys / yf ye lese  
And? doth right so / I hold? it for the best

So shal I do to morowbe / yllus quod? se  
And? god? toforn / so that it shal suffice  
To morowbe alas / that were fayre quod? se  
May nay it may not stande in thys wyse  
For nece myn / thus wyrtten clerkis wyse  
That peryl is / wyth dretchyng? in y dralbe  
May such abodis / ben not worth an halbe

Nece al thyng? hath tyme / I dare a bolbe  
For iberan a chamber a fyre is/or an halbe  
Wel more myster is / it sodaynly rescowbe  
Than to dyspute / and? aske among? hem alle  
How thys canel / in the scralbe dyde falle  
A fenediate / for al that longe fare  
The harm is do / and? fare wel feld fare

And? nece myn / ne take it not a grefe  
Yf that ye suffre hym / al nyght in thys woo  
God? helpe me soo / ye had? hym neuer lpef  
That dare I sey / now ther is but the elbo  
But wel I wote / ye wyl not do so  
Ye be to wyse / to do so grette folre  
To put hys lyf / al nyght in Jeopardre

Had? ye hym neuer lpef / by god? I beene  
I had? neuer thyng? so lpef / by god? quod? se  
Now by my trolth quod? se / that shal be scene  
For sith ye make thys ensample / of me  
Yf I al nyght / wold? hym in sorowbe se  
For al the tresour / in the towne of Troye  
I byd? god? / neuer more haue I joye

Now lokyth than / yf that ye be hys loue  
To put al nyght hys lyf in Jeopardre  
For thyng? of nought / now by that lord? aboue  
Not only thys delay / comyth of folre  
But of malice / yf I shal not lre  
What platly / and? ye see hym in dyscrese  
Neyther ye wylsely don / ne gentyl?nesse



Quod the Criseyde / wyl ye do o thyng  
And ye therwylth / shul stynt hys dyscase  
Haue here and here hym / thys sleib ryng  
For ther is nothyng / may hym better please  
Saue I my self / ne more hys hert ease  
And sey my deere hert / that hys sorow  
Is causeles / and that he shal see to morow

A ryng quod he / ye hasillwoode is shakyn  
Ye neede myn that ryng / must haue a stone  
That myght dede men / alpye maken  
And such a ryng trolbe I / that ye haue none  
Discrecion out of your heed is gone  
That fele I now quod he / and that is wolth  
O tyme y lost wel mayst thou curs (sholth)

Wote ye not wele / that noble and hys corage  
He sorowylth not / ne styntylth not for lyte  
But yf a foole / were in a ialous rage  
I nold sette at his sorow a myte  
But fesse hym / wylth a felde wordis wylth  
Another day whan I myght hym fynde  
But thys thyng stant al / in another kynde

He is so gentyl / and so tendre of hert  
That wylth hys deeth / he wyl hys sorow breke  
For trustylth wel / shol soze that hym smert  
He wyl to yow / no ialous word speke  
And for thy neede / or that hys hert breke  
So speke yowre self / to hym of thys matere  
For wylth oo word / ye may hys hert stene

Now haue I told / what peryl he is ynne  
And hys compynge vnlyst of euery wyght  
And parde harme may ther be / none ne synne  
I wyl my self be wylth yow al thys nyght  
Ye know wel eke / he is your owne knyght  
And that by right / ye must vpon hym tyste  
And I al prest to fette / hym whan ye lyst

Thys accydent / so pytous was to here  
And eke so lyke a soth / at prync face  
And Troylus hyr knyght / to hyr so dere  
Hys prync compynge / and the siker place  
That though she dyd hym / as than a grace  
Considred al thynges / as they stode  
No wonder is sith / she dyd al for goode

Eriseyde ansverd / as wysly god at rest  
My soule brynge / as me is for hym lye  
And Eame yllys fayne wold I do the best  
If that I had grace / to do so  
But wethyr that ye dwelle / of for hym go  
I am tyl god / me lettir mynd sende  
At Dulcarnon / at my lyfys ende

Quod Pandarus / ye neede wyl ye here  
Dulcarnon is callid flemynge of wretchis  
It semyth hard for wretchis wyl not here  
For veray skolth / and other wylful tetchis  
Thys seyd he by hem / he not worth ilbo fetchis  
But ye he wylse / & haue this matere in hande  
Hys nother hard / ne skylful to with stonde

Than Eame quod she / doeth herof as ye lyst  
But or he come / I wyl fyrst aryse  
And for the loue of god / sith al my tyste  
Is on yoll ilbo / and ye both wylse  
So wyrtlyth nolv / in so dyscrete a wylse  
That I honour may haue / and he plesaunce  
For I am here nolv / in your gouernaunce

Thys is wel sayd quod he / my neede dere  
Good thyrt came on that / wylse gentyl hert  
But liggith styll / and takith hym ryght here  
It nedyth not / no further for hym stert  
And eke of yoll / ease other sorowes smert  
For soone hope I / be schul all be mery  
For loue of god / and Venus I the lery



Thys Troylus ful soone / on knees hym sette  
Ful sekely right by hyr beddis side  
And in hye lye wyse / hye lady gette  
But lord so she was / sodaynly tede  
Ne though men shuld / smyte of hyr hede  
She myght not o word / a right out bynne  
So sodaynly for hye soore comynge

But Pandarus / that so welc alldo fele  
In euery thyng to pleye / onone bygan  
And sayd nece / see howe thes lord can knele  
Nolw for your trolwth / see thys gentylman  
And wyth that word / he for a qlyssion ran  
And sayd nolw knelwth / whyle that polw lyst  
That god polw lerte / bynne soone at rest

Can I not seyn / for she had hym not ryle  
If forow it put / out of remembraunce  
Or ellis that she toke it / in thye wyse  
Of dwelbe / as for hye obersaunce  
But welc I tede / she dyd hym the pleasaunce  
That she hym kyste / al though he sigld sore  
And had hym sitte a down / wythouten more

Quod Pandarus nolw wyl he welc bygyne  
Nolw doth hym sitte / goode nece art  
Upon polwre beddis side / al wythynne  
That eke of polw the bet way offer lere  
And wyth that word / he dwelbe hym to the fere  
And toke a lycht / a feyned hye conaunce  
As for to looke / vpon an old romaunce

Enseyde that was / Troylus lady right  
And clere stood / on a grounde of sikernesse  
Al though she hyr seruaunt / and hyr knyght  
Ne shuld of right / none vntrolwth in hyr gesse  
Yet natheles / considered hye dysstressse  
And that leue is / in cause of such folwe  
Thus to hym speck she / of hye jalousye

Lo sert myn / as wold the excellenc  
Of loue / ageynst the whyppe roman may  
He ought eke goodely / make resistenc  
And eke by cause / I felt wel and saye  
Voloze grete trolbth / and scrupce euery daye  
And þ polbre sert al myn was sooth to seyne  
Thys droue me / to telbe vpon your payne

And your goodnesse haue I found alwey pit  
Of whyppe my dere sert / and my knyght  
I thank it polb / as fer as I haue lyt  
Al can I not / as moche as it were ryght  
And I ansforth my conynge / and my myght  
Haue and ay shal / holb fore that me smert  
We to polb trelbe / and hole lyth al myn sert

And dredeles that shal be founde at preue  
But sert myn / what al thys is to sayne  
Shal wel be told / so that ye polb not greue  
Thougþ I to polb right / on polbre self copleyne  
For therlyth mene I / fynally the payne  
That hole your sert / and myn my knyghnesse  
Fulky to slene / and euery wronge redresse

My good sert not I / for why ne holb  
That Jakobysre alas / that whyppe whypere  
So causeles is axen / my to polb  
The harm of whyppe / I wold sayne delyuere  
Alas that ye al fool / or of hym a shyuere  
Shuld haue hys refuse / my so dygne a place  
That Ioue out soone / out of your sert hym raze

But o thou Ioue / auctour of nature  
Is thys an honoure / vnto thy deyte  
That folk vngylty / suffre here iniure  
And he that gylty is / vngylt goth he  
O were it leeful / for to pleyne / on the  
That vnderueued / suffrist Jakobysre  
Of that I wold / vpon the pleyne and axe



Eke al my woo is thys / that men nolþ vsen  
To seyn ryght thus / that Iakobsye is loue  
And wold a bussel of benyng all excusen  
For that one greyn of loue / is in shoue  
But that wote the hye god / that sit aboue  
Yf it be spker loue / hate or grame  
And after that / it ought to be hys name

But certeyn is / some maner Iakobsye  
Is excusable / more than some plys  
As whan cause / and some such fantasie  
Wyth yte so wel / repressid is  
That it vnneeth doeth / or sayth amys  
But goodely dymketh vp / all hys dysresse  
And that excuse I / for the gentylnesse

And some so ful / of fure and dyspyte  
That it surmountyth / hys repressioun  
But hert myn / ye be not in thys plyte  
That thank I god / for whych your passioun  
I wyl not calle it but an Illusioun  
Of habundaunce of loue / and kysse cure  
That doeth your hert / thys dyssease endure

Of whych I am ryght sorow / but not broth  
But for my desire / and your hertis rest  
Whether so yow lyst / by ordal or by oth  
By sort or be what wyse / so that yow lest  
For loue of god / late proue it for the best  
And yf that I be gylty do me deye  
Alas what myght I more / done or seyn

Wyth that a felbe / bryght tereis nelbe  
Out of hys eyen fyl / and thus she seide  
Gode god thou wost / in thought ne dede vntrewe  
To Troilus was neuer yet triseide  
Wyth that hys hond / down in the bed she leyde  
And wyth the sike it lryped / and sigked sore  
And held hys pces / not a word spak she more

But noli helpe god? / to alvenche al thys sorow  
So hope I that he shal / for he best may  
For I haue seen / a ful mystry morow  
Folow: ful oft / a myrry somer day  
And after wynter foloweth grene may  
Men seen alday / and redde eke in stowes  
That after sharp shoures / ben dytours

Thys Troilus / when he hyr wordis herd?  
Haue he no care / hym lyf not to slepe  
For it thought hym / no strokes of a yerd?  
To here or see / Criseyde hys lady wepe  
But wele he felt / aboute hys hert ayepe  
For euery tere / whiche that Criseyde avert  
The crampe of deeth / streyneth hym by the hert

And in hys mynde / he gan the tyme aurse  
That he came there / or that he was fore  
For noli is lyche / turnyd in to worse  
And al the labour / he hath do byfore  
He thought it lost / he wend he nas but fore  
O Pandarus alas thought he / thy lyche  
Seruyth of nought / so welalwey the whyche

And ther wythal / he hynge a down the heed?  
And fyl on knees / and sorowfully he sight  
What myght he say / he felt he nas but deed?  
For wroth was he / shuld his sorowes lyght  
But natheles when he speke myght  
Than said he thus / god wote that of this grame  
When al is lyf / than am I not to blame

Therbyth the sorow / of hys hert sette  
That from hys eyen / fyl ther nat a tere  
And euery spryde / hys vygour in knette  
So they astonyed / and oppressyd were  
The feelynge of hys sorow / and of hys chere  
Or of ought elis / fled was oute of toline  
Adoun he fyl all sodaynly / in a swollne



Thys was no lytel / forold for to see  
For al was hysht / but Pandar by at the last  
O nece was / or he he lost quod he  
We not agast / but al they at the last  
For thys or that / he hym in to the bed cast  
And sayd theyf / is thys a mannes hert  
And of he rent / al to hys lute stert

And sayd nece / but he helpe be nold  
Plype pour olone / Troplue is born  
Alas so wold I / and I lyf stold  
Gul fayne quod he / alas that I was born  
He nece lyf he pul out the thorn  
That stikyth in hys hert / quod Pandar  
Sege al foryeue / and seynt all thys care

He that to me quod he / leuer were  
Than al the goode / the fenne aboute goth  
And therlyth he swore hym in hys cete  
Plype my dett hert / I am not broth  
Haue hert my trolth and many another oth  
Nold speke to me / for it am I Criseyde  
But al for nought / put myght he not aspeide

Tho Troplue / gan foroldfully to speke  
Lest he were broth / hym thought his hert depe  
And sayde alas / Upon my ferolbes speke  
Haue mercy on me / swete hert myn Criseyde  
And yf that in the wordis / that I seide  
We ony wronge / I lyf nomore trespass  
Doth as yow lyf / I put me in your grace

Criseyde answered / of gylt myscreyde  
That is for to seyn / I foryeue al thys  
And euermore on thys myght recorde  
And with wel warr / he do nomore amys  
May dett hert myn / quod he plype  
And nold quod he / that I haue do yow smert  
Foryeue it me / myn olone swete hert

The Troilus byth hit / of that surprysed  
Put all in goddis hand / as he that ment  
Nothyng but hel / and sodaynly awysed  
He hit in armes / fast to hym hent  
And Pandarus / byth ful good intent  
Layd hym to sleepe / and sayd yf he byse  
Slepyng not nolv / lest mo folke ar se

What myght or may / the sely lark se  
Whan that the sperthlike / hath it in, eys fro  
I can nomore / but of thys ylle tyme  
To whom thys tale / sugre he or swoote  
Though that I targe a yere / somtyme I mote  
After myn audour / tel of theyr gladnesse  
As bele as I haue / told theyr heuynesse

Erisepe byth that / felt hit thus y take  
As wyrtan clerkis / in theyr woordes olde  
Ryght as an aspen leef / se gan to quake  
Whan he hit felt / in hys armes fold  
And Troilus al hool / of hys carres wold  
Gan thankyng the / the bryght goddis seuene  
That sundry paynes / bryngem folk to heuene

Thys Troilus in armes gan hit seyne  
And sayd o swete / as euer mote I gone  
Nolv he y caught / ther nys but he tyme  
Nolv yeldyth yow / for other boote is none  
To that Erisepe / answerd thus anone  
He had I er nolv / my swete heet dore  
We yolden yow / I were not nolv here

O sooth is sayd / that helpe for to be  
As of a feur / or another grete sikenesse  
Men must drynk alday / as men may see  
Ful biter drynk / and for to haue gladnesse  
Men duren of payne / and grete dyssewse  
I meane it here / as of thys aduenture  
That thurgh a payne / hath found nolv hys cure



And nolt swetnesse / semyth more swete  
That bytternesse assayed / was byfore  
For out of woo / in blysse nolt they fleete  
None such they felt / sith that they were born  
Nolt is thys let / than both tivo be born  
For loue of god / take euery womman hede  
To worke thus / whan it comyth to neede

Eriseyde al quyte / from euery drede and tene  
As she that iust cause had hym to tyste  
Made hym such feeste / that joye it was to scene  
Whan she hys trolwth / and clene entent wyse  
And as about a tree / wyth many a tlyste  
Wyntent and wythe / the soote woodchynde  
Gan eke of hym / in armes other wynde

And as the newe / abasshed nyghtyngale  
That styntyth first / or she begynne to synge  
Whan she seyth / ony hyperdis tale  
Or in the hedgis / ony wyght sytrynge  
And after sikernes / hys boye doth out ryng  
Nyght so Eriseyde / whan that hys drede stent  
Opend hys hert / and told al hys entent

And ryght as he / that salve hys deth y shapen  
And dre must / in aught that he gan gesse  
And sodaynly rescous / doth hym escapen  
And from hys deth / is brought in sykernesse  
For al thys world / ryght in such gladnesse  
Is Troylus / and hath hys lady swete  
Wyth wois hap / god let be neuer meete

Hys armes smale / hys streyght back and softe  
Hys sides longe / fleschly smoth and whyte  
He gan to stowe / and had goode thryft ful ofte  
Hys snolwysh throte / hys brestis wounde & lyte  
Thus in thys trauene / he gan hym delyte  
And therbythal / a thowсанд tyme hys kyte  
That for what to do / for joye vnneth he wyte

Than sayd he thus / o loue o charyte  
Thy moder ecke / Citherra the swete  
After thy self / next serped he she  
Venus meane I / the wele byssly planete  
And next Vmeneus / I the grete  
For neuer man was / to yold goddis hold  
As I that ye haue / brought from cares cold

Benygne loue / thou holy bonde of thynges  
Who so byl grace / and lyst not the honoure  
Lo hys desire byl fle / without bynges  
For thou noldyst of counte / hem socoure  
That seruen best / and alwey most labour  
But yf thy grace / passed our desertis  
Al were lost / that I dare sey certis

And for thow me / that coldd best deserue  
Of hem that nombred he vnto thy grace  
Hast holpen there / I lykly was to sterue  
And me bystolbed in so hygh a place  
That ilke loundis / may no blis pace  
I can nomore / but calld and reuerent  
Be to thy counte / and thy excellen

And ther bythat / Criseyde anon he kyste  
Of whiche certyn / he felt no dyssease  
And thus sayd he / now wold god I byst  
Myn hert swete / hold I myght yold please  
What man quod he / was euer thus at ease  
As I on whom / the fayrest and the best  
That euer I say / wynter hys hert to rest

Here may men see / that mercy passyth right  
The experyence of thys / is felt in me  
That am vnworthy / to yold my lady bryght  
But hert myn / of yoldre benygnyte  
So thynkyst thoug I vnworthy be  
Yet more neede / amende in some wyse  
Ryght thurgh the vertu / of yoldre hys scrupse



And for the love of god my lady deere  
Sith god hath brought me / for you ever to serve  
As thus he wyl / that ye be my steere  
To do me love / yf that ye lyse or sterue  
So tchepth me hold that I may deserve  
Yolwe thank / so that I thurgh myn ignoraunce  
He do nothyng / that do yow dyspleaunce

For certis fressh wommanly wyl  
The day is sith / that trolth and dyligence  
Ye shul in me synde al my lyf  
I nyl certeyn / breke yowre defence  
And yf I do / present or in absence  
For love of god / late flee me wylth the tye  
Yf that it lyke / unto yowre wommanlye

Y wyls quod she / myn olde certis lust  
My ground of case / and al myn hart & tust  
Gameray / for on that is al my tust  
But lette be fulle alway / from this matre  
For this suffysith / wylth that is sayd she  
And at oo word / wylthout repentaunce  
Wel come my knyght / my woe / my suffysaunce

Of theyr delpte or joye / one the lest  
Were in possyble / in my wyl to sepe  
But iugyth w / that han ten at the fest  
Of such gladnesse yf / am lyf pley  
I can nomore / but thus this ple tlye  
That nyght wylthout / drede and sikernesse  
They felt in love / the grete worthynesse

O blyssful nyght / of whom so longe I sought  
Hold blyth unto hem both / thowd were  
We ne had I such one / with my solde y bought  
Ye for the lest joye / that was there  
Alwey thou solde daunger / and thowd fere  
And lette hem / in this treuen blys dwelle  
That is so hye that noman can telle

These yllk elbo / that ben in armes last  
So loth to hem / a sundre to god it were  
That eke of hem from other / bendy brestaft  
Or ellis so thus / was they: most fere  
Lest al thys thyng / but nyte dreames were  
For whyke ful oft / eke of theym sende o swete  
Elype I yold thus / or ellis do I meete

And lord so he gan / goodely on hyr se  
That neuer hyr looke / blent from hyr face  
And sayd: o dere hert / how may it be  
That it be sooth / that ye be in thys place  
Ye hert myne / god thank I of hyr grace  
Quod the Crysede / and ther withal hym kysse  
That where hyr spryde was / for Jore he nyse

Thys Troilus ful oft / hyr even elbo  
Gan for to kysse / and sayd: o even clere  
At were ye / that brought me thys woo  
Ye humble nettis / of my lady dere  
Though ther be mercy / wyrtten in yowre clere  
God wote that text / ful hardy is sooth to fynde  
How colde ye / without wode me bynde

Therwith he gan hyr face in armes take  
And wel a thousand tyme / gan he speke  
Not such sorowful spakes / as men make  
For sorow or ellis / when that folk be like  
But casp spakes / such as ben to lyke  
That shal by his affection bythyn  
Of such spakes / colde he not blyn

Soone after thys / they spak of sundry thynges  
As fyt to purpos / of theyr aduventure  
And vlepeng / entrechaungen rynges  
Of whyke I can telle no scripture  
But wel I wote / a broche of gold and asure  
In whyke a Ruby set / was lyke an hert  
Casede hym yaf / and stak it on hyr sirt



Lord? trolb ye / that a couetous wretch  
That blame th loue / and hath of it dyspyte  
That of the pene / that he can moore and? ketch  
Was euer yet geue to hym such delpyte  
As is in loue / in some maner plyte  
May doutles / for as so god? me saue  
So parfyte joye / may no negard? haue

They wyl sey yis / but lord? so they lye  
The besy wretches / ful of woo and? drede  
They clepe loue a woodenes a or furye  
But it fall hym / as I shal now tede  
They shul forgo / both the whyte and? the rede  
And tye in woo / ther god geue hym myschaunce  
And? euery louer / in hys trolbth auauunce

As wold? god? / thys wretches that dyspyse  
Seruyce of loue / hadde cris also longe  
As And? Mida / ful of couetyse  
And? ther to dronken had? / as hot and? stronge  
As Crassus dyde / for hys affectis wronge  
To tete hym that couetyse is byce  
And? leue is Vertu / though men hold? it nyce

These ylle woo / of whyche that I yoll seye  
Whan that they? lertis / fully assurid? were  
Tho gan they to speke / and? to pleye  
And? eke wterfen / helb and? whan e? wter  
They knelb fyrst / and? euery woo and? fere  
That passid? was / but al that treynesse  
Y thankyd? god? / was turned? in to gladnesse

And? euermore / whan they fyl to speke  
Of ony woo / of such a tyme agone  
Wyth kyssyng? / al that tale shuld? breke  
And? fallyn in a newbe joye anone  
And? dyd? all they? myght / sith they were one  
For to recouer this / and? be at ease  
And? pseyd? woo / wyth joye countrepease

Reason myl not / that I nolv speke of fleye  
For it accordyth not / to my matere  
God? wote they toke of that / ful lytel kepe  
But lest thys nyght / that was to hym so dore  
He shuld? m? bayne / scape m? no manere  
It was byset / m? joye and? besynesse  
Of al that soldneth / m? to gentylnesse

But how al though / I can not tel al  
As can myn auctour / of hys excellenc  
Yet haue I sayde / and? god? tofore I shal  
In euery thyng / the grette of hys sentence  
And? yf that I at loues reuerence  
Haue ony thyng / echyd? for the best  
Do therlpythal / ryght as yow self best

For my wordis / stee and? m? euery part  
I speke hem all / vnder correction  
Of yow that helyng? haue / m? louys art  
And? I put hem hole / m? your dyscretion  
To encrease / and? make dymynucion  
Of my langage / and? I yow bysete  
But nolv to purpos / of my rather speche

Whan that the cok / the comune astrologer  
Gan on hys brest to bete / and? after tolde  
And? Euafet / the dayes messenger  
Gan for to ryse / and? out hys streame throlde  
And? Eselbard? wos to hym / y? colde it knolde  
Fortuna maior / that anon Enseyde  
Wyth hert sore / to Troylus thus she sayde

- Myn hertis lyf / my trust and? my plesaunce  
That I was born / alas that me is woo  
Thys day we mote / make dysseuraunce  
For tyme is to ryse / and? hys go  
Or ellis I am lost / for euermo  
O nyght alas why nyl thou / ouer vs houe  
As longe as whan / Almena lay by Joure



O blake nyght / as men in bookes rede  
That shapen art by god / thy world to hede  
At certeyn tymes / wyth thy black bede  
That vnder that / men myght in rest abyde  
Wele ought bestis pleyne / and folk the chyde  
That ther as day / wyth labour wold be brest  
That thou be fleest / and late be haue no rest

Thou doest alas / to shortly thyng offyce  
Thou rakel nyght / ther god maker of kynde  
For thou so downward / hastest of malice  
Thy cours / and to oure Emyspery kynde  
That neuermore / vnder our ground the wynde  
For thurgh the rakel hyenge out of Troye  
Haue I forgo / thus hastily my joye

Thys Troilus that wyth the wordis felt  
As thought hym tho / for pytous dyscreffe  
The body treis / from hys hert melt  
As he that neuer / yit such heuynesse  
Assayed had / out of so grette gladnesse  
Gan hys wythal / crye hys lady dere  
In armes streyne / and sayd in thys manere

O cruel day / accuser / of the joye  
That loue and nyght / haue stole & fast wyen  
Accusid be the comynge / in to Troye  
For euery loore / wyth one of thy bryght eyen  
Enuyous day / what lyst the to espyen  
What hast þu lost / what scheste thou in this place  
Ther god thy lyght / so qubench for hys grace

Alas what haue these louers / the agylt  
Dyspytous day / thynne be the pyt of hille  
Im many a loue / hast thou slayn and wyll  
Thy poluryng in / wyl nold let hem dwelle  
What proferte thou thy lyght / here for to selle  
So sel it hem / that smale seals graue  
We wy? the not / be nedpyth no day to haue

And eke the sonne Titan / bold; he chyd  
And sayd; foole / wel may men the dyspyse  
Thow hast al nyght / the dalynynge by thy syde  
And soffreyst hyr so soone / from the ryse  
For to departen louers / in thys wyse  
What wold; thy bed; / thow and eke thy more  
I pray to god; / so geue yow both sege

Therby; ful sore he sighed; / and; thus seide  
My lady ryght / and; of my wele and; wo  
The veray wo; / o goodly myn Criseyde  
And; shal I ryse / alas and; shal I so  
Nolw fele I that / myn hert mot; a tibe  
For hel; shuld; I / my lyf an houre saue  
Syth that wyth yow / is al my lyf I haue

What shal I do / for certis I note how  
He wyl; alas / I may the tyme y see  
That in thys place I may be eft wyth yow  
And; of my lyf / god; wote / how that shal be  
So that desyre / ryght now so serayneth me  
That I am ded; anon / but I retorne  
How shuld; I longe alas / fro yow sojourne

But natheles / myn olde lady bryght  
Yf it were so / that I wyse wyte  
That I your seruant / and; yowre knyght  
Were in your hert / sit as fermely  
As ye in myne / the wyseste thyng; trewly  
Me leuer were / than these worldis thynges  
Yt shuld; I let endure / al my payne

To that Criseyde / answered; thus anon  
And; wyth a sygh / she sayd; hert dore  
The game yow; / so ferforth now is gon  
That erst shal Phobus / fal from his spere  
And; euery Egle be the halowid; fere  
And; euery rokke / out of his place stert  
Or Troilus go out / of Criseydes hert



Wyth that she gan / her face for to wype  
Wyth the sheete / and was for shame al rede  
And Pandarus / gan vnder for to pryde  
And seyde nece / yf that I shal be dede  
Haue here my swerde / and smyte of myn hede  
Wyth that hys arme / al sodaynly he thurst  
Vnder her neck / and at the last her hys

I passe al that / whiche needyth not to seye  
What god forpaf hys deth / and she also  
Forpaf / and wyth her vncle gan to pleye  
For other cause was ther none than so  
But of thys thyng / ryght to theffete to go  
Whan tyme was / hom to her hous she went  
And Pandarus / hath holy hys entent

Hold to me be ageyne / to Troilus  
That wileles / ful longe aled lay  
And pryncely sent after Pandarus  
To hym to come / in all the haste he may  
He come anone not ones seyde he nay  
And Troilus / ful sobyrly hym greette  
And down on hys beddis side hym sette

Thys Troilus / wyth all the affection  
Of frendly loue / that hert may deuyse  
To Pandarus / on knees fyl a down  
And or that he wold / of that place aryse  
He gan hym thank / in the best wyse  
A thousand tymes / and gan the day to blesse  
That he was born / to bryng hym from dystresse

And seyde o frende / of frendis altherbest  
That euer was the sooth for to telle  
Thou hast in truene / brought my solde at rest  
Fro Cochita / the fyre flood of helle  
And though I myght / a thousand tymes selle  
Copen a day / my lyf in thy scruple  
It myght not amounte / ne in that suffyse

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The sonne whyche that al the world may see  
Was neuer yet my lyf / dare I say  
So inly fayre / so goodly as is she  
Whos I am and shal / tyl that I dye  
And that I thus am here / I dare wel saye  
That thankyd be the hye worthynesse  
Of loue and eke / thy kynde besynesse

Thus hast thou me / not a lytel yewe  
For whyche oblyged be / to the for aye  
My lyf for why / for thurgh thy helpe I lyue  
Or ellis dede had I be / gon many a day  
And byth that word / down in hys bed he lay  
And Pandarus / ful sobyrly hym herd  
Tyl al was sayde / and than he thus answerde

My dere frend / yf I haue do for the  
In ony caas / godd wote it is me lyf  
And am as glad / as man of it may  
Godd helpe me so / but take it not agrief  
For loue of godd / beware of thys meschep  
That ther as noly brought art to thy blisse  
That thou thy self / ne cause it not to mysse

For of fortunes sharp aduersyte  
The worst kynde of infortune is thys  
A man to haue be in prosperyte  
And it remembre / when it passid is  
Thou art wyse ynoly / for why do not amys  
Be not to rakel / though thou sitte warme  
For yf thou do / certeyne it wyl the harme

Thou art at ease / hold the noly thering  
For al so sure / as redy ys euer fyre  
As grette a craft is / to kepe wel as wyne  
Brydle thy speche / and thy desire  
For worldly joye / holt not but by a wyre  
That preuyth wel / it brest alwey so oft  
For thy neede is / to worche wyle it is soft



Quod Troilus I hope / and god tofore  
My dre that I shal so me bere  
That in my gylt / ther shal nothyng be  
Ne I nyl do / as for to greeue be  
It nedyth not thys matre / oft to stee  
For wylst thou wel myn art / thou pandore  
Wyl god of thys / thou woldest speke me

Tho gan he tel hym / of hys glady nyght  
And what of hys art / dyed and sold  
And sayd stand / as I am trew knyght  
And by the feyth / I owe to god and yow  
I shyd it neuer / half so hote as now  
And ay the more / that desir me byteth  
To kene hys kiste / the more me delicteth

I not my self wylst / what it is  
But now I fele / a newe qualyte  
Ye al an other than I dyde on thys  
Pandore answerd / and sayd thus that he  
That ones may / in truene lasse be  
He feelith other wylst / that dare I sepe  
Than thys tyme / he hard of it first sepe

Thys is o word / for al thys Troilus  
Was neuer ful / to speke of thys matre  
And for to preyse / unto Pandarus  
The beaute of hys ryght lady dre  
And pandarus / to thynk and make hym dre  
Thys tale was allwey / span newe to begynne  
Tyl that the nyght / departyd from a tyme

Soone after thys / for that fortune it wolde  
Y comen was / the blyssful tyme slyde  
That Troilus was warned / that he shuld  
There he was erst / to seepe hys lady meete  
For whyle he fel / in joy hys art sleete  
And feythfully / gan alle the goddis brye  
And late se now / yf that he can be merite

And? holden was the fourme / and? al the wyse  
Of hyr compynge / and? eke of hye also  
As it was erse whypee nedyth not to deuyse  
But playnly / to the effect for to go  
In joye and? seurte / Pandarus hem elbo  
A bed? brought / whan hem both lese  
And? thus they be / in quyet and? in rest

That nedyth to polle / si h they ben met  
To aske of me yf they blyth were  
For yf it erse was wele / tho was it let  
A thowband? fold? / thys nedyth not to enquer  
Agon was every care / and? every feir  
And? both y wyse they kno? / and? so they wend?  
As moche joye / as hit may comprchend?

Thys is no lytel thyng / of for to say  
Thys passyth every / wyght / for to deuyse  
For eke of hem / can others lust okep  
Fellepe wher? that these clerke is wyse  
Commendyn so / ne may not here suffyse  
Thys joy man not / wryten be wryth ynk  
It passyth al that / ony hit may thynk

But quel day / so welalday the stounde  
Gan for to aproue / as they be signes finel  
For whypee hem thought / feelen dehis wound?  
So woos was hem / that chaungen gan they? hyl  
And? they began / to dyspyse al nely  
Callunge it trawour enuyous and? wote  
And? bittirly the day lyght they cote

- Quod? Troilus alas / noly am I ware  
That Pierre / and? the swyft stredis thre  
Whypee that dralben forth / the sonnes chare  
Han gon some bypath / in dyspyte of me  
That makyth it so soone / day to be  
And? for the sonne / hastyth hym thus to ryse  
Ne shal I neuer do ete hym sacryfise



But needis day / departe must hem soone  
And whan they speke doon was / & they chere  
They wyne anon / as they be wont to done  
And sette tyme / of metynge eft in feere  
And many a nyght they brouht in this manere  
And thus fortune / a tyme lade hem in Joye  
Crispe and eke / the kynges sone of Troye

In suffisaunce / in blys / and in synnynges  
Thys Troilus gan al hys lyf to lede  
He spendyth iustyth / and makyth festynge  
He yeuyth frely oft / and chaungyth weede  
And holt aboute hym / ay wythoute drede  
A world of folk / as cam hym wel of kynde  
The swiftest and the best / that he colde fynde

That such a Boye of hym / was and a steuene  
Thurgh out the world / of honour and largesse  
That it vp longe / to the pax of heuene  
And as in loue / he was in such gladnesse  
That in hys hert / he demyth as I gesse  
That ther nys ouer / in thys world at ease  
So wel as he / and thus gan loue hym please

The goodely lady &ounte / whiche th at kynde  
In ony other lady / had y set  
Can not the mountaunce / of a knot vnsynde  
About hys hert / of al Crispees net  
He was so natow / masked and y knet  
That it to vnde / on ony maner syde  
That wyl not be / for aught that may be syde

And by the hond / ful oft he wold take  
Thys pandarus / and in to the gardyn leede  
And such a feste / and such a proes make  
Hym of Crispe / and of hys wommankede  
And of hys beaute / eke wythouten drede  
It was an heuene / hys wordis for to here  
And than he wold synge / in thys manere

Love that of erth & see / hath in gouernaunce  
Love that hys selfe is / hath in heuenees hys  
Love that wyth / an hollow alpaunce  
Holt peoples Joynde as he leste hem gre  
Love that endueth / calve of companye  
And colples doeth / in Vertu for to dwelle  
Wyndy thys accord / that I haue told & telle

That / that the world / wyth feyth that is fialle  
Dyuerfith so hys secunde / concordynge  
That Elementis / that ben so dyscordable  
Holt in a bonde perpetuelly durynge  
That Phobus must / hys wyf day forth bynne  
And the moone haue lordship ouer the nyghtis  
Al thys doth Love al / serpede he hys myghtis

That that the see / greedy is to fyllen  
Conferpeth / to a certeyn ende so  
As floodes that so fresshly / they ne growen  
To dreche the erthe / and al for curme  
And yf that loue ought let / hys byrd go  
And that nolle feyeth / a sundre shold kepe  
And lost were al / that loue nolle holt to kepe

So wolde god that outours of kynde  
That wyth hys bond of loue / of hys Vertu lyst  
So sekeren hertis al / and fast bynde  
That from his bond / no wight out shuld wey wyse  
And hertis cold hem wolde / that he tlyse  
To make hem loue / and that hem lyst ay welbe  
On hertis fore / and kepe hem that ben trewe

In al needis / for the tounes were  
He was and ay fyrst / in hys armes dyght  
And certeynly / but yf that booke erre  
Saue Hector most dred / of ony wyght  
And thys entres / of hardynes and myght  
Come hym of loue / hys lady for to wyne  
That alerdy hys spryt so wythynne



And most of Vertu / and loue was hys specte  
And in dyspyte / had all wretchpynesse  
And doutles no neede / was hym beset  
To honour hym / that haddyn worthynesse  
And easen hym / that were in dysstresse  
And glady was / yf ony wyght wele ferde  
That louer was / when he it wyse and ferd

Forsooth to seyn / he lyste, held every wyght  
But yf he were / in loues hys scrupel  
I meane folkes / that ought he by ryght  
And ouer al thys / so wele wolde he crype  
Of sentment / and in so vncolde wyse  
Al hys away / that every louer thought  
That al was wele / what so he sayd or brought

And al though he come / of blood Royal  
Hym lyst not of pryde / at no wyght to cha  
Wengne he was / to cete in general  
For Respayr he gaue hym help / in every place  
Thus hold loue / yf he wold he hys grace  
That pryde and ire / enuy and auarice  
He gan to flece / and many another vice

Thou lady bryght / doughty to Dione  
Thy blind and wynged soone / dan Cupide  
Pollre susteyn eke / that by Ekeone  
In hys Pernafo / lysten for to abyde  
That ye thus ferre / haue dynd me to gypde  
I can nomore but say that ye wyl wende  
Yf he wold he ye for ay / wythouten ende

In tyme of trelbe / on salbyng wold he ride  
Or ellis hunt Ware. Wene on Epoun  
The smale bestis / lette he go beside  
And when that he come / rydynge to the tolon  
Ful oft hys lady / from the wyndolb down  
As fressh as falcon / comyth out of melbe  
Ful redy was hym / goodely to salebe

Nolb haue I yoll sayde / fully in my songe  
Effect and Joye / of Troplus seruyse  
Al be that ther was / some dyscase amonge  
As myn auctour / wyse to deuyse  
My thyrde booke / nolb ende I in this wyse  
And Troplus in lise / and in quyet  
So wyth Calseyde / his olde lady swete

Here Endeth the thyrde Booke

And foloweth the Fourth Booke





Here endeth the thyrd booke of Troylus

And here begynneth the prolog of the fourth  
booke

6 Not al to lytel wel albey the whyple  
Lastyng such ioye blessed & fortune  
That semeth trewest when she doth begyle  
And can to fooles so hyr song entune  
That she doeth hent & blent as traitour comune  
And when a bygght is from hir whele I throl  
Than laughyth she & maketh hym a molbe

From Troylus gan she hyr bygght face  
Albey to lye & took of hym none trede  
But cast hym clene al oute of hyr grace  
And on hyr whele she set vp Dyomed  
For whiche ryght now myn hert gynneth lende  
And now my penne alas with whiche I write  
Unaketh for drede of that I must endyte

For hold Treseyde Troylus forsoke  
Or at the lest hold that she was Unkynde  
Mote be hens forth mater of my booke  
As lysten folk thurgh whiche it is in mynde  
Alas that euer she shold cause fynde  
To speke hyr harm/ & yf they on hyr lye  
Plyys hem self shal haue the vylonye

O ye Herynes nyghtes daughters thre  
That endeles compleyne euer in payne  
Megera Allecto and eke Trespone  
Thou cruel mars eke fader to Cypryne  
This yll fourth booke helpe me to fyne  
Soo that the boos & boue and lye p fere  
Of Troylus be fully shelled here

Here endeth the prologe  
And begynneth the fourth booke



Pygmyng in host as I haue told or this  
e The greekes strong about Troy town  
Beset þ when phobus gan shyne þhis  
Upon the brest of hercules spoun  
That Hector with ful many a bold arrow  
Cast on a day with greekes for to fyght  
As he was wont to greue hem þe myght

Now I hold long or short it was byllowen  
This purpos & that day they fyght ment  
But on a day wel bryght & sheene  
With speer in hond & bygge bolles bent  
Hector & many a worthy knyght oute went  
And in the feldes anone withouten let  
Her foemen in the feld hem fast met

The long day with speeres sharp & grounde  
With arrowes/dartre/swordes/maces felle  
They fyght & byng hors & man to grounde  
And with theyr eyes oute the braynes quene  
But in the last shoute forth for to telle  
The folk of Troy hem self so mylledre  
That with þ were holdard at nyxt they fledde

At which day was taken Antenor  
Maugre Polydamas or Menestes  
Xandrys/Sarpedon/Palestynore  
Polytes or eke the Tropan Prylo  
And other lasse folk as Phobus  
Soe that for harm that day the folk of Troy  
Dudden to leese a greet part of theyr ioye

But netheles a truce was ther take  
At greekes request and tho they gan treat  
Of prysoners a chaunge for to make  
This thyng anone was couth in euery secte  
And for the surplus pouen sommes greet  
Bothe in the syge & Towne & euery wyte  
And with the fyrst it cam to Calcas tre

When Calcas knelbe the treaty's shold hold;  
In conceyting among grekes sene  
He gan in thyrng forth with lordes old  
And set hym there as he was wonte to done  
And with theyr chaungyng he had hem a sone  
For loue of god to do that reuerence  
To seynt noyse & geue hym audience

I han sayd he thus too lordes myn I was  
Troian as it is knolbe oute of drede  
And yf ye remembre I am Calcas  
That alther fyrst gaf comfort to yourre nede  
And told welc hols ye shold speke  
For dedeles thurgh yow shall in a sionde  
This Troy be brent & dawlben down to grounde

And in what fourme / & in what maner wyse  
This toun to shende / & al yourre luse to achue  
Ye haue or thys me herd wel deuyse  
Thre knolben ye my lordes as I haue  
And for the grekes were me so leue  
I come my self in my proper persone  
To treis in this what ye were best to done

Haupng vpon my trespas ne my rent  
Ryght no respect to respect of yourre case  
Thus al my good I lefte & to yow went  
Wenng in this my lordes yow to please  
But al this losse doth me no dysple  
I wocksauf as myself haue I ioye  
For yow to lese al that I haue in Troye

Sauf of a daughter that I left alas  
Sleepng at home when oute of Troye I stert  
O ferne & cruel fader that I was  
Dow-myght I haue in that so hard an ert  
Alas I ne had brought hys in my shert  
For sorow of which I wol no leue to morow  
But yf ye lordes telve vpon my sorow



For by that cause I salbe no tyme or nold  
Hyr to delyuere hold I haue my pees  
But nold or neuer yf it lyke yow  
I may hyr haue ryght sone douteles  
O helpe & grace among al this pees  
Keepe on me old Carpyf here in dysces  
Synth I for yow haue al this heupnes

Ye haue nold caught & fettered in prysoun  
Troians ynold / & yf your wyll be  
My childe with one may haue redempcyon  
Nold for the loue of god & of your hounte  
One of so frele alas so yue hym me  
What neede were this prayer for to berne  
Synth ye shal haue both toun & folk as yerne

On peryl of my lyf I shal not lye  
Apollo hath me told it feythfully  
I haue it found eke by astronomye  
By sort by angury eke trewely  
And dare wel say the tyme is fast by  
That fyre & flame on al the toun shal sprede  
And thus shal Troy tornen in to ashen dede

For ceresyne plutus & neptunus bothe  
That maden the wallys of the toun  
Ben with folk of Troye nold so brothe  
They wyll eft bring it to confusyon  
Ryght for dyspyte of kyng Laomedon  
By cause he nold paye hem for huyre  
The toun shal yet be set on a fyre

Tellyng his tale allwey thys old grey  
Humble in speche / & in his lokyng eke  
The salt trees from his eyen llyke  
Ful fast wone doune by eyther cheke  
So long he gan of socour hem byscke  
That for to hele hym of his syghes sore  
They pafe hym Anthenore withouten more

But who was glad ynow but Calcas tho  
And of al thyng ful sone is leyde  
On hem that shold for the treatye gone  
To bring hem kyng Thoas & Cresyde  
And hem for Antenor ful ofte preyde  
And when Pryamus his sauf gard sent  
The Ambassadours ful strenght to Troy went

The cause told of theyr comyng/ the old  
Pryamus kyng ful sone in general  
Do here vpon his parlement to hold  
Of whiche the effect wretten yow I shal  
The Ambassadours ben ansuerd for fynal  
The chaunge of prysoners & al this dede  
Hem lyketh wel & so they forth procede

This Troilus was present in the place  
When asked was for Antenor & Cresyde  
For whiche ful soone chaunged he his face  
As he that with tho wordys ful myght deyde  
But netheles he no word to it seyde  
With mannes hert he gan his sorowle dreyne  
Lest men shold his affectyoun aspre

And ful of anguysshe & of lepy drede  
Abode what other lordes wolde sey  
And yf they wol graunt as god forkede  
The chaunge of hir than thouzt he thynges they  
Fyrst for to saue hir honour & what they  
He myght best the chaunge of hir wythstonde  
Ful fast he cast/hold al this thyng myzt stonde

Loue hym made al prest to make hir hyde  
Or rather dye than she shold go  
But woful hym sayde on that other syde  
Without assent of hir ne do not so  
Lest thold hir wrath/ & she than be thy foo  
And say that thurgh thy medlyng is y sholwe  
Your bother loue there it was erst vnknowe



For which he gan despyren to the best  
That though the lordes wold that she went  
He wold lette hem graunt what hem best  
And telle his lady first what they ment  
And when that she had sayd hym hyr entent  
Therafter wold he werke/also hepyre  
Though al the world agayne it wolde styre

Hector which that ryght wel the grettes herd  
For Antenor hold they wolde haue excorde  
Gan it wythstonde & so bruely answered  
Spre she nys no prysoner he seide  
I not on yow who this charge seide  
But on my partye may chesone hem telle  
We be not here no wymmen for to selle

The noyse of the peple vp stert than al at ones  
As breue as blase of seralbe set a fyre  
For infortune it wold for the nones  
They shold theyr consusyon desyre  
Hector quod they what gost may yow enspyre  
This woman thus to sheld/and do be lese  
Daune Antenor a wrong they nold ge chese

That is so wyse & so bold a baroun  
And we haue nede of folk as men may see  
He is eke one of the grettest of this towne  
Saue Hector/lete tho fantasies be  
Of kyng Pryamus quod they thus seye we  
That al oure hope is to forgo excorde  
And to delyuere Antenor they preyde

O iuuenal lord ful soth is thy sentence  
That lytel wyten folk what is to yerne  
That they ne fynde in hyr desyre offence  
For colld of errour lette hem to dyscerne  
What best is/soo here ensample as yerne  
This folk desyre nold delyuemunt  
Of Antenor that brought hem to myschaunce

For he was after trespour to the toun  
Of Troy alas they quyte hym oute to withe  
O nyx world so thy dyscrepoun  
Cresyde whiche that neuer dyd hem skathe  
Shal nold no lenger in her blyffe bathe  
But Antenor that come home to towne  
And she that oute / thus al they sayde & folwe

For whiche delpyerd was by parlement  
For Antenor to geuen oute Cresyde  
And it pronouncd by the presyent  
And though that Hector nay ful ofte preyde  
That fynally what Wyght that it wythseyde  
It was for nought it must be & shold  
For substaunce of the parlement it wold

Departed oute of parlement echone  
This Troilus withoute wordes moo  
In to his chambre sped hym fast alone  
But yf it were a man of his or two  
The whiche he had oute fast to goo  
By cause he wold slepe as he seyde  
And hastily vpon his bed hym leyde

And as in wynter leues sen y raft  
Eche after other tyl the tree be bare  
So that there nys but braunche & bark y last  
Ryght so Troilus byraft of eche wel fare  
I found within with bondys of care  
Dysposed wood oute of his wyt to breyde  
So sore hym sat the chaungyng of Cresyde

He ryst hym vp / and euery dore he shet  
And wyndolbe eke / & tho this sorowful man  
Vpon his beddes syde doune hym set  
Ful lyke a dede ymage pale & wan  
And in his brest the hepyd wo began  
Oute brest & he brought in this wyse  
In his wodenesse as I shal yow deuyse



Right as the world bode begynneth spring  
Glow here now there dartyd to the hart  
And of his deeth with in complaining  
Right so gan he aboute his chamber sett  
Emptyng his brest ay with his fystes smerte  
His herte to walke his body to the ground  
Ful of a he swappd hym self to confound

His eyen also for pite of his hert  
Out sturmedyn as swyft welles steyn  
The hys solowys of his sorowful smart  
His speche hym self / Durethys myght he sey  
O deeth alas why nyl thou do me dey  
Aursyd he that day which that nature  
Shope me to be a lynes creature

But after when the fure g al this rage  
Which that his hert swyft g fast thurst  
By length of tyme somwhat gan aswage  
Open his bed he leyd hym doune to rest  
But tho bygan his fere more oute brest  
That wonder is the body may suffre  
To half this wo which that I yow depre

Then seyde he Thus fortune alas the wo  
What haue I doo / what haue I thus agayn  
Hold myght thou for woldst me depre  
Is there no grace / e that I thus be fayne  
What thus Crespe for that thou wylt  
Alas hold mayst thou in thy hert fynde  
To be to me thus cruel g Enkynde

Haue I the not honoured al my lyue  
As thou wylt boost aboute the goddes al  
Why wylt thou thus from ioye me depreue  
O Troylus what may men now the calle  
But wretche of wretches oute of honour falle  
In to mysery which I wylt bewayne  
Crespe alas tyl that the bryth me fayne

Alas fortune yf that my lpf in ioye  
Dyspleyd had vnto thy folde enemye  
Why ne haddest thou my fader kyng of Troye  
Gyft the lpf or do my furtheren dye  
Or slayn my self that thus compleyne & crye  
I combe world that may of no thyng feare  
But alwey dye and neuer fully serue

If that Cresseide alone were last  
Nought nought wherward thou woldest steere  
And hee alas thou hast me bereft  
But euermore so this is thy manere  
To true a wyght so that is to hym deere  
To prync in that thy gyfteful dysolence  
Thus am I lost there helpe no defence

O happy god / O houe / O god alas  
That knowest best myn hert & al my thought  
What shal my sorrowful lpf doo in this case  
If I forgo that I so deere haue bought  
Synth ye Cresseide & me fully haue brought  
In to your grace & both our hertes sealed  
How may ye suffer in lesse it be willed

What shal I do while I may dure  
As lyue in turment / & in cruel payne  
Thus Infortune or thys dysauenture  
Alone as I was borne I wyl compleyne  
Ne neuer wil I seeke shyne or cryne  
But euer wyl I as Egypte in darkness  
Lede my sorrowful lpf & lyue in dyscesse

O happy gost that cryst to & fro  
Why nylt thou flee oute of the wofullest  
Body that euer myght on ground go  
O soule lurking in this woful nest  
Flee fer oute of myn hert or it burst  
And folowe alwey Cresseide thy lady deere  
Thy ryght place is now no longer here



This pandarus ful dede & pale of helpe  
Ful pytously answered & sayde this  
As wysly were it fairs as it is trewe  
That I haue herd & bothe hold it is  
O mercy god who wold haue trolled thys  
Who wold haue wend that in so lytel a throlde  
Fortune our ioye wold haue ouerthrolde

For in this world there nys no creature  
As to my dome that euer salbe myne  
Stronger than this though was or auenture  
But who may al eschelbe or al deuyne  
Suche is this / for thy I thus dysfayne  
That trust no wyght to fynd in fortune  
A ppyrre / hyr yestes ben comune

But telle me this why art thou now so mad  
To sorow thus why lyste thou now in this wise  
Synth thy desyre al holy thou hast had  
So that by ryght it ought ynow suffyse  
But I that neuer felt in my seynse  
Or frendely chere or lokyng of an eye  
Late me thus lere and wayle tyl I dye

And ouer al this as thou wost wel thy self  
This towne is ful of ladies al aboute  
And doo my dome fayrer than suche thyself  
As euer she was shal I fynde in some route  
Ye one or ilbo Withoute ony doute  
For thy be glady myn olde broder  
If she be lost we shal fynde another

What god forfede alwey that suche plesance  
In one thyng were & in none other wyght  
If one can synge / another can wel daunce  
If this be goodly / she that is glad & lyght  
And thys is fayre & that can goodly aright  
Eche for his vertu holden is ful dre  
Both heroune & Faucon for the Ryuer

And eke as thryft Zaurye that was ful wise  
The nelve oute chaspyth ofte the olo  
And vpon nelve was lyeth nelve aduys  
Thynk eke thy lyf to saue thou art hold  
Suche fyre by proesse shal be kepy cold  
For syth it nys but casuel plesaunce  
Somme was shal put oue of remembraunce

For why sure is/as day cometh after nyght  
Pe nelve loue labour or other woo  
Or elles seying of another wyght  
Done al affectyons sone ouer go  
And for thy part/thou shalt haue one of tho  
To abredge with thy bytter wyne's smert  
Absence of hyr shal dryue it oute of hert

These wordes sayd he for the nones alle  
To helpe his frend lest he for sorow deye  
For doubtles to doo his woo to falle  
He wought not what vnthyft he seide  
But Troplus that ny for sorow deye  
Took lytel hede of al that cur he ment  
One ere it herd/& at that other it oute went

But at the last he answered & sayde frend  
This leue craft/or seled thus to be  
Were wel sytting yf that I were a frend  
To tray a wyght that trewe is vn to me  
I pray god lete this counseyl neuer y the  
But do me rather nolle steruen be  
Or I thus doo as thou woldest me lete

She that I serue ydye so what thou sey  
To whome myn hert enshypt is by ryght  
Shal haue me holy here tyl that I deye  
For Pandare syth I hyr trouthe tehyght  
I wyl not be vntrewe for no wyght  
But as hyr man I wyl ay lyue & sterue  
And neuer other creatur serue



And there thou sayst thou shalt as faye fynde  
As she late be make no comparyson  
To creature y fowmed lyke hyt by kynde  
O lyf pandare in conclusyon  
I wyl not be of thyng oppynoun  
Touchyng al thys/for why/I the bysech  
Holt, thy pree thou sleese me with thy speche

Thou bydest me I shold loue another  
Al fresshly welbe & late & respyde goo  
It lyeth not in my wolber lyf broder  
And yf I myght yet wol I not do soo  
But thou canst pleyse Raker to & fro  
Nelle in dole out nolle this nolle that pandare  
Nolle folde fülle hyt/for thy wo that care

Thou farrist eke by me thou pandarus  
Ne be that when a wyght is wo bygone  
He comyth to hym a pas/& sayd ryght thus  
I hynde not on smert & thou shalt fele none  
Thenne must I fyrst transmue vnto a stone  
And reue me my passyons alle  
Or thou so lyghly do my wo to fülle

My deeth may wel oute of my breste departe  
Thy lyf so long may thys sowle be myne  
But fro my soule shal & respyde darte  
Oute neuermore but dwyne with Proserpyne  
When I am dede I wol goo wone in pyne  
And there I wyl eternally compleyne  
My woo/& than abyynned be the tiberne

Thou hast here made an argument forpyne  
Holt that it shold a lesse pyne be  
& respyde to for go/for she was myne  
And lyue in ease & in felycyte  
Why gabblest thou that saydest thus to me  
That hym is woe that is from wele I thow  
Than be that neuer had of wele y know

But telle me nowd / syth ye thynk so byght  
To chaungen so in loue to a fre  
Why ne haddest thou do lesply thy myght  
To chaunge hyr that doth the al thy wo  
Why nyl thou lette hyr from thyh lert goo  
Why nyl thow loue another lady swete  
That myght set thyh lert in quyte

If thou hast had in loue anyt myschaunce  
And canst it not oute of thyh lert dryue  
I that lured in luse & in vlesauce  
With hyr as moche as creature on lyue  
Thow shold I that forgete / & that so blyue  
Too lute hast thou be hyd so long in melbe  
That canst so wele loue / not a guelbe

May nay god wote nouzt woth is al thy rede  
For which / for what that euer may byfalle  
Withoute wordys moo I wyl be dede  
O deth that ender art of sorowes alle  
Come nowd syth I so ofte after the calle  
For happy is that deth soothly to seyne  
That oft I cleped com:th & endeth weyne

Wel wote I whyle my lpf was in quyte  
Or thou me sholde / I wold haue reuen hyre  
But nowd thy compny is to me so swete  
That in thys world I no thyng so desyre  
O deth syth with this world I am a fyre  
Thow offer do me anon in tress drench  
Or with thy cold secke myh lert quench

Syth that thou sleepest so many in sondry wyse  
Agynst thet wyl vnprayed day & nyght  
Doo nowd at my request this seuple  
Delouer nowd the world so dost thou ryght  
Of me that am the sorowfullest wyght  
That euer was for tyme that I seue  
Syth in this world of ryght nouzt may I seue



Thus Troilus in terys gan dystylle  
As lycoure oute of a lemysh ful fast  
And Pandarus gan hold his tonge styll  
And to the ground his eyen doune he cast  
But netheles thus thought he at the last  
What parde rather than my felalbe dey  
Yet shal I somwhat more vnto hym sey

And sayde frend? syth thou hast such dystresse  
And? syth the lyst myn argumentes to blame  
Why myght thy self help to redresse  
And with thy manhode letten al thy game  
To myssse hyr ne canst thou not for shame  
And? oltther lette hyr oute of Colbne face  
Or hold hyr styll/ & leue thy nyce face

Art thow in Troye & hast none hardyment  
To take a woman whiche that loueth the  
And wold hyr self be of thyne assent  
Nolw is not thys a nyce banysse  
Ryse vp anone & lette thy wepyng be  
And? syth thou art a man/ for in this houre  
I wyl be dede or she shal be styll oure

To this ansuerd hym Troilus ful soft  
And? sayde parde yeue broder dere  
Al thys haue I my self thought ful ofte  
And? more thyng than thou deuysest here  
But why it is last thou shalt wel here  
And? when thou hast me yeue audyence  
Therafter mayst thow telle thy sentence

First þ wost sith this toun hath al this weire  
For maysshyng of a woman by nyght  
It shold? not be suffred? me to erre  
And? it stant nolw / ne do not so grete vnyght  
I shold also haue blame of euery wyght  
My faders graunt ys I so wythstood?  
Syth she is chynged? for the tounes good

I haue eke thought / syth it were hyr assent  
To aske hyr of my fader / at his grace  
Than thynk I this it were hyr accusment  
Syth wele I wote I may hyr not purchace  
For syth my fader in so hye a place  
As parlement hath hyr eschaunge ensealed  
He nyl for me his litters be repled

Yet drede I moost her hert to perturbe  
With violence yf I doo such a game  
For yf I wold it openly dysturbe  
It must be dysclaunder vnto hyr name  
And me were leuer dye than hyr defame  
As nold god but yf I shold haue  
Hyр honoure as lyf as my lyf to saue

Thus am I lost for ought that I can see  
For certeyn is / syth I am hyr knyght  
I must hyr honoure leuer saue than me  
In euery case as loue ought of ryght  
Thus am I with desyre & reason tlyght  
Desyre hyr to dystourke / ay me wedyth  
And reason nyl not / so my hert dredyth

This wepyng quod he wuthe neuer sece  
He sayd alas how shal I wretche fare  
For wele fele I allwey my loue encreace  
And hope is lasse and lasse / allway pandare  
Encrece eke the causes of my care  
So wel alwey why nel myn hert breste  
For as in loue is ther but lytel rest

Pandare ansuerd / Frend / how mayst for me  
Do as the lyst / but had I it so hote  
And thynne estate / she shold go with me  
Though al this toun cryed on this thing by note  
I nolde not set at al the noyse a grote  
For when me haue wel cryed tha wil they coune  
Eke wonder lasteth / but nyne dayes in twayne



Dyupne not in reason/ay so depe  
Ne curpoussly/but help thy self anone  
Yet is that other/than thy self lyepe  
And namely syth ye lye be al one  
Kyse vp for by my lye/she shal not gone  
And rather be in blame a lytel scounde  
Than sturue hie/as gnat withoute bolde

It is no shame vnto yow no byr  
Byr to withold that yow buyth most  
Parauenture she myght hold yow for nyr  
To lette byr go to the garkes houe  
Thynk eke for as welk thy seluen most  
Helppth an hardy man to his empyse  
And slepyth fow wylde for theyr colbardyse

And though thy lady wold a lytel byr grue  
Thow shalt thy self thy wres hantar make  
Wut as for me ardyn I can not leue  
That she wyl noly as yt for euyl take  
Why shold than for fere thy lert quak  
Thynk holt y parpe whiche y is thy broder  
A lue hath lbonne why not thow another

And? Troylus one thyng I dare the sware  
That yf Cressyde whiche that is thy lert  
Noly buyth the as welk/as thou doest lert  
God help me so/she nyl not take a gref  
Though thou do lert/anone in thye meschert  
And? yf she wyl allwey from the passe  
Than is she fals/so lue byr welk the lasse

For thy take lert/ & thynk ryght as a knyght  
Thurgh lue is broke/al day euery salbe  
Ryth noly somwhat thy courage/ & thy myght  
Haue mercy on thy self for ony albe  
Lete not wretchyd? woo/thy lert gnalbe  
We manly sette the world? at syre & sciene  
And yf thow dye a martir goo to sciene

I wyl my self be with the. al this dede  
Though I e al my kynne vpon a stounde  
Shold in the sette as dogges lyggen dede  
Thurgh gyt with many a wyde e bddy wode  
In euery cas I wyl a frende be founde  
And yf the lyfe here sterus as a wretche  
Noght the deupl speke hym that wretche

This Troylus gan with tho wordys quyen  
And sepe frend/gramercy I assent  
But certaynly thow mayst not so me pryken  
Ne payne none /may not me so turment  
That for no cas /it is not myn entent  
At short wordes /though I dre shold  
To maystte her /but yf her self wold

Myght so mene I quod Pandarus al this day  
But telle me than /hast thow hir wele assayed  
That so woldest thus /and he answered nay  
Wherof art thow quod Pandarus so dismaide  
That nyste not /yf she wyl be wele apayde  
To maystte her syth thou hast not be there  
But yf that Ioue told it in thyng ere

For thy ryls vp /as though ne were anone  
And wasste thy face /e to the kyng thou wete  
Or he may wonder /wheder thow art gone  
Thow must with wylfedom hym e other blende  
Or vpon cas he may after the sende  
Or thow be ware e shortly broter dere  
Be glad /e let me worke in this matere

For I shal shap it soo that spkerly  
Thow shalt this myght somtyme in som manere  
Come speke with thy lady pryncely  
And by her wordes e eke by her chere  
Thow shalt wel sone perceyue e here  
Al her entent /e of this cas the best  
And fare wel wele for in this poynt I rest



The myghty fame which that fals thynges  
Egally reporteth lyke thynges tolde  
Was thurgh our Troy fled with trust thynges  
From man to man & made the tale al newe  
Holt Calcas daughter with her bright hewe  
At parliament without wordes more  
Y graunted was in chaunge of Antenor

The which tale anone as Cresseid  
Had herd as she that of her fader wought  
As in this cas right nought/ne when he dide  
Ful hely to Junyter besought  
Peue hym myschaunce that this treacher wrount  
But shortly lest this tale soth were  
She durst of no thyght aske for fear

As she that her hart & al her mynde  
On Troilus y set was so wonder fast  
That al this world ne myght her love unkynde  
Ne Troilus oute of her hart cast  
She wyl be his wyple hit lye may last  
And thus she brennyth both in love & drede  
Soe that she myste what was to rede

But as men see in Tolbne al aboute  
That wymmen be frendes to dyspote  
Soe to Cresseid of wymmen come a tolbe  
For pyuous ioye/& wende her dyspote  
And with theire tales dreynold ampte  
These wymmen which that in the cyte dwelle  
They sette hem doune & seide as I shal telle

Quod fyrst that one I am glad to helpe  
By cause of polbe y shal polbe fader see  
Another sayd ylys so am not I  
For al to speke hath she with be be  
Quod the the thyrde/I hope ylys that she  
Shal crynge be pres on every spece  
That when she goth/almighty god her guyde

The wordes & the womanly thynges  
She herd ryght as she thens were  
For god wote hyr hert on other thyng is  
Al though the body sat among hem there  
Hyr audyence is allwey elles where  
For Troilus ful fast hyr soules sought  
Withouten word allwey on hym she thought

These wymmen that thus wenden hyr to please  
About nought gan al these tales spende  
Suche knyghte ne can hyr do non ease  
As she that al this mene wyyle brende  
Of other passyoun than they wende  
So that she felt al moost hyr hert dre  
For woo & wery of that companye

For which no longer myght she wescryue  
The terys so they gan by to welle  
That pouen spynes of the hertter pyne  
In which hyr spryde was & muste duelle  
Remembryng hyr from trewe m to lile  
She fallen was syn she forgoth the syght  
Of Troilus / & sorrowfully she syght

And thylk foolys that saten aye aboute  
Wend that she so wept & syghed for  
By cause that she shold oute of that route  
Depart & pleye neuer with hem more  
And they that had knowen her of yore  
Salve hyr so wepe / & thought it kyndenesse  
And ech of hem wept for hyr dyscesse

And besyde they gan hyr comfort  
Of thyng god wote on which she lytel thowzt  
And with hyr tales wenden hyr dysport  
And to be glad they often hyr besought  
But such an ease they hir therewith brought  
Ryght as a man is esed for to fele  
For ache of hede to clalve hym on the hele



But after al thys nyght  
They taken hyr leue/ & home they wenten alle  
Circelyde ful of sorowful pyte  
In to the chambere by oute of the halle  
And on hyr bygan for deed gan to falle  
In purpos thens neuer for to rylle  
And thus she brought as I shal telle drylle

Her yelbe ster that sonnysshe was of hys  
She went/ and eke hyr fyngers longe & smale  
She wrong ful oft/ & had god on hyr wylle  
And with hyr deeth to doo toke on hyr tale  
Hyf selbe whylome so bright/ tho was pale  
Waxe bytynesse of hyr wo/ and hyr consternyng  
And thus she spak sobbysng in hyr complenyng

Alas quod she oute of this Reggoun  
I woful wretche & Infortuned wyght  
And borne in cursyd consoillacyoun  
More goo/ and thus departe fro my knyght  
Wo worth alas that ylle dayes lycht  
On which I salbe fyrst with eyen telyne  
That causyth me & hym al this payne

Therbyth the terys from her eyen flow  
Droune hyl as sholure in apyl doth stowthe  
Hyf whyte best she kere/ and for the wo  
After the deeth she cryed a thousand sythe  
Syth he that wont hyf wo was to lythe  
She more forgoe/ for such dysauenture  
She held hyf self a forlost creature

She sayde hold that he do & I also  
Hold that I lyue yf I from hym shynne  
O derer hert eke that I loue so  
Who shal that sorowbe ster that ye ben ynne  
O Calas fader thyn be al thys synne  
O moder myn that cleped art Argue  
Woo worth that day thowd hure me & lyue

To what fyne hold? I lye/and sorowe thus  
Holt hold a fyffe withoute water dure  
What is Ersepe worth from Troilus  
Holt hold a plant or lyes creature  
Lye withoute his kyndely nature  
For whiche ful oft a byword here I seye  
That wyles more gane sone deye

I shal doo thus wth none other swerd ne dart  
Dare I none stande for the aucte  
That yll day I more from yow depart  
If sorow of that wyl not my lye be  
Than shal no mete ne drynke come in me  
Till my sorow oute of my breste vnshetle  
And thus my self wyl I do to dethe

And Troilus my clothes euerychone  
Shal black be in taryng hert swete  
That I am as oute of this world agone  
I wylt was yow to sette in quyte  
And of myn ordre ay tyl de th me mete  
The obseuaunce euer in your absence  
Shal sorow be compleynt & abstinence

Myn hert & eke the woful ghost thern  
Wyqueth I wylt your spryte to compleyne  
Eternally for they shal neuer thyn  
For though in erth I thynned be the thynne  
Yet in the fold of yte oute of wyne  
That hyght Elysos/shal be ben in fere  
As Orpheus is wylt Eadyce his fere

Thus hert myn/for Anthenore alas  
I soone shal be chaungyd as I wene  
But how shal ye do noll in thys cas  
Holt shal your sorowful hert it sustene  
But hert myn forgete this sorow & tene  
And me also/for sothly for to seye  
So ye fare wele/I recke not to deye



Holw' euer myght y wedde be or songe  
The pleynt that she made in hyr dyscrepse  
I not but as for me my lytel tonge  
If I descryue wold hyr trouynesse  
It shold make hyr sorowbe seme lesse  
Than that was & chylde's deface  
Hyre hye compleynt/ & therfor I lete it pace

Pandare whiche that sent was for Troylus  
Unto Creseyde as ye haue herd deuyse  
That for the best it was accorded thus  
And he ful glad to do hym that seruyse  
Unto Creseyde in a ful seere wyse  
There as she lay in turment & in rage  
Come hyr to telle al holly his message

And fonde that she hyr self gan to trete  
Ful pytously/ for with hyr salt tees  
Hyre brest/ hyr face y bathed was ful wete  
The myghty tressys of hyr sonny's herys  
Conbroyded? hyng al aboute hyr eres  
Whiche pafe hym teray sygne of mayere  
Of deeth whiche that hyr hert gan desyre

When she hym salbe she gan for sorowbe anone  
Hyre woful face hylweye hyr armes hyde  
For whiche this pandarus is so wo hygone  
That in the holbe he myght vnnethe abyde  
As he that pyte felt on euery syde  
For yf Troylus had erst compleyned sore  
Than gan she pleyne a thousand tymes more

And in hyr asper playnt thus she sayde  
Pandare fyrst of ioyes mo than tibo  
Was cause causyng Unto me Creseyde  
That nold transmuted ben in cruel wo  
Whether shal I say welcome to yow or no  
That altherfyre me brought in to seruyse  
Of loue alas that endeth in such wyse

Endyth than loue in wo/pe or men lyeth  
And al worldly blyffe/as thynketh me  
Tend of blyffe/ay sorowe it occupieth  
And who so troweth that it not so be  
Let hym vpon my woful wretche see  
That my self hate/and my byrth curs  
Felyng allwey fro lyk I good to lours

Who soo me seeth/seeth sorowes al at ones  
Oryue woo/peyne/turment and dysresse  
Out of my woful body harme ther ynough is  
As anguysshe/langour/cruel bytternesse  
Annoy smert/drede fury and eke syknesse  
I trowe ylys from heuene tres wyne  
For pyte of myn asper cruel peyne

And thow my suster/ful of dyscomfort  
Quod pandarus what thynkest thou to do  
Why ne hast thou to thy self for report  
Why wilt thou thus/alas thy self for doo  
Leue al this/and take noli hede to  
That I shal say and serkene in good entent  
This which by me thy Troylus the sent

Turnyd the Cressyde a woo making  
So grette that deth it was to see  
Alas she sayde/what wordes may ye bring  
What wyl my deere hert sey to me  
Which that I drede neuermore to see  
Wyl he haue pleynt or terys or I wende  
I haue ynolde yf he therafter sende

She was ryght such to see in hys visage  
As is that wyght that men on hert fynde  
His face lyke of paradise the ymage  
Was al ychaunged in to another kynde  
The pleyr the laughter men were wont to fynde  
On hys/eke hys ioyes euerichone  
Ben fled/and thus lyeth Cressyde alone



Aboute hyr eyen tbo/a proper ryng  
Extant in sothfast token of hyr payne  
That to byhold it was a dedely thyng  
For whiche pandare myght not reserue  
The terys from his eyen for to wepe  
But netheles as he list myght he sepe  
From Troylus these wordes vnto Ersepe

Too nere I trolbe ye haue herd al holl  
The kyng with other lordes for the best  
Hath made a chaunge for Antenor & polb  
That cause is of this sorowbe & vntrest  
But holl this cas doth/Troylus moleste  
That may none erthely mannes tonge sepe  
As he that shortly shapeth hym to depe

For whiche we haue so sorowbed both he & I  
That in to lytel/both it hath vs stalbe  
But thurgh my counseyl thys day fynally  
He somwhat is fro wepyng noll withdraue  
And semyth me that he despyeth falbe  
With polb to be al nyght for to deupe  
Remedy of this yf there be ony wyse

This is short & pleyne theeffect of my message  
As ferforth as my lyt can comprehend  
For that ye be of turment in such a rage  
Ye maye to no long prolog as noll entende  
And? heupon ye must ansuer hym sende  
And for the loue of god my nere dere  
So leue this booe or Troylus come here

Grette is my booe quod? she/and syghed sore  
As she that felth dethe's sharp distresse  
But yet to me his sorow is moche more  
That loue hym bet than he him self I gesse  
Alas for me hath he such heynesse  
Can he for me so pitously compleyne  
Wyth hys sorowbe doublyth al my payne

Greuous for me god wote/is for to llypne  
Quod she/but god wote harder is to me  
To see that sorowbe whiche that he is inne  
For wel I wote it wol my hane be  
And dre I byl in certeyne quod she  
But hyd hym com/or deth that thus me threteth  
Dryue out þ ghost/whiche in myn hert tetheth

These wordes sayde she on hyr armes tbo  
fulgais/and gan to wepe pytously  
Quod pandarus alas why doo ye soo  
Synth wele ye wote/the tyme is fast by  
That he shal come arysse vp hastily  
That he bylbowen thus polb nolv fynde  
But ye wol haue hym wode out of his mynde

For byst he ye ferd in thys manere  
He wold hym self slee/ys I wende  
To haue this fare/he shold not come herte  
For al the good that Priamus may dyspende  
For to what fyne he wold anone prettende  
That knolbe I wele/z therfor yet I sey  
Soo lette this sorowbe/or platly he byl dey

And shapynth polb his sorowb to abredge  
And not to encrece lyes next swete  
We rather to hym of flat than edge  
And with som wysedom ye his sorowbe kete  
What helpeth it to wepe ful a sterre  
Or though ye bothe in salt tere dreynt  
Bet is a tyme of cure than of compleynt

I mene as when I hyder hym byng  
Synth ye ken wyse z of one assent  
Soo shapynth holt to dystourbe youre goyng  
Or come ageyn sone/after ye be went  
Wymmen ken wyse in short auysement  
And late see nolv youre wyrt holt shal auayle  
And that I may help shal not fayle



So quod Ersepe & Bucle twelvel  
I shal do al my myght me to restyre ne  
From wepyng in his syght / & besyde  
Hym for to glade I shal do my payne  
And in my hert seke euery kyne  
Yf to his sore there may be founde salue  
It shal not lack certeyn in my behalve

Goth Pandarus / & Troilus he sought  
Tyl in a Temple he fond hym al alone  
As he that of his lyf nomore wought  
But to the pytous goddes enerychone  
Ful tenderly he prayde & made his mone  
To doo hym soone / oute of this world pace  
For wele he thought ther was none other grace

And shortly al the sothe to sey  
He was so falle in despayr that day  
That bitterly he shope for to dey  
For ryght thus was his argument alway  
He sayd I am but born so wele alway  
For al that cometh / cometh by necessity  
Thus to be born it is my destiny

For certeynly this boke I wel he seyde  
That forsyght of dyuine puruauce  
Hath seen me allwey to forgoo Ersepe  
Synth god seeth euery thyng oute of doubtance  
And hem dysposyth after his ordynaunce  
In hert meryte sothly for to be  
As they shal come by predestyne

But netheles alas whome shal I leue  
For there ben clerkes many one  
That deservue thurgh argumentes proue  
And som seyn that nedely ther is none  
But that fre choyse is poue to euerychone  
O wele alwey so fly are clerkes old  
That I note whos oppynyon I may hold

For som seyn that god seeth al byfore  
And god may not be deſayued parde  
Than mote it falle/though men had it ſworn  
That purueaunce hath ſeen aſorn to be  
Wherefore I ſaye that from eterne yf he  
Hath wiſt byfore or thought eke al oure dedes  
We haue no free choyſe as theſe clerkys wryte

For nother thought ne other dede alſo  
Myght neuer be /but ſuche as purueaunce  
Whiche may not be deſayued neuer mo  
Hath felt byfore withoute ignorance  
For yf ther myght be a ſarpounee  
To worchen oure from goddes purueyng  
There were no preſence of thyng comyng

But it were in her an oppynyon  
Conſtydant/ & not certeyn ſeyng  
And certis that there an abuſyon  
That god ſhould haue no partycle cleere wrytyng  
More than the men that haue doutous wrytyng  
But ſuche an errour vpon god to geſſe  
Were falſe & folke & curſyd wylkedneſſe

And this is eke an oppynyon of ſome  
That haue theyr to pful hye/ & ſmoth y ſhow  
They ſay ryght thus that thyng is not to come  
For that preſence hath ſeyn it byfore  
That it ſhal come/ but they that therfore  
That it ſhal come/ therfor the purueaunce  
Wote it byfore withoute ignoraunce

And in this manere this neceſſyte  
Requeth in his part contrary ageyn  
For needfully behoueth it not be  
That thyllk thynges falle in certeyn  
That ben purueyd/ but nedely as they ſeyn  
Behoueth it that thynges whiche that falle  
That they in certeyn ben purueyd alle



I mene as though I laboured me in this  
To enquire wiche thyng/ of wiche thing cause be  
As whether that the prescience of god is  
The certayne cause of the necessite  
Of thynges that to come be parte  
Or yf necessite of thyng comyng  
Be cause certeyn of the puttyng

But now enforce I me not in sheldyng  
How the ordre of causes stant/ but wel wot I  
That it bysheweth that the byfalling  
Of thynges wyl be byfore certeynly  
When necessary/ al seme it not ther by  
That prescience put fallyng necessary  
Of thyng to come/ falle they folde or faye

For yf ther spt a man ponde on a see  
Than by necessite behoueth it  
That wyl be thyng oppynon soothly be  
That wyl be e comectyde that he spt  
And furthermore ayenward yet  
Doo ryght so it is of the parte contrarie  
As thus be shewen/ for I wyl not tane

I sey yf the oppynon of the  
Be soth for that he spt/ than say I thus  
That he mote spt by necessite  
And thus necessary in eyther is  
For in hym nede of syttyng is  
And in the nede of soth/ e thus forsothe  
There mote necessary be in yow soth

But thow mayst se the man spt not therfore  
That thyng oppynon of his syttyng soth is  
But rather for the man spt there byfore  
Therfor is thyng oppynon soth yldys  
And I sey though the cause of soth of thys  
Comyth of his syttyng yet necessary  
Is entychaungyd soth in hym e the

Thus in the same wyse oute of doubtance  
I may wel make/as it semeth me  
my reasonyng of goddes purueaunce  
As of tho thynges/that to comen be  
By whiche reason men may wel see  
That thylk thynges that in erthe falle  
That by necessity they comen alle

For though that thyngis shal come yllys  
Therefore they ben punieryd certeynly  
Not that it cometh for it punieryd is  
Yet netheles behoueth it needfully  
That thyng to come/be punieryd trewely  
Or elles thynges that punieryd be  
That they letyde by necessity

And this suffysyth ryght ynough certeyn  
For to destroye oure free choysse euery dele  
But nold is this abusyon to seyn  
That fallynge of the thynges temporele  
Is cause of goddes prescience eternele  
Nold trewely that is a fals sentence  
That thyng to come shal cause his prescience

What myght I bene/? I had such a thought  
But that god punieryth thyng that is to come  
For that it is to come/? elles nought  
So myght I bene that thynges al/? some  
That whylome ben byfalle/? ouercome  
By cause of thylk souerayne purueaunce  
That forbode al withoute ignoraunce

And ouer al this yet sey I more thereto  
That ryght as when I wrote there is a thyng  
Yllys that thyng more needfully be so  
Eke ryght so when I wrote a thyng comyng  
Soo more it come/? thus by byfallynge  
Of thynges that ben byst before the tyme  
They maye not ben eschelyp'd on no syde



Then sayd he thus almyghty Ioue in Throne  
That wost of al this thyng the sothfastnes  
Keepe on my sorow/ and doo me depe sone  
Or bryng Cresyde & me from dyssewse  
And whyle he was in al thys heynesse  
Dysputyng with hym self in this matre  
Come Pandare & sayde as ye shal here

O myghty god quod Pandarus in throne  
By who salve euer a wyse man fare so  
Why Troulus what thynkest thou to done  
Hast thoue such lust to be thyne olone foo  
What parde/ yet nys not Cresyde goo  
Why tyste the so thy self for to drede  
That in thyne hede thyn eyen semen drede

Hast thou not lyued many yere byforn  
Withoute hyr/ & ferd ful wele at ease  
Nyt thou for hyr/ and for none other boryn  
Hath kynd wrought the only for to please  
Here lere see/ & thynk on thy dyscase  
That on the dysse ryght as there fallen chaunces  
Ryght so in lous there come & goo plesaunces

And yet this is my wonder most of al  
Why þ thus sorowdest/ syth þ thou wost not yet  
Toluehyng hyr goyng how it shal falle  
Ne yf she can hyr seluen dyscourben it  
Thou hast not yet assayed al hyr lye  
A man may al by tyme his necke fede  
When it shal of/ & sorowben at nede

For thy take hede of that I shal the sey  
I haue with hyr y spoke/ and long y be  
Soo as acordyd/ was felld byt be tibe  
And euermore me thynketh thus that she  
Hath somwhat in her hertes pryuate  
Wherbyth she can yf I shal ryght wde  
Dyscours al this/ of whiche thou art in drede

For whiche my counseyl is wken it is nyght  
Thou to hyr goo/ and make of this an ende  
And blyssful Juno thurgh his grete myght  
Shal as I hope hyr grace to the sende  
Myn hert seyth certeyne/ she shal not wende  
And for thy put thyne hert a whyle in rest  
And hold this purpose/ for it is the best

This Troylus answered & syghed sore  
Thow seyst ryght wele/ & I wyl do ryght so  
And what hym lyst/ he sayd vnto hym more  
And wken that it was tyme for to goo  
Ful pryncely hym self wthouten moo  
Vnto hyr come/ as he was wont to done  
And hold they wrouzt I shal you telle soone

Soth is wken they gan first mete  
So ageyne the payne/ theyr hertes for to tlyste  
That neyther of hem other myght grete  
But hem in armes toke & after lyst  
The lasse woful of bothe hem nyte  
What for to done/ ne myzt one word out byng  
As I sayde erst/ for wo/ & for sobbyng

The woful tere that they let falle  
As bytter were oute of tere kynde  
For payne as is lignum aloes or galle  
Soo bytter tere wepte not as I fynde  
The woful Myrra thurgh lark & rynde  
That in this world ther nys so hard an herte  
That ne wold haue relid on thair payne smert

But wken theyr woful wery ghoyses weyne  
Returned sen there/ as they ought to dwelle  
And that somwhat to weyken gan theyr payne  
By lengthe of pleynt/ & eken gan the welle  
Of theyr hertes/ & the hert briswelle  
With broken boys al hoors for wo cecyde  
To Troylus these ylike wordes seyde



O Ioue I dye/and mercy I beseeche  
Help Troplus/and therewith al hys face  
Upon his brest she layde/ & lost speche  
Hys woful spyrte from his proper place  
Ryght with the word/ alwey in point to part  
And thus she lyeth with helpe pale & grene  
That whylome fresshe and fayrest was to sene

This Troplus that on hys gan beholde  
Cleppng hys name/as she lay for dede  
Withoute ansuer/& felt hys lymes cold  
Hys eyen throlwen vplward in hys hede  
This sorowful man can none other trewe  
Out of hys cold mouth he kysse  
Wher he was woo/god & hym self it wisse

He kysse hym vp/& long sturght hys leide  
For sygne of lyf for ought he can or may  
Couth he none fynde/for nothyng on Erthe  
For which his song ful ofte was wele alway  
But when he sawe that speckles she lay  
With sorowful wyse/& herte of blysse al fere  
He sayde holbe she was fro this world y fere

Soe after that he had hys long compleyned  
His handes he wronge/& sayde that it was to sore  
And with his tere hys brest he wryned  
He gan the tere wyppen of ful drewe  
And pytously gan for the soule wepe  
And sayde O lord/that set art in thy Throne  
Relbe on me/for I shal folowe hys soone

She cold was withoute sentment  
For ought he wote herte ne felte he none  
And this was to hym pryncypall argument  
That she was forth oute of this world y gone  
And when he sawe there was none other wone  
He gan hys lymes dresse in such manere  
As men done them that shollen be leyde on here

And after this with sterne & cruel herte  
His swerd oute of his sheeth he tlypght  
Hym self to flee/ thow sore that hym smert  
Soo that his solbe/ hir solbe folowe myght  
There as the dome of Mynos wold it dyght  
Synth loue & cruel fortune it ne wold  
That in this world/ he longer lyue shold

Than sayde he thus fulfilled of hys desayne  
O cruel Ioue & thow fortune aduerse  
Thie al & som that ye falsely han slayne  
Escypte/ & synth ye may do no lbers  
If on your myght & werkes so dyuerse  
Thus cowardly shal ye me neuer lbyne  
There shal no dethe/ me from my lady tlypyne

For y this world/ synth ye haue hys flayne thus  
Wol let & folowe hir spryde solbe or hys  
Shal neuer Louer saye that Troilus  
Dare not for fere with his lady dye  
For certayne I wyll lere hys compaignie  
But synth ye wyl not suffer he lyue lere  
Yet suffer that our solbes len y fere

And thou cyte whiche that I lyue in woo  
And thou priamus/ & hertheren al in fere  
And thow moder fare wele/ for I goo  
And Antropos make redy thou my lere  
And thow Escypte/ O swete hert dore  
Recyue noly my spryde wold he sey  
With swerd at hert ful redy for to dey

But as god wold of swough she abyde  
And gan to sygh/ & to Troilus she ayde  
And he answered/ lady myn Escypte  
Lyue ye yet/ & let his swerd doune glyde  
Ye hert myne that thanked he Cuppe  
Quod she/ & ther with al she sore syght  
And he bygan to glade hys as he myght



Toke hyr in armes thow/ & kysse hyr oft  
And hyr to glade he dyde al his entent  
In which hyr gost that flygherdy ay aloft  
In to hyr woful hert ageyne it went  
But at the last ryght as hyr eyen glent  
A spere anone she gan the swerd aspre  
As it lay bare/ & gan for to crye

And aske hym why he it oute had draue  
And Troilus the cause anone hyr told  
And how hym self therewith he wold haue stalt  
For which Cresyde vpon hym gan behold  
And gan hym in hyr armes fast hold  
O mercy god/ she sayde/ so such a dede  
Alas how nyke we were to the dede

Than yf I ne had spoke as grace was  
Ye wold hane slayn anon your self quod she  
Ye douteles/ & she ansuerd/ alas  
For by that ylike lord that made me  
I nold a furlong wey alyue haue be  
After your deth to haue be crowned/ quene  
Of al the lond the sonne on shyneth shene

But with the self swerd which that here is  
My self wold haue slayn quod she tho  
But how for we haue ryght ynowe of this  
And lette vs ryse/ & strenght to bed/ goo  
And there lette vs speke of our woe  
For by the mortar which I see here burne  
Knowe I full wel that daye is not for lenne

When they were a bed in armes fold  
Nought was it lyke the nyghtes there before  
For ytwistly ech other gan behold  
As they that had al blyssse y borne  
Wylbailynge ay the day that they were borne  
Tyl at the last this woful nyght Cresyde  
To Troilus these ylike wordes seyde

Lo hert myn wele bothe ye this quod she  
That yf a wyght allweye his wo compleyne  
And seeketh not holb holpen for to be  
It nys but foly & encrease of payne  
And syth that hert assembled be the tibeigne  
To fynde bothe of wo that we sen inne  
It were al tyme soone to begynne

I am but a woman as ful wele ye bothe  
And as I am aduysed so depnly  
So wyll I telle it yow whyle it is hote  
Me thynketh thus that neyther ye nor I  
Ought half this woo to make skylfully  
For there is art ynough for to redresse  
That yet is mys & slee this heynesse

Soo this the wo that we sen inne  
For ought I bothe for no thyng elles is  
But for by cause that we shal tibeigne  
Consydered al there is no more plys  
But what is than a remedy vnto this  
But that we shawe vs sone for to mete  
This is al & som my dere hert swete

Nolb that shal I wele bryngen aboute  
To come sone ageyne after I am go  
Not withstandyng the grekes grete route  
Doutyth not / it must nedes be so  
By wray reasons more than one or twoo  
By al ryght / & in wordys felbe  
I shal yow wele an hys of weyes shelve

For whiche I wyll not make long sermon  
For tyme y lost may not recouered be  
But I wyll go to my conclusyon  
And to the best in that that I can see  
But for the loue of god foryeue it me  
If I speke ought ageynst your hertes rest  
For trewely I speke it for the best



Makyng alwey a protestacyon  
That noll these wordes which that I shal sey  
Nys but to shelve yow my moeyoun  
To fynde vnto yowre help the best wey  
And takyth it none other wyse I yow pray  
For in effect/what so ye me comaunde  
That wyll I doo/for that is no demaunde

Noll ferkynth wele that ye haue vnderstonde  
My goyng grauntid is by parlement  
So ferforth that it may not be wythstonde  
For al this world as by Jugement  
And syth there helpeth none aduysment  
To letten it/let it passen oute of mynde  
And lette vs shawe a better wey to fynde

Both is thys the wyppynge of vs theryne  
Wylle vs dysse & greatly annoyne  
But hym which wyth somtyme haue wyne  
That scrupth loue/ys that he wyll haue ioye  
And syth I shal noo further oute of Troye  
Than I may yde ageyne in half a moorwe  
It ought the lesse causen vs to sorowe

Syth as I shal not ben hyd in melbe  
That day by day myn olde hert dore  
Syth wele ye wote it is noll a trewe  
Ye shal ful wele al myn estate here  
And or that trelbes is done I shal be here  
And than haue ye sothe Anthenore wonne  
And me also/ be glad yf that ye come

And thynk ryght thus Crespe is noll agone  
But when she shal come hastely ageyne  
And when alas/by god ryght here anone  
Or dayes ten/this dore I saufsly seyne  
And than at erst shal we be so feyn  
Soo as we shal to gyde euer duelle  
That al the world ne myght our blyss telle

I see that ofte/there as we be nold  
Is for the best our counseyl for to hylde  
Ye speke not with me nor I with you  
In fourtenyght ne see you go ne ryde  
May ye not ten dayes than abyde  
For myn honoure in such an aduenture  
I hope ye moulde elles lytel endure

Ye knowe wel eke how al my kyn is here  
But yf that only it my fader be  
And eke myn other thynges al in fere  
And namely my dere hert ye  
Whome that I wolde leue for to see  
For al this world as wyde as it hath space  
Or elles see I neuer Ioue in the face

Why trouble ye my fader in this wyse  
Coueyteth so to see me/but for drede  
Lest in this toun the folk me despyse  
By cause of hym for his Unhappy dede  
What wote my fader what lyf I lede  
For e he wyse in Troye how wele that I fare  
As nedyth for my wending no thyng to care

Ye see eke that euery day more e more  
Men trete of ptes/ e it supposed is  
That men the quene Helepe shollen restore  
And graunte vs restore that is amys  
So e there nere comfort/none but this  
That men purpose ptes on euery syde  
Ye may the better at ease of hert abyde

For yf that it be ptes/so myn hert were  
The nature of the ptes must nedes dryue  
That men must entrecomune in fere  
And to e fro eke goo e ryde as blyue  
Al day as thyck/as ten from the hyue  
And euery wyght haue lyf to bleue  
Where as hym lyst the bet without leue



And though so be that peas may be none  
Yet hyder though neuer ne peas be  
I must come/ for whider shold I gone  
Or how myschaunce shold I dwelle there  
Among the men of armes in fere  
For whiche as wysly god my soule woe  
I can not seem howe of ye shold drede

Haue here another theye of it so be  
That al this thyng ne may not yold suffice  
My fader as ye knowen wel pade  
Is old/ & eld is ful of couetyse  
And I ryght now haue founde al the gyfte  
Withoute net/ wherewith I shal hym hent  
And hearkeneth how of ye wyll assent

Too Troylus men seyn that hard it is  
The whether from the wolf hole to saue  
This is to saye/ that men ful oft ybys  
More spende part the remenaunt to saue  
For ay with gold/ men may the hart graue  
Of hym that sette is vpon couetyse  
And how I mene I shal yold now deuyse

The meoble whiche I haue in this tolne  
Unto my fader/ shal I take and seyn  
That ryght for truste and sauacyon  
It sente is from a frende of his or theye  
The whiche frendes feruently hym praye  
To sende after more/ & that in hye  
Whyle that this Tolne stant thus in jeopardye

And that shal be an huge quantite  
This shal I seyn but lesse than folk espyde  
This may be sent by no wyght but by me  
I shal it shewe of peas be tyde  
What frendys that I haue on eyther syde  
Toward the court to do the lorde the pade  
Of Pryamus & done hym stonde in grace

Soo that for one thyng/ or for other my stode  
I shal hym so enchaunte with my salbes  
That ryght in heuene his folwe shal he mete  
For al Apollo & his clerkes calbes  
Or calculyng auayleth not thre halbes  
Desyre of gold? shal soo his hert blend?  
That as me lyst I shal wel make an ende

And? yf he wold? ought by his sort proue  
If that I lye in certayn I shal fynde  
Dystourben hym & plucken hym by the sleue  
Marryng his sorre & keryng hym on honde  
He hath not wel the goddes vnderstonde  
For goddes speken in Amphiphylogres  
And? for one sooth they make twenty lyes

Like drede fond? fyrst goddes I suppose  
Thus shal I sey/ and? that his colbard? hert  
Made hym amys the goddes tye to glose  
When he for feere oute of Delphos gan stert  
And but I make hym sone to conuert  
And? do my rede withyn a day or thwey  
I wyl to yow oblyge me to day

And? trewely y wryten as I fynde  
That al this thyng was sayd? of good? entent  
And? that hys hert trewe was & kynd?  
Colbard hym & spak ryght as she ment  
And that she starf for wo? my wden she went  
And? was in purpos euer to ben trewe  
Thus wryten they that of hys herts kene

This Troilus with hys & was spradd  
Herd al this thyng deuyd to & fro  
And? keryng hym semed? that he had?  
The self wyf/ but yet to let hys goo  
His hert mysforpau? hym euermo  
But fynally he gan his hert wryte  
To taise hys & took it for the best



For which the grete fury of his penaunce  
Was queynt with hope / & therewith hym fill bene  
Wygan for ioye the amorous daunce  
And as the hyrdes when the sonne is shene  
Delyten in her song in the leues grene  
Knyght so the wordes that they spak in fere  
Delyted hym & made theyr hertes cleere

But netheles the wending of Cresside  
For al this world may not oute of his mynde  
For which ful ofte ful pynfully he payde  
That of hyr herte he myght hyr trewe fynde  
And seide artow ys he ben vnkynde  
And but ye come at that day set my Troye  
He shal I neuer haue hys honoure ne ioye

For also soth as soune ys a mortelle  
And god so wysly thow me woful wretch  
To wte me byng oute of this cruel sorwelle  
I wyl my self ys that ye dretch  
But of my deth though speke he to wtech  
Yet or that ye causen me so to smert  
O welle hert rather myn olde deth hert

For trewely myn olde lady deth  
The slepyghes that I haue herd yow seer  
Ful shaply he to fallen al in fere  
For soth is sayd what thynketh the hert  
Yet al another thynketh his ledere  
Yowre fader is wyse / & sayde is oute of deth  
Men may the wyse at renne / but not at tede

It is ful hard / to balen vnaspyde  
Wyfore a Cressid / for he can the craft  
Yowre fader is in slepyghes / as argus is eyde  
For al he that his meoble he hym betraist  
His old slepyghes yet ben with hym last  
Ye shal not slepyde hym for yowre womans deth  
He feyne a ryght / & that is al my deth

I note yf p̄es shal euermo k̄hyde  
But p̄es or no / for earnest ne for game  
I note syth Eddens on the grekes syde  
Hath ones ben and lost so foule his name  
He dare nomore come h̄ere ageyne for shame  
For whiche that they for ought I can espye  
To trauē vpon nys but a fantasie

Ye shal eke see your fader shal polb glōse  
To be a wyf / & as he can wel p̄teche  
He shal som greke so p̄eysē so h̄ye a wōse  
That mayssen he shal polb with his speche  
Or doo polb doo by force / as he shal tēle  
And Troilus of whome he nyl haue wōtthe  
So causelēs shal stēue in his trowthe

And ouer al this your fader shal despise  
We all and sey this Cyp̄e nys but lōm  
And that the syge neuer shal aryse  
For why the grekes hane it al y sworn  
Eyl we ben slayn / & doune our wallys tōm  
And thus he shal polb with his wordes fere  
That ay dede I / & he shal b̄leue there

Ye shal eke see soo many a lady knyght  
Among the grekes ful of worthynesse  
And eke of theym with firt wyf & myght  
To p̄se polb wyl doo al theyr k̄esynesse  
That ye shal dulle of the wōdrenesse  
Of so Cely Troiaut / but yf that wōtthe  
Remorde polb of vertu & of your trowthe

And thus to me so ḡuious is to thynke  
That f̄o my l̄ste it wyl my fōble wōde  
Ne d̄edales in me there can not synke  
A good oppynyon yf that ye wende  
For why your faders slayghtes wyl be shēde  
And yf ye gone as I haue to polb you  
So thynk I nam but dede withouten more



For whiche with humble trewe & pious hert  
A thousand tymes mercy I wol pray  
Soo relpyth vpon myn aspre pynes smert  
And doeth somwhat as I shal wol sey  
And lette be stele alwey byt bene be they  
And thynk that folp is when a man may chuse  
For accydent his substaunce ay to lese

I mene thus that syth ye molde no day  
Wele stele alwey/ and be togyder soo  
What were it to put in assay  
In case ye shold vnto yowre fader go  
If that ye myght come ageyne or no  
Thus thynketh me it were a grette folp  
To put that spekernes in to ieopardye

And vulgarky to speke of substaunce  
Of trewthe may be both with be lede  
Vnough to lyue in honoure & plesaunce  
Tyl in to tyme that be shal be dede  
And thus be may eschewe al this drede  
For every other they ye can recorde  
Myn herte ylys may therewith not acorde

And hardely/ne carpyth no pouert  
For I haue kyn & frendes elles where  
That though be come in oure bare shert  
We shold neyther lack gold ne gete  
But ben honoured/ whyle be dwelken there  
And go be anone/ for after myn entent  
This is the best yf that ye wyl assent

Excuse hym with a speke ryght in this wyse  
Ansuerd ylys/ myn drede hert trewe  
We may wele alwey as ye excuse  
Or fynde suche vnthryfty lyes nelwe  
But afterward ful soone it wold be relwe  
As kep me god at my last nede  
Al causeles ye suffre al this drede

For thylke day that I for cheryssyng  
Or drede of fader or of other wyght  
Or for estate delyte or for weddyng  
Be fals to yoll my Troylus my knyght  
Saturnus doughter Juno thurgh her myght  
As woode as Adamaunt/doo me dwelle  
Eternally with syp in the pyt of hell

And this on euery god callypal  
I swere it yoll/and eke on eke goddesse  
On euery nymphe/ & deyte infernal  
On Satyr and Fauny/more & lesse  
That half goddes ben of wyldernesse  
And Antropos my threde of lyf to breke  
If I be fals noib twelue me yf ye lest

And tholb Synops that as an arlle chere  
Thurgh Troy rennest downlhard to the see  
Were wytnesse of this word that sayde is here  
That yllke day that I vntrelbe be  
To Troylus myn olone lert fre  
That thou retorne backlward to thy welke  
And I with body & soule synke to hell

But that ye speke alwey thus for to goo  
And leue al yollre frendes/ god forbode  
For ony woman that ye holden so  
And namely syth Troy hath noll such newe  
Of help/ & eke of one thyng taketh hede  
If this were wyse/my lyf lay in balaunce  
And your honour/god shuld be frd myschaunce

And yf soo be that yee shal after take  
As al day happyth/after angry game  
What lord the sorowbe & woo ye wold make  
That ye ne durst come ageyne for shame  
And er that ye icopart/soo your name  
Be not to hasty in this old fare  
For hasty man wantyth neuer care



What trolbe ye eke / that peple here aboute  
Wold of it say / it is ful lyght to rede  
They wol sey / & sberre it oute of doute  
That loue ne droue yow to do that dede  
But luste voluptuous & colbard dede  
Thus were al lost / yllys myn hert dete  
Yowre honoure whiche that nolle shyneth so clere

And also thynketh on myn honeste  
That schilberth / yet / how foule shold I it shende  
And with what fylth it spottyd shold be  
If in this forme with yow I shold wende  
He though I lyued vnto the worldys ende  
My name shold I neuer ageynward bypne  
Thus were I lost / & that were wylthe & synne

And for to see with reason al this lere  
Men seyn the suffraunt ouercomyth pater  
Also who wol haue lyl / lyl more lere  
Thus maketh vertu of necessity  
By payence / & thynk that lord is he  
By fortune / ay that wyl not wete  
And she ne daunteth but a wretche

And talsyth this that art is hert swete  
O: Plebeus suster Eucyna the sheene  
The lyon passe oute of this Arrete  
I wyl be here withoute ony bene  
I bene as helpe me Juno beuenes quene  
The tenth day / but yf that deth masayle  
I wyl yow seen withoute ony fayle

And nolle so this he trolbe / quod Twylue  
I shal wele suffer vnto the tenth day  
Syth that I see / nede it more be thus  
But for the loue of god / yf it be may  
Soo lere be seke pryncely alway  
For euer in one / as for to lyue in / wete  
Myn hert seyth / that it wold be the best

O mercy god what lyf is this quod she  
Alas ye see me thus with terryne  
I see welk nold that ye mystausten me  
For by your wordes it is welk y seen  
Nold for the loue of Sathya the shene  
Mystaust me not thus causeles for touth  
Sith to be trelve I haue plyght yow my trowth

And thynketh welk that somtyme it is wyte  
To spende a tyme ryght for to lvyne  
He parde bryn am I not from yow yet  
Though be to a day or tiboos a tlvynne  
Dryue out the fantasys yow withynne  
And tauseyth me / & leuyth eke your sorowbe  
Or here my trowth I wyl not lye to merowe

For yf ye wylt holl sere it dotte me smert  
Ye wold case of this for god thou wost  
The your spryde wepyth in my sert  
To see yow were that I loue moost  
And that I mot goo to the greke host  
Ye nere that I wylt a remedye  
To come ageyne / ryght here wold I dy

But wete I nam not so nyx a wyght  
That I ne can wel ymagyne a were  
To come ageyne that day that I haue hyght  
For who may holde a thyng that wol alwey  
My fader nought for al this queynt pleye  
And by my thyft my wending out of Troye  
Another day shall come be al to ioye

For thy with al myn sert I yow byscke  
If that ye lyst doo ought for my prayere  
And for that loue / which I loue yow eke  
That or I departe from yow sert  
That of soo good comfort & chere  
I may yow see that I may brynge at rest  
Myn sert which that is in poynt to lere



And ouer al this I pray yow quod she tho  
Myn olbne hertes/sothfast suffysaunce  
Synth I am thynne al hole withouten mo  
The whyle that I am absent that no plesaunce  
Of other do me from your remembraunce  
For why I am euer agast / for why men rede  
Loue is thyn/ & ay ful of besy dede

For in this world there lyueth lady none  
If that ye were vntrewe as god defende  
That so betrayed were/or wooe bygone  
And I that al trouthe in yow entende  
And doutles ys that I other wende  
I nere but dede/ & or ye can so fynde  
For goddes loue so keth not to me vnkynde

To this answerd Troylus & seyde  
Holv god to whome there is no cause y why  
Me glad as wyse I neuer to caryse  
Synth thylk day I salve hys fyrst with ey  
Was fals/ne neuer shal/tel that I dye  
At short wordes wele ye may me leue  
I can no more/it shal be founde at prue

Gramercy good? lert myn quod? she  
And blyssful Venus lert me neuer sterue  
Or I may stonde in plesaunce of agree  
To quyte hym wele that so wele can d. fyne  
And whyle that god? my wyrt wyl me cōseue  
I shal so done so trewe I haue yow founde  
That ay honoure to me ward shal rebounde

For trustyth wele that your estate royal  
No kynne desyre/nor only worthynesse  
Of yow in bette/ne tourney martial  
Nor pompe array/nobley or eke Rycheffe  
He made me to telye vpon your dyscreffe  
But moral vertu groundyd vpon trouthe  
That was the cause I had fyrst on yow wuthe

Eske gentyl hert/and; manhode that ye had;  
And that ye had; as me thynketh in despyte  
Euery thyng/ that solned; in to had  
As aduesse and; proplyss; & appetyte  
And; that your reason bydded; your delyte  
This made me aboue euery creature  
That I was your/ & shal whyle I may dure

And; this may lengthe of yeres not for doo  
Ne remuable fortune deface  
But Iuppter/that of his myght may doo  
Be sowful to be glad/soo yue be grace  
Or nyghtes ten to meten in this place  
Soo that it may/myn hert & your suffyse  
And fare ye wele/tyme is that ye ryse

But after that they loue pleynd had;  
And; I kyst/and; steyt in armes fold;  
The day gan ryse/and; I toplus hym clady  
And; reldfully his lady gan byhold;  
As he that felt/dethes tere cold  
And; to hyr grace/he gan hym recomaunde  
Whether he was woo/thus hold I no demaunde

For mannes hede ymagyne ne can  
Ne nentendement conspyce/ne tonge telle  
The cruel payne/of this woful man  
That passen euery torment down in helle  
For when he salde/the myght not dwelle  
Whiche that his solde/oute of his hert rent  
Withoute more/he oute of the chambre went

Here endyth the Fourth booke

And; begynneth the Fyfte



Chrocyen gan þ fatal day of despyne  
That Iouis hath in his dysposycon  
And to you angry parcas sustre thre  
Commytted to doo anone executyon  
For whiche Cresyde must oute of the towne  
And Troylus shal dwelle/forth in pyne  
Tyl lachryms his threde no longer twayne

The gold tressyd Choculus hys on luff  
Shyned had with his beames clere  
The snolwes molt/ & Zephyrus as oft  
V brought ageyne the lusty leues grene  
Syth that the sone of Hecuba the quene  
Began to lue hys fyrst/for whome his sorow  
Was al/that she depart shold a morow

Ful redy was at pryme Dyomedes  
Cresyde vnto the grekes host to lede  
For sorowe/of whiche she felt hys hert blede  
As she that nyght/what was best to rede  
And trewely as men in folkes rede  
Men wyse neuer woman haue more care  
He was so both/oute of a towne to fare

This Troylus withoute rede or lore  
As a man that hath his ioyes eke forlore  
Was waytyng on his lady euermore  
As she/that the sothfast crop & more  
Of al his lust/or ioyes hys before  
But Troylus/nolw fare wele al thy ioy  
For shalt thou neuer/see hys est in Troy

Sothe is whyle that he lode in this manere  
He gan his woo ful manly for to hyde  
That wele vnnethe/it seen was in his chere  
But at the pater/there she shold oute ryde  
With certayne folk he bouyde hys to hyde  
So woo hygo/al wold he not compleyne  
That on his hors vnnethe he sat for pyne

For yet he quoke/so gan his hert.gnawbe  
When Dyomedes/on hore hym gan dresse  
And sayd to hym self this yll salbe  
Alas quod he/thus folwe & wretchednesse  
Why suffre I it/why nyl I it redresse  
Were it not bet at ones for to dye  
Than euermore in langoure/thus for to dye

Why nyl I make at ones ryght & route  
To haue ynough to doo/or that she go  
Why nyl I brynge al Troie in Route  
Why nyl I slee this Dyomedes also  
Why nyl I rather with a man or tibo  
Skele hys albey/why wil I thus endure  
Why nyl I helpe/to myn owne cure

But why he nold doo so fel a dede  
That shal I seye/& why he lyst to spare  
He had in hert albey a maner drede  
Lest that Cresyde in tounour of this fare  
Shold haue ben slayn/so thus was al his care  
And elles certeyn/as I saide ore  
He had it done without wordes more

Cresyde when she redy was to ride  
Ful sorowfully she sight/& saide alas  
But forth she mote/for ought that may betide  
There nys none other remedye in this caas  
And forth she rode ful sorowfully a paas  
What wonder is/though hir sore smert  
When she forgoth/hir owne dert hert

This Troilus in wise of curtesye  
With halbeke on hond/& with an huge\*rolle  
Of knyghtes rode/& dide hir compaignie  
Passyng alle the kyleys ferre withoute  
And ferther wold haue ride/oute of doute  
Ful fayne/& woo was hym to goo so soon  
But ryght with that was Antenor y gone



But turne he must/ & eke it was to done  
Out of the grekes hoost & euery wyght  
Was of it glad/ & sayd he was welcume  
And Troilus newe al his hert syght  
He pynded hym with al his ful myght  
Hym to withold of wepyng at the leste  
And Anthenor/ he kyst & made fere

And he with al/ his ladyes leue to take  
He cast his eye vpon hys pytously  
And nere he rode/ his cause for to make  
To take hys by the hand/ al sobly  
And lord she gan wepe tenderly  
And he ful soft/ stily gan hys sepe  
Noli hold your day/ & do me not to dre

With that his coursour/ turned he aboute  
With face pale/ & vnto Dyomedes  
No word he spak/ ne none of al his wite  
Of which the sone of Pryamus took hede  
As he that couthe more than his tere  
In such a craft/ & by the wyne hys lent  
And Troilus to Troy homeward went

This Dyomedes that led hys by the hand  
When that he salde the folke of Troy albere  
Thought al my labour/ shal not be in pail  
If that I may/ for somwhat shal I sepe  
For at the lest yet/ it may short our wepe  
I haue herd sepe eke/ tymes thys welue  
He is a foole that wyl foryet hym selue

But netheles thus/ thought he welc ynough  
That xrcynly/ I am aboute nought  
If that I speke of loue/ or make it tough  
For doutles ys she haue in hys thought  
Hym that I gesse/ he may not be y brought  
So soone alwey/ but I shal fynde a mene  
That she not yet shal wyte what I mene

This Dyomedes as he that couthe his good  
When tyme was / gan falle forth in speche  
Of this & that / & asked why she stood  
In such dysese / & gan hyr byseeche  
That yf he encreas myght or cke  
With ony thyng / hyr ease that she wold  
Comaunde it hym / & he doo it wold

For treweþe he swore hyr as a knyght  
That ther nas thing wuth which he mygt hir please  
That he nyl do his lert & al his myght  
To doo it / for to doo hyr lert an ease  
And prayd hyr she wold hyr apase  
And sayde yllys the grekes conne haue ioye  
To honour polus as thele / as folk of Troye

He sayde eke thus / I wote ye thynke it strange  
No wonder is / for it is to polus nelve  
Thacquyntaunce of these Troians for to chynge  
For folk of grece / that ye neuer shelve  
But wold neuer god / but that as trewe  
A greke ye myght among be alle kynde  
As ong Troian is & eke as kynde

And by cause I swore polus ryght noll  
To be your frend / & helpe to my myght  
And for the more acquyntaunce eke of polus  
Haue I had than another straunge wyght  
Soo fro this forth I pray polus day & nyght  
Comaundyth me hold sore that I smert  
To doo al that may lyke vnto your lert

And that ye me wold as for your broder treate  
And takyth not my frendshyp in despyte  
And thouz your sorowes ben for thynges grete  
Note I not why / but oute of more respyte  
My lert hath to amende it grete delpte  
And yf I may your harmes not redresse  
I am ryght sory for your heynesse



For though þe Troiañs be with þe garkes broth  
Haue many a day/ & ben yet parde  
O god of loue syth lye seruen tothe  
And for the loue of god my lady free  
Whome so ye hate/ ne be not broth with me  
For trewely there can no bygght polb serue  
That halt so toth youre brath wold deserue

And nere it that lye ben so nye the tent  
Of Calcas which that see be tothe may  
I wold of this nobl talle al myn entent  
But this enscaled shal be tyl another day  
Peue me youre hand/ I am & shal be ay  
God helpe me so whyle that my lyf may dure  
Your olone aboue ony creature

Thus sayd I neuer or nobl to women forñ  
For god myn hert as wysly glad soo  
I loued neuer woman here byforñ  
As paramour ne neuer shal no moo  
And for the loue of god be not my foo  
Al can I not to polb my lady dre  
Compleyne a ryght/ for I am yet to lere

And wondryth not myn olone lady bryght  
Though þe I speke of loue to polb thus blyue  
For I haue herd or this of many a bygght  
That bound thynge/ he neuer salbe his lyue  
For I am not of polber for to serue  
Ageynst god of loue but hym okepe  
I wyl alwey/ & of mercy yow prepe

There ben so worthy knyghtes in this place  
And ye so fayre that eueryche of hem alle  
Wylle pynen hem to stond in youre grace  
But myght me so fayre a grace falle  
That ye me for your seruaunt wold calle  
So wilbely ne so trewely wold serue  
Nyl none of hem as I shal tyl I sterue

Cursyd Into that purpos lytel ansuerd  
As she that was with sorowbe oppressyd so  
That in effect she nought his tales herd  
But here & there / now here a word or two  
Hyr thought hyr sorowful hert best a two  
For when she gan hyr fader see aspre  
Wels nyght doune of hyr hors she gan to se

But netheles she thanked Dyomedes  
Of al his trauayle & his good chere  
And that hym lyst his frendshyp hyr to kepe  
And she acceptynge it in good manere  
She wold do fayne / that is hym lye & dere  
And trustyn hym she wold & wels she myght  
As seyd she / & from hyr hors she lyght

Hyr fader hath hyr in his armes nome  
And twenty tyme he kyst his doughter swete  
And seyd dere doughter myn welcome  
She sayde she was feryn with hym to mete  
And stode forth myle & mansuet  
And thus I leue hyr with hyr fader dwelle  
And forth I wyll of Troilus yow telle

To Troye is come this woful Troilus  
In sorowbe aboue al sorowbes smert  
With felow luke & face despytous  
And sodenly doune from his hors he stert  
And thurgh his palays with a swollen hert  
To chambre went / of nothyng toke he herte  
For none durst to hym speke a word for derte

And there his sorowbes that he spared had  
He gaue an yssue large / and with he cryed  
And in his throlbes frenzyl sore & mad  
He cursyd Juno Appollo & eke Cuppe  
He cursyd Ceres Bacchus / and Cypryd  
His byrtthe / hym self & eke nature  
And saue his lady / euery creature



To bed he goth/ wallyth there & turneth  
In fure/as doeth he Jeyoun in kille  
And in this wyse/kyng tyl day sojourneth  
But tho began his hert/a lytel vnstabelle  
Thurgh terys/whiche gan by to welke  
And ppytously he cryed: vpon Carseyde  
And to hym self ryght thus he spak & seide

Where is myn olde lady fere & dre  
Where is hyr whyte brest/where is if lyght  
Where ben hyr armes/and hyr eyen cleer  
That yister nyght this tyme with me were  
Nolw may I lye alone many a tre  
And graspe aboute I may but in this place  
Sawe a ppylbe I fynde none to embrace

Holw shal I doo when shal she come ageyne  
I not alas why let I hyr goo  
As wold god I had as tho he slayn  
O hert myn Carseyde & swete foo  
O lady myn that I loue & no moo  
To whome for euermore myn hert I bolde  
See holw I dye/ye lyf not me rescolde

Who seeth nolw nolw my ryght hert sterte  
Who syt ryght nolw or stant in yourre presence  
Who can comfort nolw your hertes lere  
Nolw I am goo/whoweneth nolw and yene  
Who speketh for me nolw in myn absence  
Alas no wyght/that is al my care  
For welc I bothe as cruel as I ye fare

Holw shal I thus ten dayes ful endure  
When I the fyrst nyght haue al this tyme  
Holw shal ye doo sorowful creature  
For tendernes holw shal ye eke sustene  
Suche woo for me/holw ppytous pale & grene  
Shal be your fressh womanky face  
For longyng or ye come in to this place

And when he felle in ony stombrynges  
Anone begynne he shold to growne  
And dreame of ryght dreadfull thynges  
That nyght/as mete that he were alone  
In place horryble makinge ap his mone  
Or metyn that he was amonges alle  
His enemyes/ & in her bondes falle

And therewith al his body shold sterre  
And with the seyre al sodenly awake  
And such a cumpne feele aboute his herte  
That of the fere hys body shold quake  
And therewith al/ he sholde a noyse make  
And seme as though he shold falle depe  
From hys aloft/ and than he wold lye

And telbe on hym self so pytously  
That wonder was to hert his fantasie  
Another tyme he shold myghtely  
Comfort hym self/and sey it was folp  
So causeles such dredys for to dre  
And after begynne his aspre sorowles nelbe  
That euery man myght on his sorowle telbe

Who couthe telle a ryght or ful descriue  
Hys woo his pleynt/his langour & his pyne  
Not al the men that haue or ben alpye  
Thow teder mayst ful wel thy self dypne  
That such a woo my lyf can not despyne  
On ydel shold I wyte it with ynke  
Wen that my lyf is lery is to thy nke

On heuene the steres were y sene  
Al though ful pale woxen was the mone  
And whyn gan the oryfount shene  
Al Esilward as it is wonte to done  
And phelus with his rosy cart soone  
Gan after that to dresse hym vp to fere  
When Troilus hath sent after pandare



This Pandare that of al day byforn  
He myght haue come Troplus to see  
And though on his hede/he had it sworn  
For with kynge Priamus al day was he  
Soo that it lay not in his lyberte  
Nolthre to goo/but on the morow he went  
To Troplus wher that he for hym sent

For in his hert he couthe wel dryue  
That Troplus al nyght for sorowbe wofe  
And that he wold telle hym of his pyne  
This knelbe he ryght wele withoute booke  
For whiche to his chaire the ryght wey he wote  
And Troplus tho soothly he grette  
And on the bed ful soone he gan hym sette

My Pandare quod Troplus the sorowbe  
Whiche that I drye/e may not long endure  
I wolbe I shall not lyue tyl to morowbe  
For whiche I wold alweys in aduenture  
To the wyse of my sepulture  
The fourme e of my meoke thow dyspone  
Nyght as the semeth best is for to done

But of the furre e flawmes funerall  
In whiche my body kenne shal to gleede  
And of the feest e playes palestral  
At my bygyles I pray take good hede  
That that he wele and offre mars my stede  
My swerd/myn helme/e lyf broder dre  
My shelde to pallas yue that shyneth cleere

The poudre in whiche myn hert bent shal wone  
That pray I the thou take/e it conserue  
In a vessel that men clepyng an vne  
Of gold to my lady that I serue  
For loue of whome thus prouously I serue  
So yue it hyr e doo me this plesaunce  
To pray hyr to kepe it for a remembraunce

For wele I feele by my maladye  
And by my dreames/nolb & yore ago  
Al certaynly that I mote nedes dye  
The Oble eke whiche that hyght Escaphylo  
Hath after me shryght/al these nyghtes eloo  
And god Mercurye nolb of me woful wretche  
The solde guyde/& When ye lyst it fetch

Andare answered & sayd O Troylus  
My dere frend; as I haue told the yore  
That it is folp for to sorolbe thus  
And; causeles/for whiche I can no more  
But who so wyl not trolben rede ne lore  
I can not see in hym no remedye  
But let hym worche with his fantasie

But Troylus I praye the telle me nolb  
If thow wote or this ony wyght  
Hath kowd; peramour as wele as thow  
Ye god wote/& from many a worthy knyght  
Hath his lady ben a fourtenyght  
And he not yet made haluende the fare  
What nede is the to maken al this care

Syth day by day thou mayst thy self see  
That from his loue/or elles from his wyf  
A man mote tlynne of neccypte  
Ye though he loue hyr/as his olone wyf  
And though hyt bene yowb were neuer no strif  
For wele thou wost my wyf broder dere  
That allbey frendys may not ben y fere

Thow done these folk that seen her lous wedded  
Wy frendys myght/as it betyd; ful oft  
And; seen hem in her spouses bed y kedd;yd;  
God wote they take it wylsely fayre & soft  
Withoute wordes or hollbyng oute aloft  
And for they conne a tyme of sorow endure  
As tyme hem hurt/tyme wyl hem reure



So shalt thou endure & late styde  
The tyme/ & founde to be glad & lycht  
Ten dayes is not so longe to abyde  
And syth she to come hath lycht  
She nyl her heste breke for no wyght  
For drede not but she wyl fynde a wey  
To come agayne my lyf that daye I lay

Thy sweuenes eke/ & al such fantasie  
Dryue oute & let hym goo to myschaunce  
For though they p[ro]ceede of thy Melancolye  
That doeth the fele in slepe al this penaunce  
Stralbe for al thy sweuenes spgnyspanne  
God helpe me so/ I comyt hym not at a kene  
There wote noman a ryght what dreames mene

For prestys of the temple tellen this  
That dreames ben the reuelacions  
Of goddes/ & as welk they telle yllys  
That they ben infernal illusyons  
And leches seyn that of complaynes  
Proceden they of fastyng or gloteny  
Who wote in soth what they seyneth

Eke other seyn that at thurgh impressyons  
As yf a wyght hath fast a thyng in mynde  
That therof come such dysyons  
And other seyn as they in booke synde  
That after tymes of the yere by kynde  
Men dreame & that the effect goth by the mone  
But leue no dreame syth it is not to done

Welle worth of dreames al these old wyues  
And trewely angury of these folbles  
For ferre/ wherof men wene to lese theyr lyues  
As rauenes qualme/ & shrykyng of these oules  
To twolven on it/ fals & foule is  
Alas alas that so noble a creature  
As is a man shold drede such ordure

For which with al myn herte I the beseeche  
Unto thy self/al this thou forgiue  
And ryse now by withoute more speche  
And let vs case/hold forth may best beryue  
This tyme & eke/hold fresshly we may lyeue  
Whan that the comyth that shal be ryght soone  
God helpe me soo/this thynk me best to done

Ryse let vs speke/of lusty lyf in Trope  
That we hane had/& forth this tyme dryue  
And eke of tyme comyng/as of iore  
That bynge shal oure blysse/now so lyeue  
And langour of these/ thyres dayes fyue  
We shuln therewith/so foryet oure oppresse  
That wele vnnethe/it shal do vs durrese

This towne is ful of lordys al aboute  
And trewes lasteth/al this mene whyle  
Goo we pley vs/in som lusty route  
To Sardapdon/not fens but a myle  
And thus thow shalt/the tyme wel begyle  
And dryue it forth/unto thy blyssful morowe  
That thou hyr see/that is cause of thy sorowe

Now ryse/my dere broder Troplus  
For certeyne none honour/is to the  
To wepe/& in thy bed to wolken thus  
— For trewely of one thyng/trust thow me  
If thou thus lygge/a day tivo or thre  
The folk wyl saye/that thow for colbardyse  
Thou feynest the seke & darst not aryse

This Troplus answered/O broder dere  
This knowen folk/that han suffred payne  
That though he wepe & make sorowful chere  
That felyth harme/and smert in euery weyne  
No wonder is though that I euer pleyne  
Or alway wepe I am no thyng to blame  
Synth I haue lost/the cause of al my game



But sith of fyny force I must arise  
I shal arise as soone as euer I maye  
And god to whome myn herte I sacrifice  
So send he hastely now the tenth daye  
For was there neuer folle so fayne of maye  
As I shal be when the comyth in Troye  
That cause is of my torment/ & my Joye

But whyder is thy wode quod Troylus  
That we pley he may best in this towne  
My counseyl is by god/ quod pandarus  
To ryde & pley he with Sarpedon  
So long of this they speken by & down  
Tyl Troylus at the last gan assent  
To ryse/ & forth to Sarpedon they went

This Sarpedon/ as he that honourable  
Was euer his lyf/ & ful of hys largesse  
With al that myght serued he at table  
That deynre was/ al cost it grete ryche  
He fed hem day by day/ that such not lesse  
As sayden bothe the more & eke the lesse  
Was neuer seen or byst at ony feste

Now in this world/ there nys none instrument  
Delyte of songe/ or touch of corde  
As fer/ as ony wyght hath euer went  
That tynge telle/ or hert may recorde  
That at the fest/ it nas herd acorde  
Of ladies eke so fayre a compaignye  
On daunces as tho/ was none seen with eye

But what auayleth this to Troylus  
That for his sorowbe no thyng of it wought  
For euer in one/ his hert pryncuous  
Ful k. slyp & resyde his lady sought  
On hys was euer/ al that his hert thought  
Now this now that/ so fast ymagynyng  
That glad ylyps can hym no festenyng

These ladies that at the fest been  
Syth that he salbe his lady was albere  
It was his sorowe/ Bypon him to sene  
Or for to lere/ Instrumentes pleye  
For she that of his hert bare the keye  
Was absent/soo this was his fantasye  
That no wyght shold make mldode

For there nas houre/in the day nor nyght  
When he was there/that no man mygt hym lere  
That he ne sayde/O blyssful lady bryght  
Holt haue ye fere/syth that ye were here  
Welcome pbyes myn olone lady dere  
But wele albere/al this nas but a mase  
Fortune his houe/entendyd let to glase

The letters eke/that she of old tyme  
Had hym sent/he wold anone rede  
And of a fetlwyrt/none e myne  
Resygurynge hys shap/ & hys womanshede  
Withyn his hert/& euery word & dede  
That passed was/& thus he droof to an ende  
The fourth day with Pandare his frende

And sayd/lyue brother Pandarus  
Entendyst thou/that we shal lere byleue  
Til Sarpedon forth wyl conuere be  
Yet were it fayrer that we took our leue  
For goddes loue/lete be soone at eue  
Oure leue take/and home lete be torne  
For twelvety I nyl not thus sojourne

Pandare ansuerd/he we comen hyder  
To fetch suppe & torne home ageyne  
God helpe me soo/I can not telle ll hyder  
We myght gone/ys I shal sothly seyne  
There ony wyght/is of be more feyn  
Than Sarpedon/& ys ye lere hys  
Thus sodenly I hold it by longe



Syth that we sayde/we wold be  
With hym a wyke/and now thus soynly  
The fourth day take of hym our leue  
He wold wonder/on it twelvly  
Let be forth hold/our purpose firmly  
And syth that we bryghte hym for to abyde  
Hold forward now/and after let be ryde

This pandarus with al pyne & woo  
Made hym to dwelle/& at the lykely ende  
Of Sarpdon they took hys leue tho  
And on they way they sped hym to wende  
Quod Troilus/noly lord me greet sende  
That I may fynde/at myn home comyng  
Crispe y come/& therwith he gan senge

Ye happy woode quod this Pandar  
And to hym self ful softly he seide  
God wote wryte/may thy hert fau  
Or Calas sende to Troilus Crispe  
But netheles he ioyde thus & pleyde  
And swore plesse/his hert hym thus bryght  
She wold come as soone as she myght

Whan they vnto the paleys wete y comen  
Of Troilus/they dwene of hys alpyght  
And to the chambre the way haue they nomen  
And in to tyme/that it gan to nyght  
They speke al of Crispe the bryght  
And after this/whan hym tothe lyste  
They sped hym from solowr vnto rest

On morowe as sone/as day began to cleere  
This Troilus gan of his slepe to astryde  
And to Pandar his olde brother deere  
For leue of god/ful pryncely he seide  
As goo we see the paleys of Crispe  
For syth we yet may haue no more feste  
So let be see hys paloye at the lyste

And therewith al hys meyne for to blende  
A cause he fond in Tollyne for to goo  
And to Crespe de hous they gan to bende  
But lord this wyl Troilus was woo  
He thought his sorowful hert must a tboo  
For when he salde hys dores spende alle  
Wel myght for sorowe a doun he gan to falle

Therwith when he was ware/and gan behold  
How that was every wyndolwe of the place  
As frof hym thought his hert gan to colde  
For which hym thought with dedely pale face  
Without word forth by he gan to pace  
And as god wold/ he gan so fast to ryde  
That no wyght of his countenaunce espyde

Then sayd he thus/ O palays desolate.  
Of honour of gladnes whylome best y dyght  
O palays empty and dysconsolate  
O thow latene/ of which quenched is the lyght  
O palays whylome day/ that now art nyght  
Wele ought thow to falle doun/ & I to dye  
Synth she is went that was wonte vs to guyde

O palays whylome crowne of holys alle  
Enlumyned with sonne of al blyss  
O ryng from which the Ruby is y falle  
O cause of woo/ that cause hast he of lyss  
Yet synth I may not let/ sayn wold I kysse  
Thy cold dore/ yf I durst for this coltre  
And fare wel thynne/ of which þ corps is out

Therwith he cast on Pandarus his eye  
With chaungyd face/ and pteuous to beholde  
And when he myght his tyme ryght espye  
As as he rood to Pandarus he told  
His nelve sorowe & eke his ioyes old  
So pteously/ and with so dede an helpe  
That every wyght/ myght on his sorowe telpe



From thensforth/he rydeth by & doune  
And euery thyng come hym to remembraunce  
As he rode by the places in the towne  
In which he had/had his plesuraunce  
Loo ponder salbe I last my lady daunce  
And in that temple with her eyen cleere  
He caught fyrst/my ryght lady deere

And ponder haue I herd/ful lustely  
My deere herke laugh & ponder pleye  
Salbe I hyr ones/like ful blyssfully  
And to me ones ponder gan she seye  
Now good swete/haue me wele I praye  
And pond soo goodly/gan she me behold  
That to the deeth/myn hert is to hyr hold

And at the corner in the ponder holbe  
Herd I myn at ther leuest lady deere  
Soo womanly with voyce melodyous  
Synge so wele/so goodly and so cleere  
That in my soule me thynketh I here  
That blyssful solbne/and in that ponder place  
My lady fyrst me took into hyr grace

Then thought he thus/O blyssful lord Cupyde  
When I the proesse haue in memorye  
Holt thou me fast berreyd on euery syde  
Men myght a booke make of it lyke a storye  
What nede is the to seke of me byctorye  
Synth I am thyn & hoole at thy wyll  
What ioye hast thou thynne olone folk to spylle

Wele hast thou lord Eroke on me thynne tre  
Thou myghtful god/& dredeful for to greue  
Now mercy lord/ thou woost wel I desyre  
This grace moost of al lustes leue  
And lyue and dye I wyll in that blyeue  
For which I ne aye in guerdon but a boone  
That tholt me send Treseyde ageyne soone

Dysteyne hys hert as fast to retourne  
As thow dost myn/ to longe hys to see  
Than I wote I wote/ that the nyl not sojourne  
Nolw blyssful lord/ soo cruel thou ne be  
Unto the blood of Troye I pray to the  
As Ioue was/ vnto the blood of Thetis  
For which the folk of Thetis/ must theyr lene

And after this/ he to the pates went  
There as Cresyde/ wode oute a ful good pates  
And by e doune there made he many a went  
And to hym self ful ofte he sayd alas  
From hens wode/ my blys e my solas  
And wold blyssful god nolw for his ioye  
I myght hys sen ageyne come to Troye

And to the ponder hysse/ he gan hys gyde  
Alas/ e there I took of hys my leue  
And pond I salbe hys/ vnto hys fader ryde  
For sorowbe of which/ myn hert wyl to cleue  
And hyder home I come/ wben it was eue  
And here I dwelle oute cast/ from al ioye  
And shal tyl I may see hys est in Troye

And of hym self/ ymagyned he ful ofte  
To be defeted/ pale and lyeve lesse  
Than he was wont/ e that men sayden soft  
What may it be/ wbo can the sothe gesse  
Why Troilus hath al this hevynesse  
And al this nas but his melancolye  
That he had of hym self such fantasie

- Another tyme ymagyne he wold  
That every wyght/ that went by the lyeve  
Had of hym wolthe/ and they seyn shuld  
I am ryght sorow/ Troilus wyl depe  
And thus he droofe forth yet a day or thre  
As ye haue herd/ such lyf he gan lede  
As he that stood betwene hope e drede



For which hym lyked in his songes helde  
Therof son of his troo/as he best myght  
And made a song of wordes but a felde  
Somewhat his woful herte for to lyght  
And when he was from every mane spght  
With softe voyce/ke of his lady de  
That absent was/gan syngen as y shal here

O sterre of which I haue y lost the lyght  
With hert sore/ought I to bewaile  
That euer derke in turment/nyght by nyght  
Tolward my deeth/with wynde I see a saile  
For which the tynthe nyght/ys that I faile  
The A ydemant of thy beames/bryght & our  
My shyp and me & arydys wyll be true

This song when he had songen soone  
He syl ageyne in to his spghes olde  
And every nyght as he was wont to done  
He stood the bryght mone to beholde  
And al his sorow he to the mone told  
And sayde yllys when thou art horned neld  
I shal be glad/ys al the world be welde

I salve thy hornes eke/old by the morowe  
When I see woe my ryght lady de  
That cause is of my turment & my sorowe  
For which bryght Encyna the clew  
For loue of god wene fast aboute thy spere  
For when thy wyne nebe gyne spring  
Than shal she come/that may my blyss be king

The day is more/and lenger every nyght  
Than they be wont to be/hym thought tho  
And that the sonne went his cours bryght  
Wy lenger they than he is wont to do  
And sayde yllys me dredyth euermo  
The sonnes sone chylton to be a lyue  
And that his cart amys he doth dryue

Upon the wallys/fast he bold walke  
And on the grekes fast he bold see  
And to hym self ryght thus he bold talke  
Too ponder is myn olde lady fre  
Or elles ponder/there the tentes be  
And thens comyth this ayre/that is so swete  
For in myn soule I fele it doth me bete

And hardely this/lynde more & more  
Thus stounde mele encreased in myn face  
So of my lady deere/sygges sore  
I proue it thus/for in none other space  
Of al this tolde/saue only in this place  
Fele I no lynde/that solmyth so lyke wyne  
It seyth alas/why lybnyed he the lybnyne

This long tyme he dryuyth forth ryght thus  
Tyl fully passed was the nynte nyght  
And ap besyde hym/was this Pandarus  
That besple dyde his ful myght  
Hym to comfort/& make his hert lyght  
Peupng hym hope allbey the tenth morowe  
That she shal come/& synt al this sorowe

Upon that other syde was this Ersepe  
With lybnyne felde among the grekes stronge  
For which ful oft/alas al is she sepe  
That I was born/wel may myn hert longe  
After my deth/for nold lye I to long  
Alas/& I may it not amende  
For nold is wers/than euer yet I wende

My fader nyl for no thyng do me grace  
To goo ageyn/for nought I can hym quene  
And yf so be that I myn terme pace  
My Troilus shal nold in his hert deme  
That I am false/& soo it may wel seme  
Thus shal I haue vntank on euery syde  
That I was born/so wel albey the tyde



And yf I me put in iopardye  
To stele alwey to nyght/ & it byfalle  
That I be caught I shal be holde aspye  
Or elles/soo this drede I moost of alle  
If in the handes of somme wretch I falle  
I am but lost al be myn hert trewe  
Nold myghty god thou on my sorowe rewe

Ful pale was bove hyr bryght face  
Hyr eyenes leene/as she that al the day  
Sood when she durst/and lokyd on the place  
There she was borne/& there she dwellyd ay  
And al the nyght wepyng/ alas she lay  
And thus dyspayred/oute of al cure  
She lad hyr lyf/this woful creature

Ful oft a day/the syghed for dystresse  
And in hir self/the went ay portayng  
Of Troylus the grette worthynesse  
And al his goodly wordys rewordyng  
Synth first y day/theyr love began to spryng  
And thus she set hyr woful hert a fyre  
Thurgh remembraunce of that she gan desyre

In al this world/there nys so cruel hert  
That hyr had hardy compleyne in that sorowe  
That nold hane wept for paynes smert  
Soo tendrly she wepte bothe eue & morowe  
Hyr neddyd no terys for to sorowe  
And this was yet the worst of al hyr payne  
That was no wyte/to whom she myght complayne

For welfully she looked vpon Troye  
Wytheld the towres hye & eke the halles  
Alas quod she the plesaunce & the ioye  
The which al nelwe turned in to galle is  
Haue I had oft within pondeer wallys  
O Troylus what dost thou nold she seide  
Lord whether thou yet thyngke vpon Cresyde

Alas I ne had trolbed/ vpon your. lore  
And wend with you/as me re. or this  
Than had you not spgked/half so sore  
Who myght han seyd/that I had done amys  
To stele alwey/with such one as he is  
But al to late/commyth the lectuarie  
When men the corpe into the graue carie

To late is now/to speke of that matere  
Prudence alas/one of thyn eyen thre  
Me lakked/ alwey or that I come here  
Of tyme passed I wyl remembre me  
And present tyme/wele couthe I see  
But future tyme/ or I was in the snare  
Couthe I not see/that causith al my care.

But netheles ketide/ what ketyde  
I shal to morowe at nyght/ by est or west  
Oute of this hostel/ on som manere side  
And goo with Troplus wher so hym leste  
This purpos wyl I hold/and this is best  
No fors of wykke tonges/ janglesterpe  
For euer on loue/haue wretches cunye

For who so wyl of euery word take heed  
Or telles hym self/by euery wyghtes wyte  
He shal be neuer thryue oute of drede  
For that somme men blamen euer yet  
Too other men/yet comendyn it  
And as for me/al such karyaunce  
Felycete clepe I my suffysaunce

For whiche withoute ony wordes mo  
To Troplus wyl I/as for conclusyon  
But god it wote/ or fully nyghtes tboon  
She was ful fer from that entrecoun  
For bothe Troplus and Troie town  
Shal knottes thurgh hys hert slyde  
For she wyl another purpos abyde



This Pyromede/ of whom I telle yow/ gan  
Goeth noli within hym self/ as arguynge  
With al slepyghthe/ and al that euer he can  
Holi he may be/ with shortest taryng  
In to his net/ Escydes hert stryng  
To this entent/ he couthe neuer fyne  
To fyllen hyr/ he leyde oute hook & lyne

But netheles wel in his hert he thought  
That he was not withoute a lye in Troye  
For he neuer syth/ he her thens brought  
He couthe hyr see laugh/ ne make ioye  
He myght holi be/ hyr hert to accepe  
But for to assay/ he seyde not ne greepe  
For he y nought ne assayeth/ nougt ne chrype

Yet sayd he hym self Upon a nyght  
Noli am I not a fool/ that both wel holi  
Hyre woo for lye is of another wyght  
And heuon to goo assaye noli  
I may wel wyte/ it wyl not be my proude  
For wylse folk in hookes it crypse  
Men shold not wolbe a wyght in heuon se

But who so myght wyne such a flour  
From hym/ for whom she moenyth nyte & day  
He myght sey/ he were a conquerour  
And ryght anone/ as he that hold was ay  
Thought in his hert/ hap holi I hap may  
Al shold I dre/ I wyl hyr hert seche  
I shal no more lese/ but my speche

This Pyromede/ as hookes be declare  
Was in his nede prest & courageous  
With sterne eyes/ & myghty lymes square  
Hardy ryght strong/ and chualtrous  
Of dedys lyke his fader Pyrus  
And some men seyn he was of tonge large  
And heyr he was of Calydoine & Arge

Excepyde medycoure / was of stature  
Therw of shap / of face / & eke of chere  
There myght be no fairer creature  
And of tyme this was hyr manere  
To goo y tressyd with hyr hertes clere  
Doun by hyr Coler / at hyr back schynde  
Which with a threde of gold / she wolde bynde

And saue hyr broldes ioyned in fere  
There was no lack in ought I can esprey  
But for to speke of hir eyen clere  
Truely they wryten al that hyr syen  
That paradysc stood formed in hir eyen  
And with hyr ryche beaute eue more  
Stroofe loue in hyr ay / which was more

She softe was symple / & wyse with al  
The best nortured eke that myght be  
And goodly of hyr speche in general  
Charytable ekeatly / lusty / and fre  
He neuer more laskyd hyr pyte  
Tender herted / stydyng of courage  
But truely I can not telle hyr age

And Troilus wele wopen was in knyght  
And complete fourmed by proporcoun  
Soo wele that kynde not amende myght  
Pong / prest / strong / and hardy as lyoun  
Truly as fyre in eche condycoun  
One of the best entychyd creature  
That is or shal whyle the world may dure

- And artynly in stour / as it is founde  
That Troilus was neuer vnto no knyght  
As in his tyme / in no degre secound  
In daryng doo that knyght to a knyght  
Al myght a Spaut / passen hym of myght  
His force ay with the fyrst / & with the best  
Stood peregall / to do what hym lest



But for to telle forth of Dyomedes  
It fyl after/ that on the tenth day  
Synth that Ersepede/ oute of the cyte weede  
This Dyomedes as fresshe/ as staunch in may  
Come to the tent/ there as Calcas say  
And feyned hym with Calcas haue to done  
But what he ment/ I shal yow telle soone

Ersepede at short wordys for to telle  
Welcomed hym/ & dyd hym by hyr fet  
And he was ethe ynowe/ to make duelle  
And after this withoute long let  
Spraw & wyng men forth hym fet  
And forth they speke of this & that yf free  
As frendys doo/ of which som ye shal here

He gan fyrst falle of the werre in speche  
Welbyrt hym & the folk of Troye Tollyn  
And of thasshege/ he gan hyr by scche  
To telle hym/ what was hyr oppynoun  
Yf that demaunde/ he so descendyth down  
To asken hyr/ yf that she straunge thought  
The grekes gyle/ & werkys that they wrought

And why hyr fader/ targeth he so long  
To wedden hyr to somme worthy knyght  
Ersepede that was in hyr paynes strong  
For loue of Troilus hyr olde deere knyght  
As ferforth as she connyng had or myght  
Ansuerd hym tho/ but al of his entent  
It semed not/ she wiste what he ment

But netheles this ylle Dyomedes  
Gan in hym self assure/ and thus he seyde  
If I a ryght/ haue take of yowr hede  
Me thynketh thus/ O lady myn Ersepede  
Synth that I fyrst honde on your brydel seyde  
Whyn ye oute come of Troye by the morow  
Ne couthe I neuer see yow but in sorow

Can I not seyn what may the cause be  
But it for loue of somme Troian it were  
The which ryght sore wold a thynk me  
That for ony bygght that dwelleth there  
Sholden spylle a quarter of a tre  
Or prously/your self soo begyle  
For dredeles it is, not worth the byple

The folk of Troy/as who seyth al & some  
In prysoune be/as your self see  
For thens shal none a lyue come  
For al the gold byt bene sonne & see  
Trustyth ryght wele/& vnderstonde me  
There shal not one to mercy/goe a lyue  
Al were he lord of worldes thyngs true

Such wrecche on hem for fetchyng of Helyne  
There shal be take or that he hys wende  
That Maunes which goddes ben of pyne  
Shold ben agast/his grekes sholde hem shende  
And men shul drede vnto the worldes ende  
From hens forth to rauyshe ony quene  
So cruel shal our wrecche on hem be sene

And but yf Calcas lede vs with Ambages  
That is to sey with double wordes spe  
Such as men clepe a word with two bysages  
Ye shal wel knolbe/that I nought ne lye  
And al this thyng ryght sone with your eye  
And that anone ye wyl not trolbe hal soone  
Now taketh heed/for it is to done

What bene ye your wyse fader wold  
Haue youe yelb/for Antenor anone  
If he ne wylt that the cyte shold  
Destroyed be/wyl nay soo mote I gone  
He knolbeth ful wele ther shal escape none  
That Troian is/& for the grete fere  
He durst not/that ye duellyd lenger there



What wold ye more haue som lady dere  
Lete Troy & Troians from your hert pace  
Dryue out your hytter hope / & make good chere  
And clepe ageyne the beaute of your face  
That ye with salt teares so deface  
For Troye is brought in such leoparde  
That it to saue is nollher remedye

And thynketh welle / ye shal in grekes fynde  
A more partyer haue / or it be nyght  
Than ony Troian is / and more kynde  
And let to seue polib / wyl do his myght  
And yf ye touch sauf my lady bryght  
I wyl be he / to seue polib my selue  
Ye leuer than be kyng of grekes shalue

And with that word / he gan to wepe tre  
And in his speche a lytel wpyght he quoke  
And cast a syde a lytel with his hode  
And synt a whyle / and afterward he woke  
And sobrylyt on hys thralle his loke  
And sayd I am / al be it to polib no ioye  
As gentyl a man / as ony wpyght in Troye

For yf my fader Pryus he seide  
Pyued had / I had be long on this  
Of Calcedony and Arge / a kyng & wysse  
And so I hope I shal be yet yllysse  
But he was slayn / alas the more harme is  
Unhappely at Tikes / al to wylle  
Polymyces / and many a man to scathe

But lerte myn syth I am your man  
And yf the fyrst / of whome I seke grace  
And seue polib / as ferdly as I can  
And euer shal wylle I to lyue haue space  
Soe or that I departe oute of this place  
That ye me graunt that I may to morowe  
At better leyser / telle polib my sorowe

What shold I telle his wordes/that he seyde  
He spak ynough for one day at the meest  
It proueth wele he spak/soo that Eresyde  
Graunted hym a morow/at his request  
To haue a speche with hyr at the lese  
Soo that he nold speke of suche matere  
And thus she sayd to hym as ye maye here

As she that had hyr hert on Troilus  
Soo that ther may none it amysse  
And strangely she spak/ & seyde thus  
O Dyomedes I kene that yllke place  
That I was born in/and Ioue for his grace  
Delpyer it soone/of al that doo it care  
God for thy myght/soo lene it wel to fare

That grekes wold in Troye their wrath wyke  
If that they myght I knowe it wele yllys  
But it shal not fallen/as ye speke  
And god to forny/ & further ouer this  
I wote my fader wyse and wyde is  
And that he hath me bought/as ye me tolde  
So am I am the more to hym holde

These grekes ben of hygh condycoun  
I wote it wele/ but certeyne men shul synde  
As worshy folk withyn Troye Tollen  
As conynge/as partyte/ & as kynde  
As hyt bene Oracles & ynde  
And that ye wote wele your lady serue  
I trolbe it wele/hyr thank for to deserue

But as to speke of loue yllys she seyde  
I had a lord to whome I wedded was  
The which myn hert had/tyl that he dyde  
And other loue/as helpe me now passas  
There in myn hert nys ne neuer was  
And that ye be of noble & hye kynrede  
I haue it herd wel telle oute of drede



And that doeth me/ to haue so grette a wonder  
That ye myght scorne any woman soo  
Eke god wote howe and I ken for a sonda  
I am dysposed/ for soo moche I goo  
Unto my deathe to playne & make woo  
What shal I doo after can I not sepe  
But truely as yet me lyst not to pleye

My heart is now in tribulacion  
And ye in armes kesp day by day  
Here after when ye women haue the colde  
Parauenter than so it hap may  
That when I see/ that neuer yet I say  
Than myght I werke/ that I neuer wrought  
This word to yow ynough suffysen ought

To morowe wol I speke with yow fayn  
So that ye touche not of this matere  
And when yow lyst ye may come here agayne  
And/or ye goo/ thus moche I sey yow here  
No help me pallas with hir hewe cleve  
If that I shold on any greke haue wouth  
It shold be yowre self by my trowth

I sepe not therfor that I myght yow howe  
Ne I say not nay/ but in conclusyon  
I mene wele by god/ that syt above  
And therbyth al she cast hyr eyen doune  
And gan to syge/ & sayd O Troye Colde  
Yet byd I god in quyet & my rest  
I may the see/ or doo myn herte best

But in effect as shortly for to saye  
This Dyomedes al frellhe welte ageyne  
Gan prayn in/ fast hyr mercy praye  
And after this the soth for to seyne  
Hyre gloue he took/ of whiche he was ful feyn  
And fynally when it was boyn eue  
And al was wele/ he wote/ & toke his leue

The bryght Venus folowyd/ and ay taught  
The wyfe there brode Phobus a doune lycht  
And Cythera the chare hors ouer myght  
To whyrle oute of the spoun/ yf she myght  
And Signifer his candel shelded bryght  
Whan Creseyde into hyr rest went  
In with hyr faders faire bryght tent

Retournyng in hyr solble by & doune  
The wordes of this soxpyne Dyomede  
His grete estate & peryll of the Trolle  
And that she was alone/ & had ned  
Of frendys / & thus began to brede  
The cause why the sooth for to telle  
That she toke purpoos fully for to duelle

The morolbe cam/ and goostely for to speke  
This Dyomede is come to Creseyde  
And shortly lest that ye my tale breke  
Soo wele he for hym self spak & seyde  
That al his syghes sowe a doune he leyde  
And fynally the sooth for to seyne  
He left of the grete/ of al his payne

And after this/ the story telleth vs  
That she hym past the fayre bay syde  
The whiche she once had of Troylus  
And eke a breke that was lytel ned  
That Troylus was/ she past this Dyomede  
In dede the bet/ from sorolbe hym to releue  
She made hym lere/ a pensel of hyr sleue

I fynd eke in the story elles where  
Whan thurgh the body/ hurt was Dyomede  
Of Troylus tho wept she many a tere  
Whan that she salbe his wyde woundes blede  
And that she toke to kepe hym good/ & dede  
And for to hele hym of his sorolbes smert  
Men seyn I note/ she past hym hyr hart



But truely the stowe tellyth so  
Ther made neuer woman more woo  
Than she when she falsed Troilus  
She sayd alas/for now is clene a go  
My name of trouthe in loue for euer mo  
For I haue falsed one the gentyllest  
That euer was & eke the worthiest

Alas of me vnto the worldes ende  
Shal neyther of me be writt nor senge  
No good word/for this book wyl me shende  
Y wold shal it be on many a tonge  
Through out the world/my kille shal be wonge  
And wymmen wyl me hate moost of alle  
Alas that such a case shold me byfall e

They wyl sey in as mock/as in me is  
I haue hym doo dyshonour wete alwey  
Al be I not the first that dyde amys  
What tellyth that to doo my blame alwey  
But syth I see there nys no better wey  
And that to late it is now for to tibe  
To dyomedes algate I wylle tibe

Wnt Troilus syth I no better may  
And syth that thus departen y and I  
I pray god/yeue you ryght good day  
No for the gentyllest knyght truely  
That euer I salbe to saue feythfully  
And lest can ay his lady honour kepe  
And with that word/ she brast anone to wepe

And wete you hatyn shal I neuer  
And frendys loue/that shal ye haue of me  
And my good word/al myght I spuen euer  
And truely I wold ryght forp be  
To see you in any aduersyte  
And gyltes I wote wete I you loue  
But al shal passe/& thus I take my leue

But tellbely how long it was byt bene  
That she forsoke hym for this Dyomed  
There is none other auctor telleth I bene  
Take eury man now to his bookes here  
He shal no terme fynde out of drede  
For though that he began to loue her soone  
Or he her than/ yet was there more to done

He me lyst not/ this cely woman chyd  
Forther than the story wyl deuyse  
Her name alas is publyssed so wyde  
That for her gilt/ it ought ynowbe suffyse  
And yf I myght excuse her in any wyse  
For she so sorpy was for her vntrouthe  
Wyth I wold excuse her yet for routh

This Troilus as I byfore haue told  
Thus depueth forth/ as wel as he myght  
But ofte was his herte hote & cold  
And namely that ylle nyght  
Whiche on the morowe/ she had hym lehyght  
To come agayne/ god wote ful lytel tyste  
Had he that nyght/ nothyng to slepe hym lesse

The lauter crowned Phebus with his herte  
Come in his cours/ as vylward as he went  
To warren of the east the walles were  
And Eneas daughter sange with good entent  
When Troilus his Pandare after sent  
And on the walles of the Towne they pleyde  
To looke yf they can ought see of Eresyde

¶ Tyl it was none they stood for to see  
Who that there come/ & eury maner wyght  
That come from fer/ they sayde it was she  
And that they wold knowen hem a ryght  
Now was his herte hery/ now was it lyght  
And thus leaped they stonde to stare  
About nought Troilus & Pandare



To Pandarus this Troilus the seide  
For ought I wote/ before none speker  
In to this toun not cometh here Erseyde  
She hath ynough a doo there hardylp  
To bypne from hyr fader/ so trolbe I  
Hyr old fader wold yet make hyr dyne  
Or that she goo /god wue his herte pyne

Pandare answerd/ It may wel be certeyn  
And for thy lete be dyne I the byseke  
And after none / than mayst thow come ageyn  
And home they gone withoute more speche  
And come ageyne/ and long may they seke  
Or that they fynde/ that they after gaze  
Fortune hem bothe/ thynketh for to iape

Quod Troilus I see wel ynowe that she  
Is taryed with hyr old fader soo  
That or she come/ it wol nyke even be  
Come forth I wyll vnto the gate goo  
These porters ben vnconnyng euermo  
And I wyll doo hem holde open the gate  
As nought ne were / al though she come late

The day goth fast/ & after that come eue  
And yet come not to Troilus Erseyde  
He lokyth forth by hedge/ by tree/ by greue  
And for his frede on the walke he leyde  
And at the last he turned hym & seyde  
By god I wote hyr menyng nold pandare  
Al moost yllys/ al nelbe was my care

Nold douteles this lady can hyr good  
I wote she comyth rydyng pryuelp  
I commende hyr wysedom by myn hood  
She wyll not make people nykelp  
Calbryn on hyr when she comyth / cut softely  
By nyght in to Coloure she thynketh ryde  
And dere broder/ thynk not longe to abyde

We haue not elles to done yllys  
And Pandarus nolþ shalt thow trouble me  
Haue here my trouthe / I see yond where she is  
Heue by thyne eyen / man mayst thow not see  
Pandare answered / nay so mote I the  
Al wrong by god / what kiste þ man wher arte  
That I see yond nys but a faire carter

Alas thow seyst ful soth quod Troylus  
But hardly it is not al for nought  
That in myn herte that I reioyse thus  
It is agaynst som good / I haue a thought  
Mote I not houl / but syth that I was trouzt  
He felt I suche a comfort sothe to seyn  
She cometh to nyght / my lyf dare I lye

Pandare answered / it may be wel ynough  
And held with hym of al that euer he seide  
But in his herte he thought / a fast lough  
And to hym self ful sobyrly he seide  
From this woo / ther joly Robyn pleyde  
Shal come al that thow doest abyde here  
Ye fare wele al the snowe of fere yet

The wardenn of the gates gan to calle  
The folk / whiche withoute the gates were  
And bad hem dryue in theyr festes alle  
Or al that nyght they must abyde there  
And for withyn nyght with many a tere  
This Troylus gan homeward for to ryde  
For wele he salbe / it helppd not abyde

But netheles he gladdyd hym in this  
He thought amys he had compted his day  
And sayde I vnderstonde haue al amys  
For this nyght / I last Escyde say  
She sayd I shal be here / yf that I may  
Or that the mone / O dere herte sware  
The yowen passe oute of this Arrete



For which she may yet hold her faste  
And on the morowe into the pater he went  
And by a doune/by west/a eke by Este  
Upon the walkes made he many a went  
But al for nought/his hope allbey hym blent  
For which at nyght in sorowe a syghes sore  
He wente hym home withoute ony more

His hope al clene oute of his herte fled  
He ne hath wotyn/no longer nold to longe  
But for the payne hym thought his herte bled  
So were his throlves sharp a wonder stronge  
For when he salde she alode soo longe  
He nyght what he ymagyne therof myght  
Synth that she hath broke/that she hym khyght

The thyrde/the fourth/the fyfthe/a the syyth day  
After the dayes ten/of which I told  
Wylbene he pe a drede his herte lay  
Per somwhat trustyng on her freestes old  
But when he salde/she nold her terme hold  
He can nold see none other remedye  
But for to shape hym soone for to dye

After wyth the wyllked spryde/god is blesse  
Which that men clepe boode jelousye  
Can in hym crepe in al this hevynesse  
For which by cause he wold soone dye  
He ne ete ne dranke for his melancolye  
And eke from cuer p compayne he fled  
This was the lyf/that al this tyme he led

He soo defeted was that no maner man  
Hym knolde myght/ynnethe where he went  
Soo was he leue/a ther to pale a wan  
And feble that he walked by potent  
And with his ire thus hym self he shent  
And who so asked hym/wat of he smerte  
He seide his harme was al about his herte

Pandarus ful of tē / & eke his moder dere  
His bretheren & his susteren gan hym freyne  
Why he so sorowful was / in al his chere  
And what thyng was the cause of his payne  
But al for nought he nold his cause pleyne  
But seyde / he felt a greuous maladye  
About his hert / & fayn wold he dye

Soo on a daye / he leyde hym doune to slepe  
And so byfelle that in his slepe he thought  
That he walked in a forest to wepe  
For lye of hyr that his payne wrought  
And vp & doune / as he the forest sought  
Hym thought he saw a bore with Tuskes grete  
That slepe ageyne the bryght sonnes lichte

And by this bore / fast in armes fold  
Lay kyssyng ay / his lady bryght Eresseyde  
For sorow of which / when he gan beholde  
Loud he cryed on Pandarus & seyde  
For sorow of which / almost ther he deyde  
O Pandarus now knowe I crop & rote  
I am but ded / there nys none other boote

My lady bryght Eresseyde hath me bytrayed  
In whome I trustyd moost of ony wyght  
She elles where hath now hyr hert apayed  
The bawful goddes thurgh theyr grete myght  
Haue in my dreame shewed me ful ryght  
Thus in my dreame Eresseyde haue I behold  
And al this thyng to pandarus he told

O my Eresseyde / alas what subtyltye  
What nelbe lust / what beaute / what science  
Hath thus withdrawe your hert / & loue fro me  
This is the cause of your long absence  
Hath from me cast / alas your aduertence  
O trust / O feyth / O depe assuraunce  
Who hath me cast Eresseyde al my plesaunce



Alas why lette I yow from hene go  
For which wel nyghte oute of my lyf I stride  
Who shal noliw trowe on any othes moo  
God wote I wende lady bryght Excuse  
That euery word was gospel / that ye seide  
But who may let begyle / yf hym lyse  
Than he on whome men wene best to tryste

What shal I doo / my Pandarus alas  
I feele noliw so sharp / & a nelwe payne  
Synth that ther lyth noo remedye in this cas  
That let it were I with myn hondes tibeigne  
My self slee / than thus allwey to pleyne  
For thurgh the deeth my wo shold haue an ende  
There euery day with lyf my self I shende

Pandarus ansuerd / & sayd alas the whyle  
That I was borne / haue I not seyd or this  
That dreemes may many a man begyle  
And why for folk expolnen hem amys  
Holiw durst tholiw sey / that false thy lady is  
For ony dreemes ryght for thyne olone drede  
Late he thy thought / thou canst no dreemes rede

Parauenter there thou dreamest of this boore  
It may so be / that it may sygnefyre  
Byr fader eke / which old is & boore  
Ageyne the sonne lyeth in point to dye  
And she for sorolwe gynneth wepe & crye  
And there he lyth kyssyd hym on the ground  
Thus sholdest thou thy dreames ryzt expound

Holiw myght I than done quod Troylus  
To knolwe of this / were it neuer so lyte  
Noliw seyst tholiw wysely quod the Pandarus  
My rede is this / synth tholiw canst wele endyte  
That hastely a letter thou to her wryte  
Thurgh which tholiw shalt bryngen it about  
To knolwe a soothye ther thou art in doute

And see now why/for I dare wel seyn  
That yf so is/the vntrewe be.  
I can not trowe she wyl wryte ageyn  
And yf she wryte thow shalt soone see  
As whether she hath/ony lyferte  
To come ageyne/or elles in som clause  
If she be let/the wylle assygne a cause

Thow hast not wryte to hyr/syth shz went  
Ne she to the/andz this I durst seye  
There may such cause be in hyr entent  
That hardely thow wylt thy self seyn  
That hyr abode/the best is for yow twayne  
Now wryte hyr than/& thow shalt see soone  
A sooth of al/ther is no more to done

Acordydz then they to this conclusyon  
Andz that anone these ylike wordes trow  
And hastely spt Troylus a doun  
Andz wyllyth in his hert to & fro  
Holv he may best descriuen hyr his woo  
Andz to Euseyde his owne lady dore  
He wrote ryght thus/andz saydz as ye shal here

Ryght fresshe floure/whos I haue then & shall  
Withouten part of elles where scrupse  
With hert/body/lyf/lust/thought & al  
I woful wyght in euery humble wyse  
That tonge can telle or hert may deuyse  
As oft as matre occupieth place  
Me recomaunde I vnto youre noble grace

Lyketh yow to wyte swete hert  
As ye wel knowe/holv long tyme agone  
That ye me left in asper peynes smert  
When that ye went/of which yet loote none  
Haue I none had/ but euer wors bygone  
From day to day am I/and soo mote dwelle  
Whyle it yow left so ye of wele & wo my welles



For which to you with dreadfull heart trulbe  
I wryte as he that scrolle depueth to wryte  
My woos that every houre encreaseth nolle  
Compleynyng/ as I dare/ or can enyge  
And that a facyd is/ ye may welle wyte  
The terys which that fro myn eyen ryne  
They wold speke/ yf they couthe compleyne

You first/ expecte I with your eyen cleere  
To looke on this d'folbled/ & vnfold  
And ouer al this/ ye my lady dre  
Wille bouche sauf this letter to behold  
And by the cause eke of my care told  
That sleeth my wyte/ yf ought amys me stert  
Forpale it me myn olone slyber lert

If ony seruaunt durst or ought of r'ght  
Upon his lady pr'ously compleyne  
Than wene I that I ought be that wyght  
Consp'yring this that ye these monethes t'wene  
Haue taried there/ ye sepe sooth to sepe  
Wut d'ys t'n ye nold in host soeurene  
Wut in t'wo monethes yet ye not t'roune

Wut for as moche/ as I moche nedes lyke  
Al that you lyketh I dare pleyne no more  
Wut humbly wyth sorowful syghes speke  
You wryte I myn vntrepy sowldes sore  
From day to day despyng/ euer more  
To knowe fully/ yf you wille wryte w're  
Woll ye hane ferd/ and doo w'yle ye be there

Whos welfare/ and helpe/ god eke encrease  
In honoure such/ as vylbard in drete  
It growe alwey so/ that it neuer cease  
Lyke as your self t're/ can my lady se  
Deuys I pray to god/ so moche it be  
And graunt that ye soone shon me t're  
As wyssly as may I am your trulbe

And yf yowr lyfe to knowe of the fute  
Of me whos woo/ther may no myght aserue  
I can no more/but chuse of enery care  
At leryng of this letter I was asyue  
Al redy cutt my woful goost to dyue  
Whiche I delaye and hold hym yet in bond  
Upon the syght of matre of your sound

Myn eyn thoo in weyne/with whiche I see  
Of woful tere salt/arn woyen welles  
My songe in pleynt of myn aduersyte  
My good in harme myn ease woyen falle is  
My ioye in woo/I can yowr seer not elles  
So turned is/for whiche my lyf I lary  
Enery ioye/is turned to me contrary

Whiche with your caryng home ageyn to Trow  
Ye may redresse/and more a thousande sythe  
Than euer I had encrepyng in me ioye  
For was there neuer fette yet so blythe  
To haue the lyf/as I hold it as swythe  
As I yowr see a though no manere wouth  
Can meue yet/thynke vpon yowr trouthe

And yf so moche my deeth I haue deserued  
Or yf yowr lyfe no more vpon me see  
In guerdon yet of al I haue yowr serued  
Wyshe I yowr my fettes lady face  
That skawyn/wyl lerye me  
For leue of god/my ryght hode stee  
Or deye lere make an ende of al my lere

If there cause ought that doth yowr for to duelle  
That with your letter ye me recomforce  
For though to me your absence be an helles  
With patience I wyl my wo suppozte  
And with your letter of love I wyl dyspozte  
Nolw lerye th swete/le me thus not pleyne  
With hope or deeth deliuer me from payne



Myghte myn olde dore herte terte  
I wrote than/ when ye next vpon me see  
Soe lost haue I myn helthe/ & eke myn halbe  
Ereseyde shal not conne knolbe me  
Myghte myn hertes day/ my lady free  
Soe Hurtyth ay myn herte to byhold  
Poure traute that my lyf vnnethe I hold

I say nomore/ al haue I for to seye  
To yow wel more than I talle may  
But whether ye done me lyue or dye  
Yet pray I god/ so yeue yow ryght good day  
And faryth wele/ ryght fayne fresshe may  
As ye thal lyf or deth may me comaunde  
And to poure trouthe I me recomaunde

With helthe such/ that but yf ye yeue me  
The same helthe/ I shal neuer helthe haue  
In yow lyeth/ when yow lyst/ it so shal be  
The day on whiche me clothe shal my graue  
In yow my lyf/ poure myght is it to saue  
Me from dysese/ of al paynes smerte  
And fere nold wele myn olde swete herte

This letter forth was sent vnto Eresseyde  
Of whiche hyr answer in effect was this  
Ful pryncely she wrote agayne and seyde  
That as soone/ as euer she myght myght  
She wold come/ and mende that was amys  
And fynally wrote/ & sayde hym than  
She wold come/ but she wyse neuer when

But in her letter/ she made such fees  
That wonder was/ & swore she lound hym best  
Of whiche he fond/ but fottumles byestes  
But Troylus thow mayse nold Est or West  
Pyre in an yuy leef/ yf that the lest  
Thus goth þ world/ god sheld vs fro myschaunce  
And euery wyght/ that meneth trouthe auance

Encreasen gan the woo from day to nyght  
Of Troilus/for taryng of Creseyde  
And lassen gan his hoxe & eke his myght  
For whiche al doune ydon his bed hym leyde  
He ne ete ne drinke/ne slepe/ne no word seyde  
Pynagynnyng ay that she was vnsynnde  
For whiche wel nyte he way oute of mynde

This dreame/of whiche I told haue here byforn  
May neuer come oute of his remembraunce  
He thought as wele/he had his lady for  
And that Jouys of his purueaunce  
Hym sheldyd had in slepe the sygnyspauce  
Of hyr vntrouthe & dysauenture  
And that this was sheldyd hym in fygure

For whiche he for Syble his suster sente  
That callyd was Cassandra eke al aboute  
And al his dreame/he told hyr or he wente  
And hyr bysought/assoylen hym the doute  
Of this stronge love with tuskys stoute  
And synakke within a lytel stounde  
Cassandra ryght thus his dreame expounde

She gan fyrst smyle/& sayd broder deere  
If thow a sothe of this despyre to knolwe  
I wol muse a felbe of old storyes here  
To purpoos holt that fortune ouerthrowe  
Hathordes hyr/whiche within a thowbe  
This love shalt y knolw wel/& of what kynde  
He comyn is/as men in bookes fynde

Dyane whiche that brothe was & in yre  
For grekes nold ded hyr sacryfice  
No encens on hyr aulter set a fyre  
She for that grekes/gan hyr despyse  
Wroke hyr in a wonder cruel wyse  
Fer with a love/as grete as Oye in stalle  
She made hym ete vp hyr corne & hyne alle



To see this love was all the countre ryfedy  
Amonges whiche there come this love to see  
A mayde one of this world best & pryfedy  
And Meleager lord of that countre  
He buyd soo/this fressh mayde free  
That with his manhod/or he wold stent  
This love he sholde/and hyr the hede he sent

Of whiche as old bookes tellen be  
There was a contell & a grette enye  
And of this lord descendyd Tydeus  
By lyne/or elles/old bookes lye  
But how this Meleager gan for to dye  
Through his moder wyl I polde not telle  
For al to long it were for to duelle

She told/elle/how Tydeus she sent  
Wnto the strong Cyt of Thebes  
To clayme kyngdom of the cyt & went  
For his felawe Dan Polymyces  
Of whiche his olde broder Ethyocles  
Gul wrongfully of Thebes held the strength  
This told she by proesse & by lengthe

She told/elle/how he monyde astra  
When Tydeus sleugh syty knyghtes stout  
She told al the prophecie by herte  
And how that saien kynges with theyr wite  
Oswaged ther the cyt al about  
And of the holy serpent & the welle  
And of the furies al gan she hym telle

Associat profugum/ Tidesus primo Polimiden  
Tidea legatum / docet insidias qz scandis  
Tercius Dermodien/ canit et latro latitante  
Moro furie Lemne/ quinto narratur & angues  
Quartus habet reges/ incuntes prelia septem  
Archynon eusti/ sexto ludi qz leguntur  
Dat Graios Thebes/ litem septimo Umbrio

Octauo tradit: Eideus spes. Vita pelagis  
Ipomedon nono moritur cum Parthonepro  
Fulmine percusso / deamo Canapus superatur  
Vndeamo sese / premunt per Vulneta fuites  
Argiuam flentem / narrat duodenis & ignem

Of Achilles surleng / and the playes  
And how Amphiporay / fyl thurgh the ground  
How Eideus was slayn lord of Argeys  
And how Ipomedon in a lytel stounde  
Was derynt & dede / Parthonepe of wounde  
And how Canapus the prollode  
With thonder was slayn that cryed blode

She gan hym eke telle / how that epyther brother  
Ethpocles and Polemyte also  
At a scarmuche eke of theym shalbe other  
And of Argus & hys wepyng & hys woo  
And how the tolyn was brent / she told eke  
And so descendyd doune from gestys olde  
To Dyomedes / & thus she spak & tolde

This yllke hore bytoldeneth Dyomedes  
Eideus sonne that doune descended is  
How Meleager / that made the hore to blede  
And the lady Helen that she be yllwe  
This Dyomedes hys kert hath / & she his  
Wepe yf thou wilt or leue / for oute of doute  
This Dyomedes is my / & thou art out

Thou seest not soth thou fals forterres  
With al thy fals goost of Prophecy  
Thou benest to be a grette dyspnyeres  
Nold seest thou not this foole of fantasie  
Deyneth hys / on ladies for to lye  
Alwey quod he there Jouys yue the sorowbe  
Thou shalt be fals parauinter yet to morowbe



As wele myghtest thow lye vpon Alaste  
That was of creatures/ but men lye  
That euer was the kyndethe & best  
For when hyr husbond was in iecardye  
To dye hym self/ but yf she wold dye  
She chas for hym to dye/ and goo to hille  
And starf anone as vs the toles telle

Cassandre goth/ & he with cruel herte  
For that his woo/ for anger of her speche  
And from his bed al sodenly he stert  
As though el he hym had made a leche  
And day by day/ he gan enquire & seche  
A sooth of this with al his besy cure  
And thus he dryneth forth his aduenture

Fortune which hath the permutacion  
Of thynges had/ as it is here commytred  
By puniaunce and dysposycoun  
Of hym Ioue/ as Regnes shul be flytted  
From folk in folk/ or when they shal be smitted  
Can pul alwey the fethers kyght of Troie  
From day to day/ tyl they be bare of ioye

Among al this the fyn of the parody  
Of Hector gan approche wonder blyue  
The faate wold/ his soule shold vnbode  
And shapen had a mene oute to dryue  
Agernst which faat/ hym helppth not to styue  
But on a day to fyght gan he wende  
At which alas/ he caught his last ende

For which me thynketh y every maner wyzt  
That hauntyth armes/ ought to helwayle  
The deth of hym that was so noble a knyght  
For as he drolbe a kyng by the auentayle  
Onlware of this Achylles thurgh the mayle  
And thurgh the body gan hym for to ryue  
And thus y worthy knyzt was browzt fro lue

For whome as oldy bookes tellen is  
Was made such wo that tynge may it not telle  
And namelyche the sorowbe of Troilus  
That next hym was of worthynes besse  
And in this woo gan Troilus to duelle  
That for that sorowbe / & leue of his vntrewe  
Ful ofte a day he had his herte brewe

But netheles though he gan hym dyspette  
He dredy ag his lady was vntrewe  
Yet ag on hyr his herte gan repayre  
And as suers done / he sought ag nelwe  
To gete ageyne Cresyde bryght of selwe  
And in his herte he wente ag excusynge  
That Calas causedy al hyr taryenge

And of tyme he was in purpos grete  
Hym self lyke a pylgrym to desguise  
To seen hyr / but he couthe not countrefete  
To be vnkowbe of folk that were byse  
He fyndy excuse a ryght / that myght suffyse  
If he among the grekes knowen were  
For which he wepte ful ofte many a tere

To hyr he wrote yet eft al nelwe  
Ful pytously he lete not for shouth  
Wysechyng hyr / that syth he was trewe  
That she woldy come ageyne / & hold her trowth  
For which Cresyde bypon a day for touth  
I take it soo / touchynge al this matere  
Wrote hym ageyne / & sayd / as ye may here

Cupides sone / ensample of goodlyhed  
O swerdy of knyghthode / sours of gentylnesse  
Holv myght a wyght in turment & in drede  
And helthles sendy polly / as yet gladnesse  
I hertles / I syge in grete dysresse  
Syth ye with me nor I with polly may dele  
Polly may I sendy neyther herte ne hile



Your letter ful the papper al be pleynted  
Conceyued hath myn hertes pyte  
I haue eke seyn with tress al be perynted  
Your letter/ & how ye requyren me  
To come ageyne/ which yet may not be  
But why lest that this letter found were  
No mencyon make I now for fere

Excusous to me/ god wote your vntreste  
Your haste/ & that the goddes ordynaunce  
It semeth not/ ye take it for the best  
For other thynges nys in your remembraunce  
As thynketh me/ but only your plesaunce  
But be not wroth/ and that I wol byseche  
For that I tarye/ it is for wylked speche

For I haue herd wel more than I wende  
Tolde byngs be also how thynges haue pced  
Which I shal with dyspynplyng amende  
And be ye not wrothe I haue eke vnderstonde  
How ye ne doo/ but hold me in honde  
But now no fore/ I can not in yow gesse  
But al trouth euer/ and al gentylnesse

Come I wyl/ but yet in such disioynt  
I stond/ as now/ but what houre or what daye  
That this shal be/ can I not apoynt  
But in effect/ I pray yow as I may  
Of your good word/ & of your frendship ay  
For trewely/ whyle my lyf may dure  
As for a frend/ ye may in me assure

Yet I pray yow/ on euyl ye ne take  
That it is short/ which I to yow wryte  
I dare not thre I am wel letters make  
Ole neuer yet couthe I wels endyte  
Eke grete effect men wryte in place byte  
The tent is al/ & not the letters space  
And faith now wel god haue you in his grace

Troplus this letter thought al strange  
When he it saue/and setowfully he syght  
Hym thought it a kalendys of chaunge  
But fynally he ful ne trolben myght  
That she ne wold fold hym that she hyght  
For withful cunyl wyffe/lyst hym to leue  
That south wele in such a case/though hym graue

But netheles men seyn that at the last  
For ony thyng/men shuln the sooth see  
And such a case betyd/and that as fast  
That Troplus wele vnderstood that she  
Was not so kynde/as he ought to be  
And fynally he wote noly oute of doute  
That al is lost/that he hath ben aboute

Stood on a day/in his melancoly  
This Troplus/and in suspectioun  
Of hyr / for whome he wende for to dye  
And soo byfel that thurgh Tyme Tolle he  
As was the gyse/fore was by & doome  
A maner cotte armure/as seyth the story  
Byfore Depplebus in sygne of byctory

The which Cotte/as seyth Lollus  
Depplebe had rent from Dyomedes  
The same day/and when this Troplus  
It saue he gan to take of it hede  
Aupsyng on the lengthe/ & of the brede  
And al the werk/ & as he gan byhold  
Ful sodeynly his herte gan to cold

- As he that on the coler fonde within  
A breche that he censeyd pafe at marolbe  
That she from Troy must nedes abygne  
In remembraunce of hym/ & of his sorow  
And she hym leyd her feyth ageyne to worlde  
To kepe it/ but noly ful wele he wiste  
His lady was no longer for to tyste



He goth hym home/ and than ful scene he seide  
For Pandarus/ & al this nelve chaunce  
And of his trothe/ he told hym word & ende  
Compleynnyng of hyr hertes karyaunce  
His long loue/ his trouthe & his penaunce  
And after that withoute wordes more  
Ful fast he cryed his wif hym to restore

Then spak he thus/ O lady bryght Cressyde  
Where is youre feyth/ where is youre bryght  
Where is your loue where is your trouthe he seide  
O Dyomedes/ haue ye nold al this feste  
Alas I wold haue trolved at the lest  
That feyth ye nold trewe to me stonde  
That thus ye nold haue hold me in honde

Who shal nold trolve any othes moo  
Alas I wold neuer haue wende or this  
That ye Cressyde couthe haue chaunged so  
Not but I had a gyfte/ or done amys  
So cruel wende I not youre herte ylys  
To see me thus/ alas your name of trewe  
Is nold fordone/ & that is al my wuthe

Was there none other trothe ye lyst to lete  
To feste with youre nelve & we quod he  
But thyllk trothe/ that I with trewe weete  
Yowr yafe/ as for a remembraunce of me  
None other cause alas ne hadden ye  
But for dyspyte/ & che for that ye ment  
Al vterly to shelve youre entent

Thorough which I see clene out of your mynde  
Ye haue me cast / and I ne can ne may  
For al this world/ within myn herte fynde  
To ynkoue yowr a quarter of a day  
In cursyd tyme I borne was wel alway  
That ye that doo me al this woo endure  
Yet loue I lest of any creature

Nolb god quod he / yet sende me that grace  
That I may mete with this Dyomedes  
And trewely yf I haue myght and space  
Yet shal I make / I hope his sydes blede  
O god quod he that oughtest taken he  
To further trouth / & wronges to punye  
Why nyl thow doo a kengeaunce of this byr

O Pandare that in dremes for to tryse  
me blamed hast / & of te me by bryde  
Nolb mayst thow see thy self / yf that thow list  
Thow trewe is nolb thy next bryght & cleyde  
In sondry fourmes / god it wote he seyd  
The goddes shelve / bothe ioy & tene  
In slepe / and he my dreame it is sene

And certaynly withoute more speche  
form hens forth / as ferforth as I may  
Myn olde dethe in armes wyll I seeke  
I wete not how soone he the daye  
But trewely & cleyde swete may  
Whome I haue ay with al my myght yf I may  
That ye thus doo / I haue it not desayd

This Pandarus that al these thynges herd  
And wyse wele / he sayd a sooth of this  
He not a word to hym agayne answerd  
For sorow of his frendes / sorow he is  
And shamed for his next had done amys  
And stood astonyd of these causes they  
As stille as stone / a word couthe he not not sey

But at the last / thus he spak & seyde  
My broder deere I may doo the no more  
What shold I sey / I late yllys & cleyde  
And god wote I wyl haue hyr euermore  
And that thou me bysoughtest done of yore  
Hauyng vnto myn honoure / nor to my rest  
Nylt no rebard / I deed al that ye lest



If I dyd ought / that myghtaken the  
It is me lief and of this trefon nolt  
God wote that it / a sorow is brynne me  
And dardles for latters ease of you  
Right faryn wold I it amende / whil I holt  
And fro thys world almyghty god I pray  
Delpyer hyr sone I can no more say

Erre was the sorow & the playne of trillie  
But forth his cure of fortune gan to holde  
Enseide bueth so the sone of tydus  
And troplie more they in care colde  
Such is the world who so can beholde  
In ech estate is hit latters wile  
God lere be take it al for the beste

In many cruel bataylle out of drede  
Of troplie this ylle noble knyght  
As men may in this olde booke trede  
Was seen his knyghtshode & his grette myght  
And dardles his pr day and nyght  
Ful cruelly the grette ap abought  
And allwey moste this diomedes he fought

And ofte tyme I fynde that they mette  
With bloody strokes & with wordes grette  
Assayeng how their sprys were I wote  
And god wote with many a cruel lere  
Can troplie upon his name to lere  
But netheles fortune / it not he wold  
Of other hand that eyther dye shold

And yf I had taken for to lryte  
The aymes of this ylle worthy man  
Than wold I of his bataylles endyte  
But for that I to lryte first began  
Of his sone I have sayd as I can  
His worthy deede who so lere him lere  
Rede dars he can take him al in fere

Wylschynge euery lady bryght of helde  
And euery gentylwoman what she be  
That al be that Cressyde was vntrewe  
That for that gylt ye be not wroth with me  
Ye may hyr gylt in othre woordes see  
And gladlyer I wold wryte / yf yow lest  
Penelope's trouthe / and good Alceste

Ne I seye not this / as only for this men  
But moost for wymmen that betrayed be  
Thorough fals folk / god xue hem sorowde amen  
That with theyr grete wordes & subtyltye  
(Wytapeth) yow / & this nolv meueth me  
To speke / & in effect al yow I prey  
Wreth wate of men / & herken what I seye

Goo lytel book / goo lytel Tregedye  
That god thy maker / yet or that I dye  
So sende me myght / to make somme comedye  
But lytel book / make thow none enuye  
But subg & be thou vnto al Poesye  
And kysse þe steepe / wher as thow seest spate  
Of Owyde / Ouyde / Homere / Lucan & seate

And for ther is so grete dyuersyte  
In Englysshe / & in wrytyng of oure tonge  
So pray to god / that none myslybte the  
Ne the mysmetre for default of tonge  
And redy wher so thow be / or elles songe  
That thow be vnderstonde / god I beseeche  
But yet to purpos of my rather speche

The wrathe / as I began yow for to seye  
Of Troilus hold the grekes wright deye  
For thousandys of his handes dyd he deye  
As he that was without ony paye  
Saue Hector in his tyme as I can seye  
But woe alwey / sauf only goddes wyll  
Dysproustly hym shalbe the hero Achylle



And when that he was slayn in this manere  
His lyght goost / ful blyssfully is went  
Unto the hollynes of the eyght spere  
In his place letyng ech element  
And there he salve with ful aduysment  
How he was slayne / alas al to rathe  
The folke of Troye to moche harme & shathe

And doune from thens fyrst he gan aduise  
This lytel spot of erthe / that with the see  
Embracyd is / & fully gan despyse  
This wretched world / & helde it ranspe  
To respect of that pleyne felowpe  
That is in heuene aboue / & at the last  
There he was slayn / his bodyng doune he cast

And in hym self he laught ryght at the woo  
On hym that wepen for his deeth so fast  
And dampnen al oure werkes that folowen so  
The blynde lust / which that may not last  
And shold al oure lyf / as to heuene cast  
Nobly forth he went shortly for to telle  
There as Mercury sentyd hym to dwelle

Suche fyne hath he / this Troylus for loue  
Suche fyne he loue / such fyne his noblesse  
Suche fyne hath his estate ryal aboue  
Suche fyne hath his fals worldes treghnesse  
Suche fyne hath al his grette worthynesse  
And thus began / his buryng of Cressyde  
As I haue told / and in this wyse he dyde

O yonge frellie folkes / he or she  
In which that loue by grolowth with your age  
Reparyeth home from worldly ranspe  
And of youre lyf by casteth the bysage  
To thyll lord / that after his ymage  
Yow made / and thynketh al is but a fayre  
This world / that passyth sone / as floure's fayre

And souyth hym which that ryght for loue  
Upon a crosse oure soules for to buye  
Fyrst start & wose/ & syth in truene abouye  
For he wyl sale no wyght dar I seye  
That wyl his herte al holy on hym leye  
And soothly/ he best is to loue/ and moost make  
What nedeth feyned/ loue herte for to seke

Loo herte of Paynems cursyd old/ rytes  
Loo herte what al theyr goddes may auayle  
Loo herte these worldes wretched appetytes  
Loo herte the fyne & guerdon for trauayle  
Of Ioue Apollo/ of mars/ such raseayle  
Loo herte the forme of old clerkes speche  
In poetrye/ yf ye theyr bookes seke

O moral Colber this booke I direct  
To the and to the Phylsophycal Stode  
To Touchesaus there nede is to correct  
And of poure benyngnytes/ and zelys good  
And to that sothfast/ Crist that start on roode  
With al myn herte of mercy I pray  
And to the worde ryght thus I speke & seye

Thou one and/ al/ and/ thre eterne a true  
That regnest ap in thre al/ and/ one  
Incircumscript/ & al mayst circumscriue  
Us from dysple and Inuysyle foen  
Defende & to thy mercy euerychone  
So make vs Iesu for thy mercy dygne  
For loue of mayden/ & moder thyn benyngne

Here endeth Troylus/ as touchyng Cressyde

Explicit per Caxton